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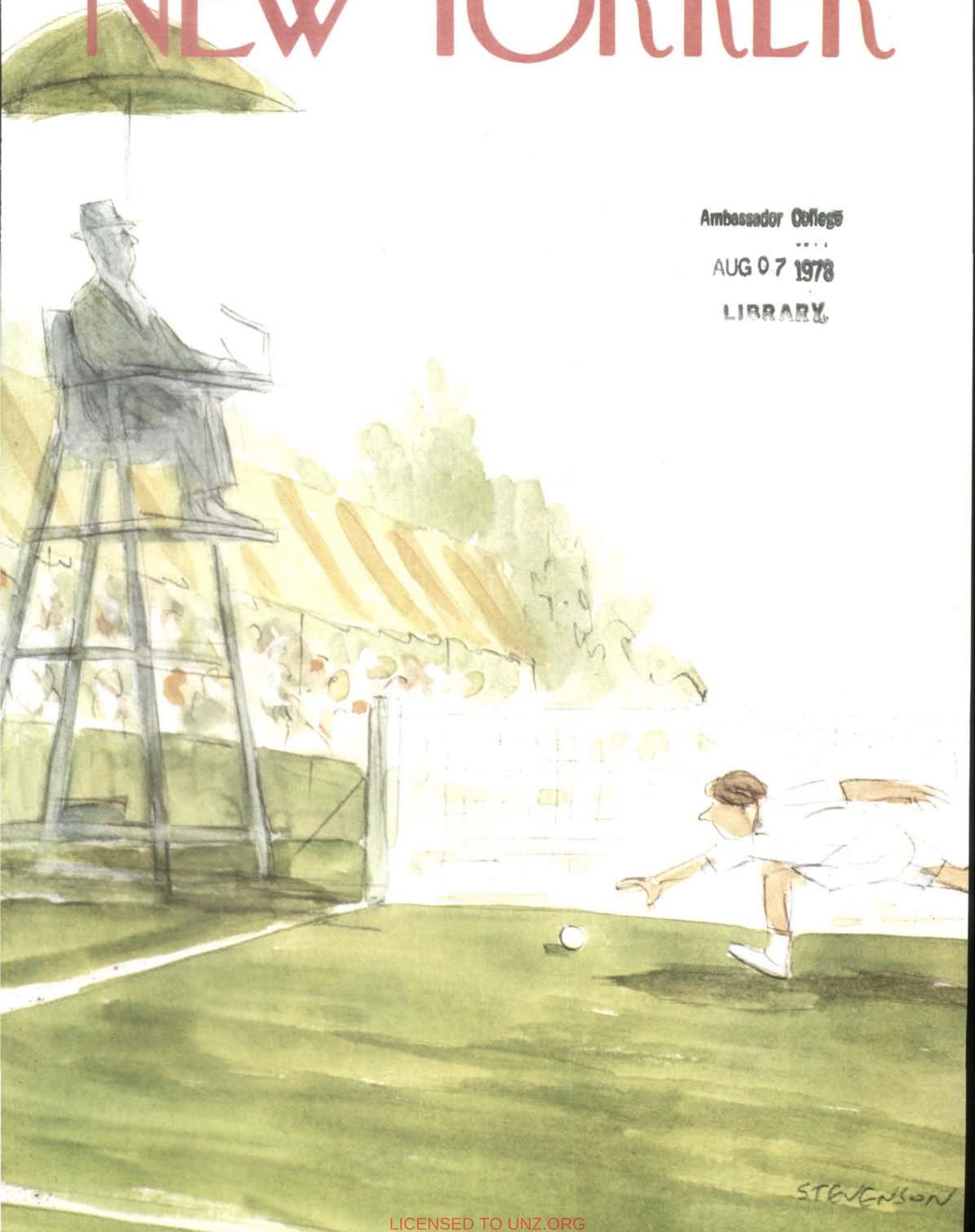
THE NEW YORKER



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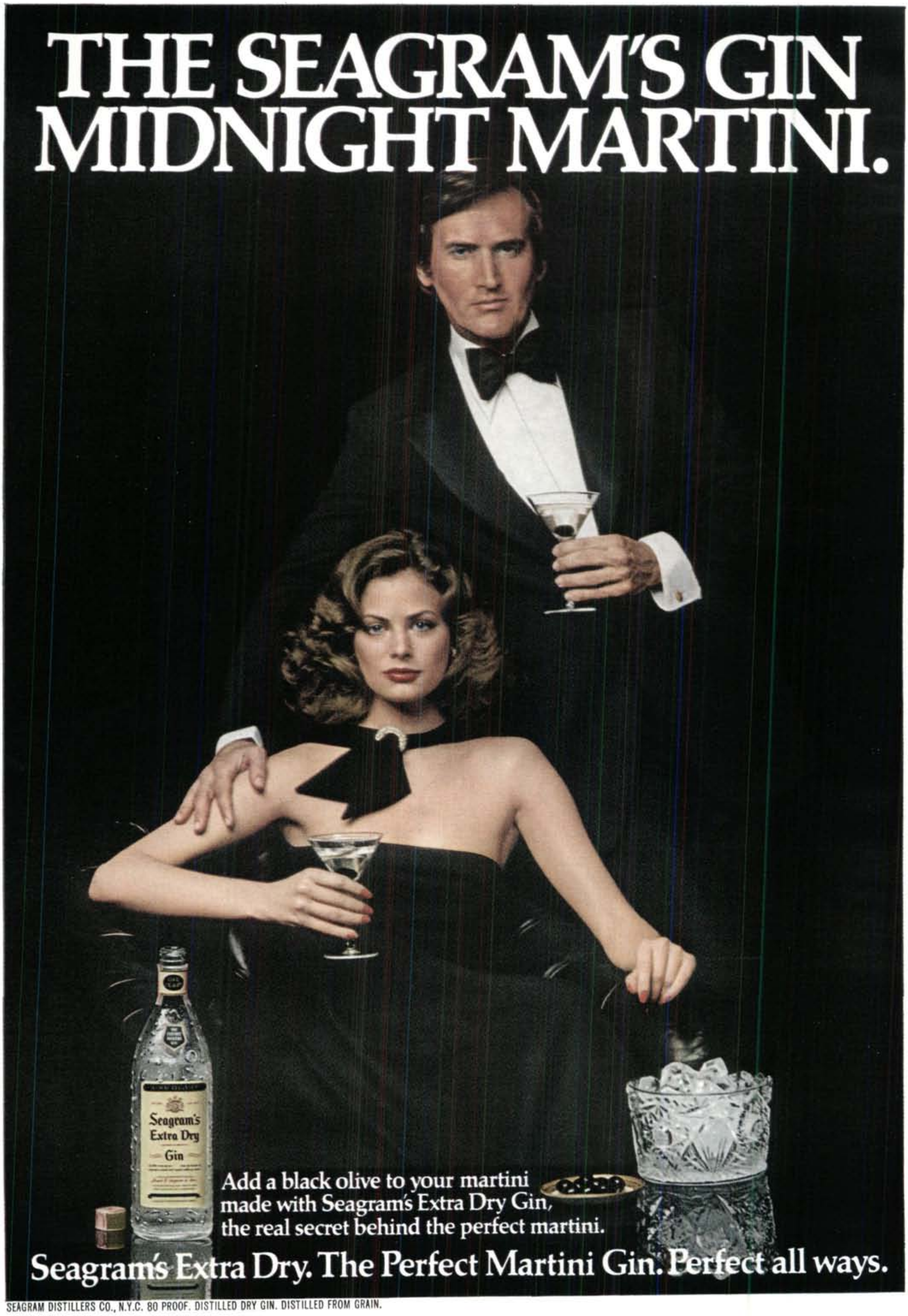
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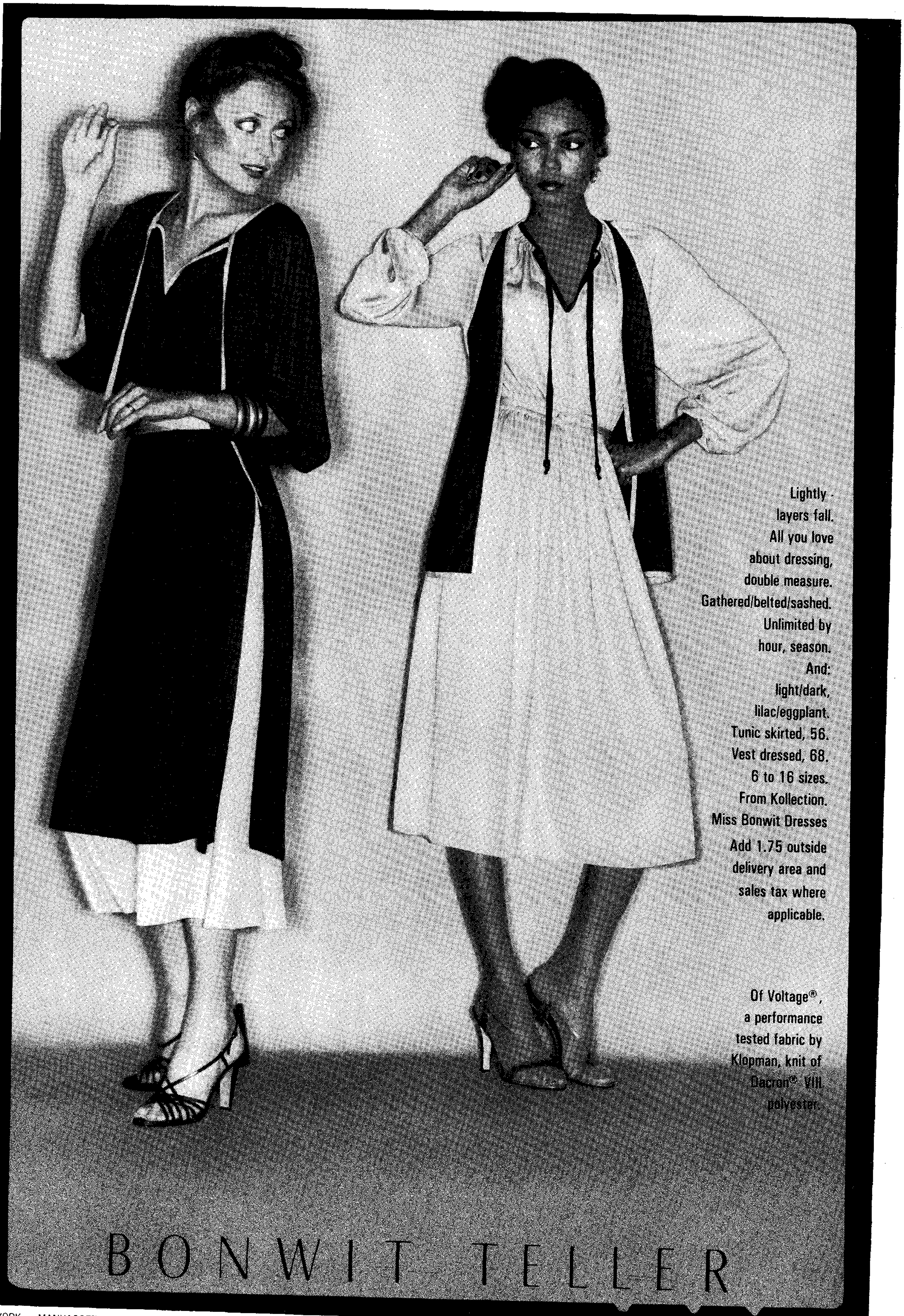

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Dance Machine—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bird Land—Starletta DuPois in a musical by Barry Amyer Kaleem. Opens Thursday, July 20, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 6. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Chapter Two—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A stunning cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a marvellous evening in the theatre. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A brief Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. Wednesday, July 19, at 2 and 7:30: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 20, at 7:30: IOLANTHE. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 8, and Saturday, July 22, at 2 and 8: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, July 24-25, at 7:30: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are the tuneful songs, the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words, and the presence of the gifted Don Scardino in the singer's company. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Just the Immediate Family—A play by Grace Kimmins. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 242-2695. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man-Wo-Man—A pair of one-acters—subject as stated. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. (5/22/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 30. Free.)

Once in a Lifetime—The old Moss Hart-George S. Kaufman farce about the inanities of Hollywood in the early days of the "talkies" is intermittently very funny indeed. George S. Irving and John Lithgow are the chief heroes of the occasion, along with the director, Tom Moore. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On the Twentieth Century—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-

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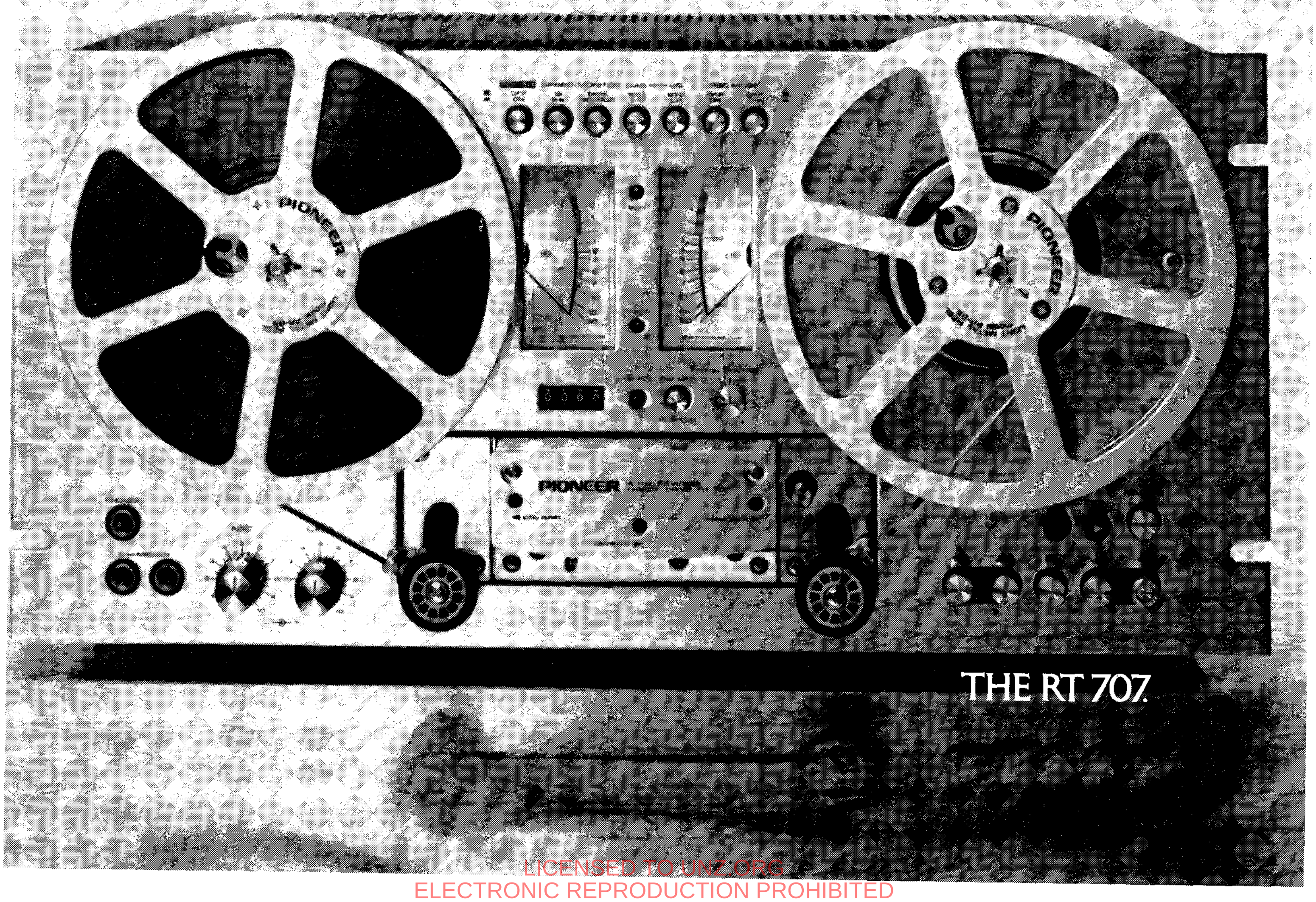

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Piano Bar—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **STAGE BLOOD:** Mondays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Spring Awakening—A three-week engagement of the Juilliard Theatre Center's production of Frank Wedekind's play, adapted by Edward Bond and directed by Liviu Ciulei. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 30.)

Timbuktu!—Gorgeous costumes and sets, many lithe dancers, and the silliest book in the world. With Eartha Kitt and Melba Moore. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tribute—A comedy by Bernard Slade upon an unlikely subject—the attempt of a dying man to establish an affectionate relationship with a priggish son. Jack Lemmon, in the leading role, gives an extraordinary performance. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,576 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father, and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE GIN GAME:** An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough, directed by Gene Saks. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 27, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Eighth Ave. and 50th St., on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesdays at 11:15 and 2:15; Thursdays through Saturdays at 2:15 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4.)

DANCE

London Festival Ballet—With Rudolf Nureyev, in a two-week engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, July 19; Thursday evening, July 20; Wednesday evening, July 26; Friday evening, July 28; and Saturday matinée and evening, July 29: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 21; Saturday matinée and evening, July 22; and Tuesday evening, July 25: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Monday evening, July 24; Wednesday matinée, July 26; and Thursday evening, July 27: "Conservatoire," "The Sanguine Fan," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Scheherazade." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

National Ballet of Canada—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, July 26, at 7, and Thursday, July 27, at 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 7, and Saturday, July 29, at 2 and 8: "A Party" (American première) and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 3 and 8, and Monday, July 31, at 8: "Bayaderka" (New York première), "The Dream," and "Collective Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform. Bebop-vocal pathfinder **EDDIE JEFFERSON**, who still scat sings his way through "Pennies from Heaven" and "Night in Tunisia," has a voice that is dry and coarse, and a forthright delivery that is reminiscent of a Sonny Rollins solo. He's here with his quartet through Saturday, July 22. On Tuesday, July 25, saxophonist George Braith will bring in his quintet. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. Composer and lyricist George David Weiss, who has written for movies, for Top Forty AM radio, and for Sammy Davis, Jr., is at the piano and singing his works. He's here at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays with a backup instrumental trio and a backup vocal trio. The ten-thirty show comprises a comic, Tim Cahill; a singer, Audrey Lavine; a singer-comedian, David Little; and a singer-pianist, Alan Menken. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—The music corner here is in the sidewalk picture window, so you can check out the musicians on your way in. Bassist **FRANK TUSA**, drummer **ELIOT ZIGMUND**, and pianist **AL DAILEY** perform through Saturday, July 22; Wednesday through Saturday, July 26-29, pianist Mike Nock will head up a trio. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

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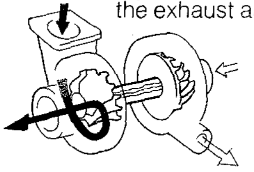

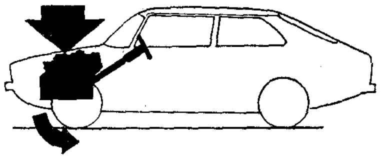

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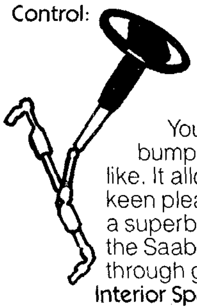

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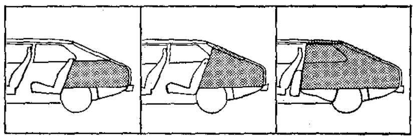

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6300)—Here's a partial lineup: David Johanssen, the former lead singer for the New York Dolls, leads his own group Thursday through Saturday, July 20-22; Monday and Tuesday, July 24-25, will be given over to Mink DeVille, a blues-rock group; Thursday through Saturday, July 27-29, Television, a punk-rock quartet guided by a locally admired singer-guitarist named Tom Verlaine (who cites as his main influences Ravel, Albert Ayler, and the Stones' song "19th Nervous Breakdown"), will be present. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** will perform through Saturday, July 22. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An elegant second-floor night club that seems to overlook Rio, Corcovado, and the outlying suburbs—it's all done with cleverly angled mirrored walls which reflect small electric lamps placed around the room. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and a vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist Monty Alexander's trio works out at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays. Dining.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences here look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage, affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER,** a first-edition stride pianist—he's in his early seventies and was a contemporary of Fats Waller and other Harlem players fifty years ago—has moved in to play solo piano and sing. Weeknights at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Music weeknights at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight, and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, and it's sometimes hard to hear the music. **SCOTT HAMILTON** (see page 62, this issue) is here with a trio Mondays through Fridays. Music from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, July 25, trombonist **EDDIE HUBBLE** will sit in with the regulars. Sunday, July 23, the ubiquitous **SCOTT HAMILTON** (see above) will lead a quintet that features pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** from eight-thirty. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER,** and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays and Tuesdays, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS,** and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**BOB BROOKMEYER,** the silken, feathery valve-trombone soloist, is back in New York playing "Moonlight in Vermont," "Sweet and Lovely," "Like Someone in Love," and "Passages." His wonderful pick-up musicians are guitarist **JACK WILKINS,** bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** and drummer **JOE LA BARBARA.** Through Saturday, July 22. On Monday, July 24, seven-string guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and bassist **SLAM STEWART** will move in. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** the resident legend, performs with assistance from drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The atmosphere here doesn't *really* reproduce such important Austin hangouts as Scholz's beer garden or Armadillo World Headquarters, but it's one of the few places in town where expatriated Texans (and other people, too) can wear Bermuda shorts and cowboy hats, listen to progressive country-and-Western music, and feel right at home. The highlight of the current schedule is Hank Williams, Jr., who performs on Wednesday and Thursday, July 19-20. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE,** a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong support from bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Saxophonist Steve Wolfe is in charge of a quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Jazz-rock flutist Noel Pointer's band is onstage Wednesdays through Saturdays. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Robert Hunter, who has been writing lyrics for the Grateful Dead for years, is here with his own group on Wednesday and Thursday, July 19-20. Friday through Sunday, July 21-23, have been reserved for rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GHEE,** who will sing, play, hoot, and chuckle in much the same way they've sung, played, hooted, and chuckled for the past thirty-odd years. On Wednesday and Thursday, July 26-27, **VASSAR CLEMENTS,** a Nashville legend and a thoughtful country fiddler, will head up his band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra take their leave of the sixty-fifth floor after Sunday, July 23. On Tuesday, July 25, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN'S** band, along with singer Carrie Smith, will begin handling the music duties. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be put off by the new blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. **MAXINE SULLIVAN** does the singing honors through Sunday, July 23; on Tuesday, July 25, **HELEN HUMES,** who sings authoritative blues and delicate ballads and smiles a great deal, will take over. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—**BOBBY COLE,** a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a singer with a hoarse, raspy voice, is found upstairs, in a quiet, formal room far from the Vegas-style doings on the first floor. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

Storytowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR,** who is leading his trio again, will perform here Thursday through Saturday, July 20-22. Music from about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Flugelhornist **ART FARMER,** who is playing crisper, more vigorous solos than he has played in some time, is supported by pianist **FRED HERSCH,** bassist **CAMERON BROWN,** and drummer **WALTER BOULDEN.** Through Sunday, July 23. Monday, July 24, belongs to alto saxophonist **BOB MOVER,** whose swirling solos go right back to Charlie Parker in their shapes and full-tilt tempos. On Tuesday, July 25, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** will arrive with a quartet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Seventy-second Street may not be Laurel Canyon Boulevard, but this showcase club features a *lot* of West Coast-influenced rock bands every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, Stanley Turrentine, a disco-pop, jazz-funk tenor saxophonist leads a quartet from about ten-thirty every night but Friday, when he begins after midnight. No music on Thursday, July 27. Upstairs, on Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio. Dining in this large L-shaped room, which has been outfitted to look like a dark Victorian dining room.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL'S** trio performs through Sunday, July 23. On Tuesday, July 25, **DANNIE RICHMOND,** the long-time Mingus drummer, will bring in a quintet to play the Master's music, with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** playing the Master's lines. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon, who also knows what he's doing, is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat also lures in famous swing musicians. Franc Williams' Swing Four is on hand through Wednesday, July 26. Thursday through Sunday, July 27-30, saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will lead a quartet. Music from nine to one-thirty.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Mostly recorded disco and some recorded Brazilian music from nine. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning, colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Crosby, Stills & Nash—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 22, at 8.

Grover Washington, Jr., and Locksmith and **Al Jarreau**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, July 22, at 8 and at midnight. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

An Evening of Duke Ellington's Music—Brooks Kerr, Aaron Bell, and other Ellington alumni, in a benefit concert. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Monday, July 24, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0115.)

Genesis—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, July 29, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Lee Adler—Recent oils and graphics, all of them abstractions that look like designs for heavy-duty machinery. Through Friday, July 21. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Martin Canin—Shaped canvases, most of them elongated horizontally and divided into large areas of striking colors, and simple abstractions in oil or crayon on paper. Through Friday, July 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Louis I. Kahn (1901-74)—This architect made his first sketches of architectural monuments by copying out of his schoolbooks, and some of these early efforts, together with later sketches in pastel, pen and ink, charcoal, watercolor, pencil, which were made during his travels in Europe and Egypt (the latest is dated 1959), are included here. Through Aug. 12. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open daily, except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—Times of the day and seasons of the year are the subjects of a series of small and lively abstract gouaches, often monochromatic, by this German artist, who adopted the name of Sonny Liston's fight manager as his *nom de brosse*. Through Aug. 5. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by this celebrated Austrian draftsman, nearly all of them pencil drawings or watercolors. Through Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Mexican Art—A two-gallery exhibit (daily, 10 to 5; a single admission covers both shows) of works, spanning twelve millennia, on loan from the Mexican National Museums. At the **Knoedler**, 19 E. 70th St., pre-Columbian and colonial objects, among them breastplates, pottery, jewelry, paintings, and, at the entrance, an Olmec stone head nearly six feet tall. Through Saturday, July 22. . . . ¶ At the **Hammer**, 51 E. 57th St., paintings by three important twentieth-century artists: Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros. Through Sunday, July 23.

Variations on Latin Themes in New York—A widely diversified exhibit of works by Latins now resident here, ranging from total abstractions to purest realism. Among the artists are Luis Frangella and Liliana Porter, from Argentina; Ana Mendieta and Juan Gonzalez, from Cuba; and Edgar Franceschi, from Puerto Rico. Through Friday, July 28. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **Acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Five painters: James Dinerstein, Sheila Girling, Clifford Ross, Sandi Slone, and Edward Youkilis. Through Friday, July 21. . . . **Associated American Artists**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, engravings, and woodcuts by more than thirty Old Masters, including Aldegrever, Bol, Beham, and Reni. Through Aug. 4. . . . **Automation House**, 49 E. 68th St.: A landscape show by five realists includes outsize watercolors of Western mountain ranges by George Harkins, and sand dunes in the Hamptons by John Yue. Through Friday, July 28. . . . **Cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: An abstract plywood wall piece by Rudy Heintze that is fifty inches long and juts out nearly two feet, and a sort of simulacrum of a window, complete with screen and sash, by Pete Omlor are among the works on exhibition in a group show here. Through Friday, July 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4.). . . **Crispo**, 41 E. 57th St.: A changing exhibition of paintings and sculptures by a number of artists, among them Avery, Gorky, Nevelson, and Twombly. Through Saturday, July 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.). . . **Esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: The summer show here includes works by Tom Clancy and Charles Perini. Through Friday, July 28. . . . **Forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Still-life paintings by fourteen artists. Nancy Hagin, John Moore, Lucy Sallick. Through Friday, July 28. . . . **Freidus**, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Five sculptures created for the gallery's roof space by Tom Doyle, Alan Finkel, Winifred Lutz, Michael Norton, and Patsy Norvell. Also, indoors, drawings and sculptures by these and other artists. Through Friday, July 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **Hutchinson**, 138 Greene St.: Jedd Garet's cartoonlike colored drawings and Michael Flanagan's renderings, in ink and colored pencil, of "spirit stations" in space are among the components of a small invitational show. Through Saturday, July 29. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **Jack**, 138 Prince St.: Paintings and drawings by Knox Martin, Tania Schreiber, and others. Through July 30. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **The New Museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Recent work by contemporary artists. Through Sept. 2. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **Nobé**, 250 W. 57th St.: Nineteen artists are showing works in the gallery's first-anniversary exhibit. Through Saturday, July 29. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **Phoenix**, 30 W. 57th St.: Step-by-step illustrations showing how a number of the gallery artists (among them Suzanne Hodes, Anna Bisso, and Nelson Williams), arrived at a finished product: ideas jotted on the back of an envelope, color experiments, black-and-white sketches. Through Aug. 10. . . . **Sachs**, 29 W. 57th St.: The group show of gallery artists includes a drowsy summer scene near Quakertown by John Gundelfinger; a large abstract oil in fresh colors by John Ferren (the gallery got it from the Phillips Collection in exchange for several Ferren watercolors); and a Josef Levi still-life incorporating a band of bananas, a vase of rhododendrons, and an Utamaro print. Through Thursday, July 27. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.). . . **Schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings, including futurist paintings by Joseph Stella (1877-1946); beach scenes by Gertrude Fiske (1878-1961); and city scenes by Louis Guglielmi (1906-56). Through Friday, July 21. . . . **Shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century English paintings and drawings, heavy on the Pre-Raphaelites. Through Friday, July 21. . . . **Touchstone**, 118 E. 64th St.: Small interiors done in an intimate style—a back hallway, an open closet—by Drew Beattie, and large-scale, detailed panoramas of Alps and Himalayas by Sheppard Craige are included in a new-talent show here. Through Friday, July 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Some of those that are open show, often on a rotating basis, works by their own artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **Alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.). . . **Borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.). . . **Midtown**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **Pearl**, 29 W. 57th St. . . . **Sperone Westwater Fischer**, 142 Greene St.

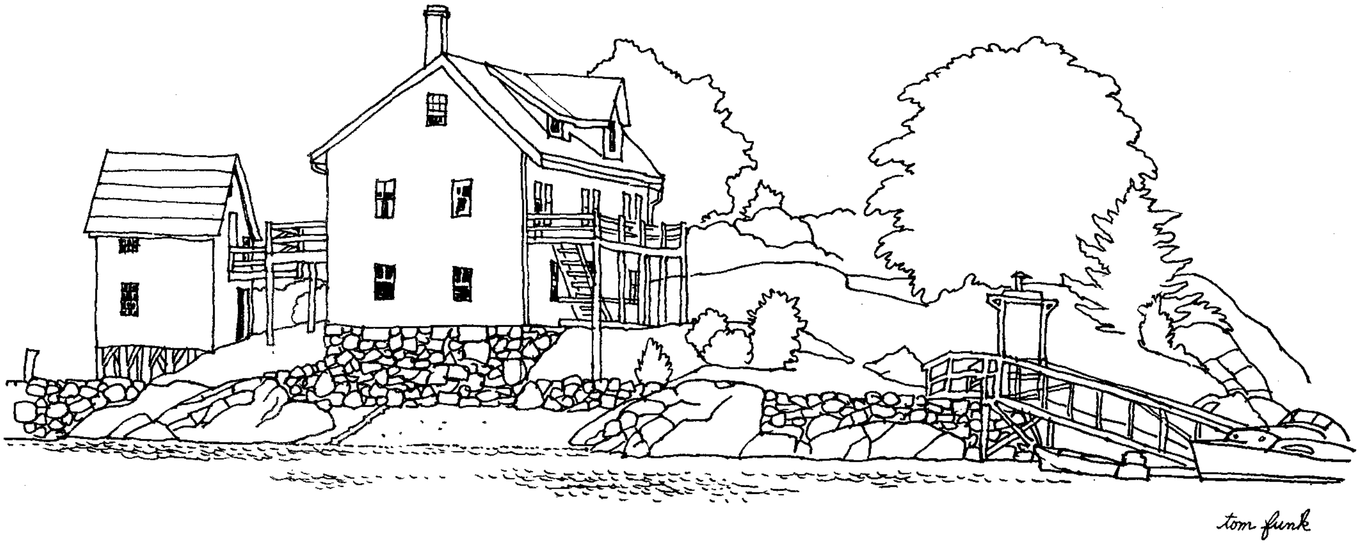
Alfresco Sculpture—**Chaim Gross**: Bronzes. . . . **Lila Katzen**: Metal pieces in a variety of sizes. (Both at Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus.). . . **Ned Smith**: Multipart concrete pieces positioned around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.). . . **Arthur Weyhe**: A huge free-form sculpture, remotely resembling a Coney Island roller coaster and incorporating tree trunks the size of telephone poles. The site is a large plaza affording a sweeping view of the East River. (Waterside, accessible to visitors by a footbridge across the East River Drive at 25th St.). . . **George Sugarman**: "Yellow Ascending," a twenty-four-foot sculpture of enamelled welded-steel units, erupts from a base in front of City Hall.

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Abbe (1883-1973)—A selection of photographs centered on the rise of European militarism in the thirties. Portraits of Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini are included. Through Friday, July 21. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Jerry Dantzic—Color prints of mesas, buttes, and bridges, in a show at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Robert Doisneau / George Krause—A group of photographs of twentieth-century artists



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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(Léger, Steinberg, Picasso) stand out in a show of a hundred works by this Parisian photographer. / Studies of nudes, most of them surreal. Through Aug. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Henry Jackson (1843-1942)—Photographs of waterfalls and rock formations. Through Aug. 18. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **grey art gallery**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)... **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two shows. The first is of a hundred and twenty-five prints that **edward weston** gave to his sister, Mary Weston Seaman, over a period of years.... ¶ The second show is called "The Great West, Real/Ideal," and it ranges from Betty Hahn's color-screen prints of the Lone Ranger and Tonto, to Ansel Adams' sharp-focus wilderness scenes, to Geoff Winningham's pictures of plastic culture in Houston. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays.)... **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: The third annual "Rated X" show. Through Saturday, July 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **pfeifer,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition devoted to the male nude has as its earliest example a photograph (of a sculpture) made in 1857 by Robert MacPherson, and as its most recent example sunbathers on a beach in Acapulco by Louis Falco. Through Friday, July 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **prakapas,** 19 E. 71st St.: New York night life during the first half of this century, depicted in photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive. Through Friday, July 21.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1.... ¶ An exhibit of about fifty blue-and-white Japanese Export porcelains (early seventeenth century). Through Sept. 3.... ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon": an outline of Napoleon's influence on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. If you are headed for the museum with a specific exhibit in mind, proceed with caution: some galleries, except on weekends, are open on only a rotating basis. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of portrait drawings of twentieth-century American and European painters, sculptors, and writers. Through Sept. 24.... ¶ An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5.... **photography:** Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, collages, and reliefs of the Italian abstractionist Alberto Burri. Through Aug. 27.... ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans, from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A show demonstrating that contemporary artists openly use other art as subjects for their paintings, sculptures, photographs, and other works. In this exhibit, the out-and-out favorites for reproduction are Mona Lisa (Arakawa, Halsman, Johns, Marisol, Rauschenberg, Warhol, Wesselmann), the Stuart George Washington (Colescott, Hefferton, Lichtenstein, Rivers, Wesley, Wesselmann), and the stretched canvas (Dine, Hurson, Jackson, Lichtenstein, Samaras). Starts Thursday, July 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Photographs by nineteen recipients of fellowship grants, among them Lilo Raymond, Jan Groover, Louis Faurer. Through Aug. 4. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of works by three sculptors (Herbert George, Harriet Feigenbaum, and Thomas Farmer) can be seen on the museum grounds. Through July 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Imperial China from the mid-eighteen-hundreds to 1912 is the subject of vintage photographs, chiefly by Europeans (Charles Weed, John Thomson, Donald Mennie among them). Portraits of the Dowager Empress and her entourage are included in a series by her court photographer. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A small show called "A Celebration of Water." Water is chiefly celebrated, it would seem, in the bathroom, which is reasonable, and in swimming pools, which is unsurprising. This is borne out in models and photographs. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)... ¶ Concerts in the garden Tuesday evenings at 7, and Sunday, July 23, at 3.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of seventy works (paintings, manuscripts, album leaves), medieval in aspect and all produced by an unknown artist called the Spanish Forger, who might have lived as recently as 1900.... ¶ A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" are two of the drawings in the exhibit "Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures." (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Both shows through Saturday, July 29.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A modest show of memorabilia from nineteenth-century resorts in New York State offers a glimpse of past holidays perhaps less tranquil than one might imagine—a day at Saratoga, according to publications of the period, might have had, in addition to three vast meals, a concert, bathing, the races, and a dance on the schedule. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

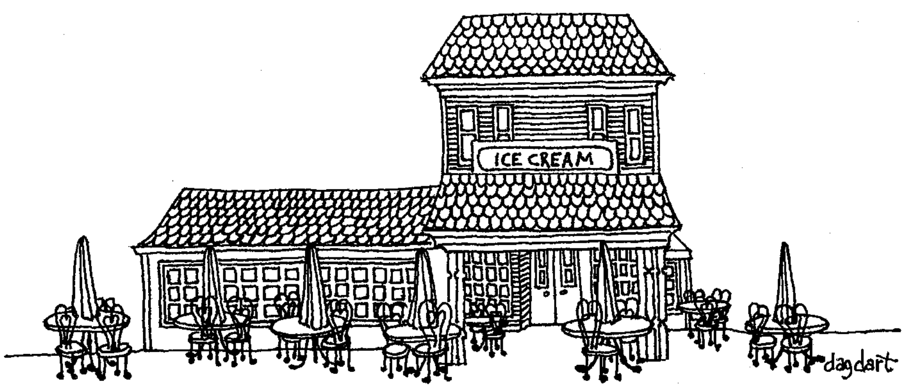
MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 19: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Emanuel Ax, piano.... ¶ Thursday, July 20: Zukerman and Ax, plus Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Lynn Harrell, cello; and Carlos Bonell, guitar, in a program of chamber music.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 21-22: Neville Marriner conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Harrell, and James Galway, flute.... ¶ Monday, July 24, and Wednesday, July 26: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program. (No pre-concert recitals.)... ¶ Tuesday, July 25: Eschenbach and Galway in an all-Schubert program, with Philip Moll, piano.... ¶ Thursday, July 27: The Tokyo String Quartet, with André Michel Schub, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, in a chamber-music program.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 28-29: Jorge Mester conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (No pre-concert recitals.) (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 26.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord, with assisting artists, in a concert of baroque music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, July 26, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Thursday, July 20, at 8:30: Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and Ryan Edwards, piano.... ¶ Friday, July 21, at 7: Malcolm Frager in an all-Schubert piano recital.... ¶ Friday, July 21, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in a per-



formance of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:30: Sergiu Comissiona conducting a varied program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 2:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting a varied program, with Mr. Frager. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27, at 8:30: André Previn, piano, and members of the Boston Symphony Chamber Players, in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 7: Christoph Eschenbach, piano, playing Schubert's Sonata in B Flat. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Silverstein. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:30: André Previn conducting a Mozart-Prokofieff program, with Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 2:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting and acting as soloist in an all-Beethoven program. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 22, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Jeffrey Siegel, piano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; and Brent Ellis, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio in an all-Beethoven program. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 20. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET.** Wednesday, July 19, at 8:15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 20, at 2: "Rubies," "Other Dances," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 20, at 8:15: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 8:15: "The Goldberg Variations" and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 2: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:15: "Tricolore," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Symphony in C." . . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS.** Sunday, July 23, at 7: The Charlie Daniels Band. . . . ¶ Monday, July 24, at 7: "Crosby, Stills & Nash. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 25, at 7: The Earl Scruggs Revue and Doug Kershaw. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26, at 7: Fleetwood Mac. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27, at 7: Seals & Crofts. . . . **D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY.** Friday, July 28, at 8:15: "The Pirates of Penzance." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 2 and 8:15: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 8:15: "Iolanthe." (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 22: Marianna Tcherkassky and Michael Owen, Rachel Lampert and Dancers, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 25-29: Martine van Hamel and Clark Tippet, Los Indianos, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Wednesday, July 19, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, July 20, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Atlanta, Friday and Saturday, July 21-22, at 8:05, and Sunday, July 23, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Monday and Tuesday, July 24-25, at 8:05, and Wednesday, July 26, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, July 26, at 8, and Thursday, July 27, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Minnesota, Friday, July 28, at 8, and Saturday, July 29, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe Collins, Moose Skowron, Allie Reynolds, Yogi Berra, and others who played for the Yankees between 1949 and 1953).

BOXING—Alexis Arguello vs. Vilomar Fernandez, lightweights, and Larry Stanton vs. Alfredo Escalera, lightweights, both 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, July 26. Preliminaries at 8; first main bout at 10.)

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 22; the Tom Fool Handicap, Sunday, July 23; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 26; and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. The Sorority, Saturday, July 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Toronto. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 26, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis at Madison Square Garden: Apples vs. Anaheim, Thursday, July 20, in the Arena. . . . ¶ Apples vs. New Orleans, Monday, July 24, in Felt Forum. . . . ¶ Apples vs. San Diego, Tuesday, July 25, in Felt Forum. . . . ¶ Apples vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, July 27, in the Arena. (Matches begin at 7:30.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 23. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 22.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,** with Mark Linn Baker, Remak Ramsay, and Pamela Reed. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summers' series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 6. Miguel Coelho will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 23.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the third and fourth in a series of five productions. Thursday, July 20, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 25): Verdi's Requiem, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Giovanni Consiglio, tenor; and a chorus of a hundred and fifty. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, Aug. 1): Puccini's "La Bohème," with Anita Aronoff, soprano, and others.

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—José Contreras conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Susan Reed, soprano. The first in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 25, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, July 19: Emmylou Harris and Asleep at the Wheel. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22: Laura Nyro. . . . ¶ Monday, July 24: Pete Seeger and Odetta. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26: The Dirt Band and Richie Furay. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of Irving Berlin's **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** with Lucie Arnaz and Harve Presnell. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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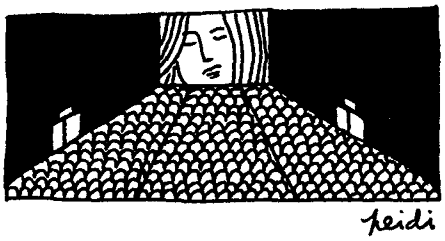
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 20: "The Turning Point" and "3 Women."
From July 21: "Star Wars."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 25: "Capricorn One" and "Fahrenheit 451."
From July 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 20: "The Man Who Loved Women."
From July 21: "Star Wars."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Grease."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Jaws 2."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 20: "A Different Story."
From July 21: "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Swarm."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Inspector."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"International Velvet."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 20: "Madame Rosa."
From July 21: "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Cheap Detective."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through July 20: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan."
From July 21: "Star Wars."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Gemini 1 (formerly called Columbia I), 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 20: Theatre closed.
From July 21: "The Buddy Holly Story."

Gemini 2 (formerly called Columbia II), 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through July 20: Theatre closed.
From July 21: "The Buddy Holly Story."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman." (No six o'clock performance on Monday, July 24.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Replay."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 25: "The End."
From July 26: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"International Velvet."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Swarm."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Grease."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Foul Play."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Bad News Bears Go to Japan."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Jaws 2."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Jaws 2."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through July 20: "Pretty Baby."
From July 21: "Madame Rosa."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Last Waltz."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Swarm."
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "The Lacemaker."
Theatre 4: "International Velvet."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"International Velvet."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Matilda."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through July 20: "Let's Face It: C'Est la Vie."
From July 21: "Madame Rosa."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 20: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
July 21-25: "Capricorn One."
From July 26: "The End."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Cheap Detective."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Foul Play."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Foul Play."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Faces of Love."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 20: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
From July 21: "Madame Rosa."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: "The Swarm."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 20: "Pretty Baby."
From July 21: "A Woman at Her Window."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"The Bad News Bears Go to Japan" and "Islands in the Stream."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 19: "Stolen Kisses" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.
July 20: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.
July 21-22: "Greaser's Palace" (1972), and "Putney Swope" (1969), both films directed by Robert Downey.
July 23-24: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice; and "Cria!" (1977), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent.
July 25: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954-56), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
July 26: "The Man Who Loved Women" (†) and "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others." (†)
July 27: "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; and "The Half-Naked Truth" (1933), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Lupe Velez, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 19: "The Pleasure Garden" (1925), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Virginia Valli, Carmelita Geraghty, Nita Naldi, and Miles Mander; and "Rich and Strange" (1932), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry.
July 20: "Antigone" (1961), in Greek, directed by George Tzavellas, with Irene Papas and Manos Katrakis; and "Phaedra" (1962), directed by Jules Dassin, with Melina Mercouri, Anthony Perkins, and Raf Vallone.
July 21: "All Screwed Up" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Nino Bignamini, Lina Polito, and Isa Danieli; and "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.
July 22: "Tom Jones" (1963), directed by Tony Richardson, with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, and Edith Evans; and "The Wrong Box." (†)
July 23: "I Am a Dancer" (†) and "Romeo and Juliet." (†)
July 24: "A Doll's House" (1973), directed by Patrick Garland, with Claire Bloom, Anthony Hopkins, and Denholm Elliott; and "Miss Julie." (†)
July 25: "Triumph of the Will" (1936), directed by Leni Riefenstahl, a documentary of the sixth Nazi Party Congress, in 1934; and "The Last Ten Days." (†)
July 26: "A Married Woman" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Macha Meril; and "Alphaville" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
July 27: "Ikiru" (†); and "Clouds at Twilight" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kelsuko Kinoshita.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 20: "Slap Shot" (1977), directed by George Roy Hill, with Paul Newman; and "The Longest Yard" (1974), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Reynolds, Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters.
July 21-22: "A Clockwork Orange" (†); and "Alphaville" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
July 23-24: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Sunday Bloody Sunday." (†)
July 25: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (†) and "Shampoo." (†)
July 26-27: "The Story of O" (1975) and "Emmanuelle" (1974), both films in French, directed by Just Jaeckin (both X-rated).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; opens at six, Mondays through Fridays.)
July 19: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a filmed concert.
July 20-23: "Yessongs" (1975), a filmed rock concert, with Rick Wakeman, Steve Howe, John Anderson, Alan White, and Chris Squire; and "Pink Floyd." (†)
July 24-25: "Stones in Hyde Park," "Charlie Is My Darling," and "Stones on TV," all films of the Rolling Stones.
From July 26: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976), directed by Peter Clifton and Joe Massot, the Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off; and "Medicine Ball Caravan" (1971), directed by François Reichenbach, rock musicians on tour in America and England.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 22: "Ninotchka" (1939), di-

rected by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Sig Rumann, and Felix Bressart; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

July 23-25: "Somebody Up There Likes Me" (1956), directed by Robert Wise, with Paul Newman, Pier Angeli, Everett Sloane, Eileen Heckart, and Sal Mineo; and "Sweet Bird of Youth." (†)

From July 26: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, and Jean Hagen; and "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland, Lana Turner, and James Stewart.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through July 20: "Lost Horizon" (1937), directed by Frank Capra, with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Pocketful of Miracles" (1961), directed by Frank Capra, with Glenn Ford, Bette Davis, and Hope Lange.

July 21-22: "Repulsion" (1965), directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve, Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, and Ian Hendry; and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

July 23-24: "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

July 25: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

July 26-27: "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson; and "American Madness." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 19: "The Shining Hour" (1939), directed by Frank Borzage, with Margaret Sullavan, Melvyn Douglas, Joan Crawford, and Robert Young; and "The Shopworn Angel" (1938), directed by H. C. Potter, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, Hattie McDaniel, and Sam Levene.

July 20: "Life with Father" (1947), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Irene Dunne, William Powell, Elizabeth Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, ZaSu Pitts, and Jimmy Lydon; and "Our Town" (1940), directed by Sam Wood, with Frank Craven, Martha Scott, William Holden, Fay Bainter, and Beulah Bondi.

July 21: "Dancing Lady" (†); and "San Francisco" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy.

July 22-23: "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor; and "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

July 24: "Strike Up the Band" (1940), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, June Preisser, and the Paul Whiteman orchestra; and "Little Nellie Kelly." (†)

July 25: "The Woman in Green" (1945) and "Terror by Night" (1946), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series.

July 26: "Bloodhounds of Broadway" (1952), directed by Harmon Jones, with Mitzi Gaynor, Scott Brady, Mitzi Green, Marguerite Chapman, and Michael O'Shea; and "Golden Girl" (1951), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson, Dennis Day, and Una Merkel.

July 27: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†) and "Honky Tonk." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sixteen programs in a series of films directed by Henry King: July 20 at 2:30: "Lloyds of London" (1936), with Tyrone Power, Madeleine Carroll, and Freddie Bartholomew.... July 20 at 6: "A Yank in the RAF" (1941), with Tyrone Power and Betty Grable.... July 20 at 8:30: "In Old Chicago" (1938), with Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, and Don Ameche.... July 21 at 2:30: "A Yank in the RAF."... July 22 at noon: "Chad Hanna" (1940), with Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, and John Carradine.... July 22 at 2: "The Song of Bernadette" (1943), with Jennifer Jones, William Eythe, Charles Bickford, and Vincent Price.... July 22 at 5: "Maryland" (1940), with Walter Brennan, Fay Bainter, and Charles Ruggles.... July 23 at noon: "Chad Hanna."... July 23 at 2:30: "Lloyds of London."... July 24 at noon: "The Crooked Road" (1916), a silent film, with King, Katherine Burke, Charles Dudley, and Jimsie-Maye (this film was directed by H. M. and E. D. Horkheimer).... July 24 at 2:30: "Maryland."... July 24 at 6: "A Bell for Adano" (1945), with John Hodiak, William Bendix, and Gene Tierney.... July 25 at noon: "The Crooked Road."... July 25 at 6 and July 27 at 2:30: "Remember the Day" (1941), with Claudette Colbert and John Payne.... July 27 at 6: "Margie" (1946), with Jeanne Crain and Glenn Langan.... ¶ Other, non-King, films scheduled during this period are: July 21 at 6: "The Road to Glory" (1936), directed by Howard Hawks, with Warner Baxter, Fredric March, and June Lang.... July 23 at 5: "Housing Problems" (1935), directed by Arthur Elton and Edgar Anstey; "The City" (1939), directed by Ralph Steiner and Willard Van Dyke; and "The Town" (1944), directed by Josef von Sternberg.... July 25 at 2:30: "Rembrandt" (1936), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Gertrude Lawrence, and Elsa Lanchester.... July 27 at 8:30: A program of fourteen Tex Avery cartoons. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—July 20-23: "And Now My Love" (1975), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Marthe Keller and André Dussollier.... ¶ Starting July 27: To be announced. Showings Thursdays at 6:30 and 8:35; Fridays at 8 and 10:10; Saturdays at 6, 8:10, and 10:10; and Sundays at 6:30 and 8:35.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

American Madness (1932)—A topical melodrama of the Depression and bank failure. It's about a run on a bank—and with a twist that is purest Hollywood. The big banker (Walter Huston) is the hero, and it's his lower-echelon employees who are the villains. Frank Capra directed, and Robert Riskin wrote the script. Capra's dramatic use of the bank, where almost all the action is set, is ingenious, and the sequences of the mounting panic and the storming of the bank are effectively staged, but the resolution is the usual Capra-Riskin populist hokum: the small depositors, grateful to Huston for his help in the past, bring in their savings to preserve his bank from ruin. Even this early in his career, Capra often underestimated the audience. In some cities, the picture was *too* topical: in Baltimore, it opened the day after a bank panic and closed in forty-eight hours. With Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings, Kay Johnson, and Gavin Gordon. (Thalia; July 26-27.)

The Bad News Bears Go to Japan—With Tony Curtis and Jackie Earle Haley, directed by John Berry. (86th St. East, and Olympia.... ¶ 59th St. East; through July 20.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Baronet.)

The Buddy Holly Story—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Gemini 1, and Gemini 2; starting July 21.)

Capricorn One—With Elliott Gould, James Brolin, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O. J. Simpson, and Hal Halbrook; directed by Peter Hyams. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 25.... ¶ Playboy; July 21-25.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Cinema I.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for Ray Stark. If Simon were on the moon, he would still write films for Ray Stark or plays for millions of people and dollars. This has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—and a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but it is going to be popular, because its freshness manages to take the sting out of death. (7/3/78) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema Village; July 21-22.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through July 20.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at becoming a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 21.)

Dear Inspector—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

A Different Story—With Perry King and Meg Foster, directed by Paul Aaron. (34th St. East; through July 20.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Cinema II.)

The End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (72nd Street East; through July 25.... ¶ Playboy; starting July 26.)

Faces of Love—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Delphine Seyrig, and Lea Massari; directed by Michel Soutter. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. There are charming childlike moments, but the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 25.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine

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May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Loews Tower East.)

Honky Tonk (1941)—Practically indistinguishable from several other Clark Gable pictures featuring sheriffs, cardsharps, and girls in net stockings and feather boas. The lush twenty-one-year-old Lana Turner is a New England lady out West to catch up with her father (Frank Morgan); she speedily becomes entangled with the town's good bad man (Gable), gets him drunk, and marries him. That's only the start of the picture; from then on it's turgidly predictable. Jack Conway directed; with Claire Trevor, Marjorie Main, Chill Wills, Albert Dekker, Esther Muir, and Veda Ann Borg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 27.)

I Am a Dancer (1972)—Rudolf Nureyev formal (in excerpts from "La Sylphide," "The Sleeping Beauty," and Glen Tetley's "Field Figures") and informal (rehearsing, relaxing with a pot of coffee, meeting his fans). Ashton's "Marguerite and Armand" is included complete, with Nureyev partnering Margot Fonteyn, and it comes off better on film than it did on the stage. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

International Velvet—With Tatum O'Neal, Christopher Plummer, Anthony Hopkins, and Nanette Newman; directed by Bryan Forbes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Guild.)

Islands in the Stream (1977)—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. It's fascinating to see Hemingway's themes placed in this huge glass jar for our inspection. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). By being respectful and dedicated, and incompetent at action, Schaffner and his scenarist, Denne Bart Petitclerc, bring out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (Olympia.)

Jaws 2—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (Murray Hill, D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

The Last Ten Days (1955)—G. W. Pabst, who directed this account of the last ten days in Hitler's headquarters, employs a restrained style that makes the collapse of discipline and the final disintegration seem like an enveloping nightmare. Erich Maria Remarque's script, based on Judge Michael Musmanno's chronicle "Ten Days to Die," perhaps errs in systematically constructing little episodes to illuminate chaos; the atmosphere is so compelling that these vignettes seem trite and unnecessary. Albin Skoda's Hitler is an intelligent approach to a terribly difficult role; Oskar Werner's heroic role as a liaison officer from one of the Army corps is a flamboyant invention, and he gives it a fine flourish. Surrounding Hitler are Lotte Tobisch as Eva Braun, Willi Krause as Goebbels, and, of course, the generals of all kinds and attitudes: General Krebs, for example, who asks if God exists, and General Burgdorf, who replies, "If he did, we wouldn't." Whatever your judgment of the picture's value as historical interpretation, it is an experience to spend two hours in this claustrophobic bunker with Pabst and his actors. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Greenwich.)

Let's Face It: C'Est la Vie—Directed by Samy Pavel. In French. (Festival; through July 20.)

Little Nellie Kelly (1940)—Judy Garland played a dual role (in the early sequences, she impersonates an adult) in this cornball musical from M-G-M. She does a rousing job on "It's a Great Day for the Irish," but you have to be a real fan to put up with this one. With George Murphy and Charles Winninger. Norman Taurog directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza; through July 20. . . . ¶ Waverly, Festival, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 21.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Gramercy; through July 20. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; July 26.)

Matilda—With Elliott Gould, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, Roy Clark, and Robert Mitchum; directed by Daniel Mann. (Music Hall.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Cinema Village; July 25.)

Miss Julie (1950)—Strindberg's passionate, relentless drama of sexual debasement, directed by Alf Sjöberg. Anita Björk is the fragile, capricious, feudal aristocrat who encourages her father's servile valet to seduce her; she sustains the demanding role with intensity and grace. As the valet, Ulf Palme matches her performance with a surly, sly arrogance that makes his conquest of her a true degradation. The expansion of the play over considerable lyric acreage and preceding generations is ill-advised; it tends to dissipate the confined, harrowing drama. But the performances make this a powerful version, nevertheless, and it took the Grand Prix at Cannes in 1951. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

Pink Floyd (1974)—A concert-*cum*-puff by the famous London rock group, playing in Pompeii in quadraphonically recorded sound. The young men are adept musicians but are even more adept at technology. They can make a Steinway piano sound like demonic stomach rumblings. (8th St. Playhouse; July 20-23.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—Entertaining trash, though overlong. The director, Tay Garnett, knew enough tricks to sustain this glossily bowdlerized version of the James M. Cain tabloid novel, and he used Lana Turner maybe better than any other director did. Cain's women are, typically, calculating, hot little animals, and his men doom-ridden victims. Here, Lana Turner's Cora—infantile in a bored, helpless, premoral way—is dressed in impeccable white, as if to conceal her sweaty passions and murderous impulses; John Garfield plays the drifter who becomes her lover. Cora's harmless husband (Cecil Kellaway) seems a nuisance to have around, so they decide to finish him off while he's relaxing in the bathtub. The shoddy, ironic twist signified in the title is that the killers get away with their crime but retribution comes anyway. As opposing lawyers, Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames have a showoffy courtroom clash. With Audrey Totter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 27.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville,

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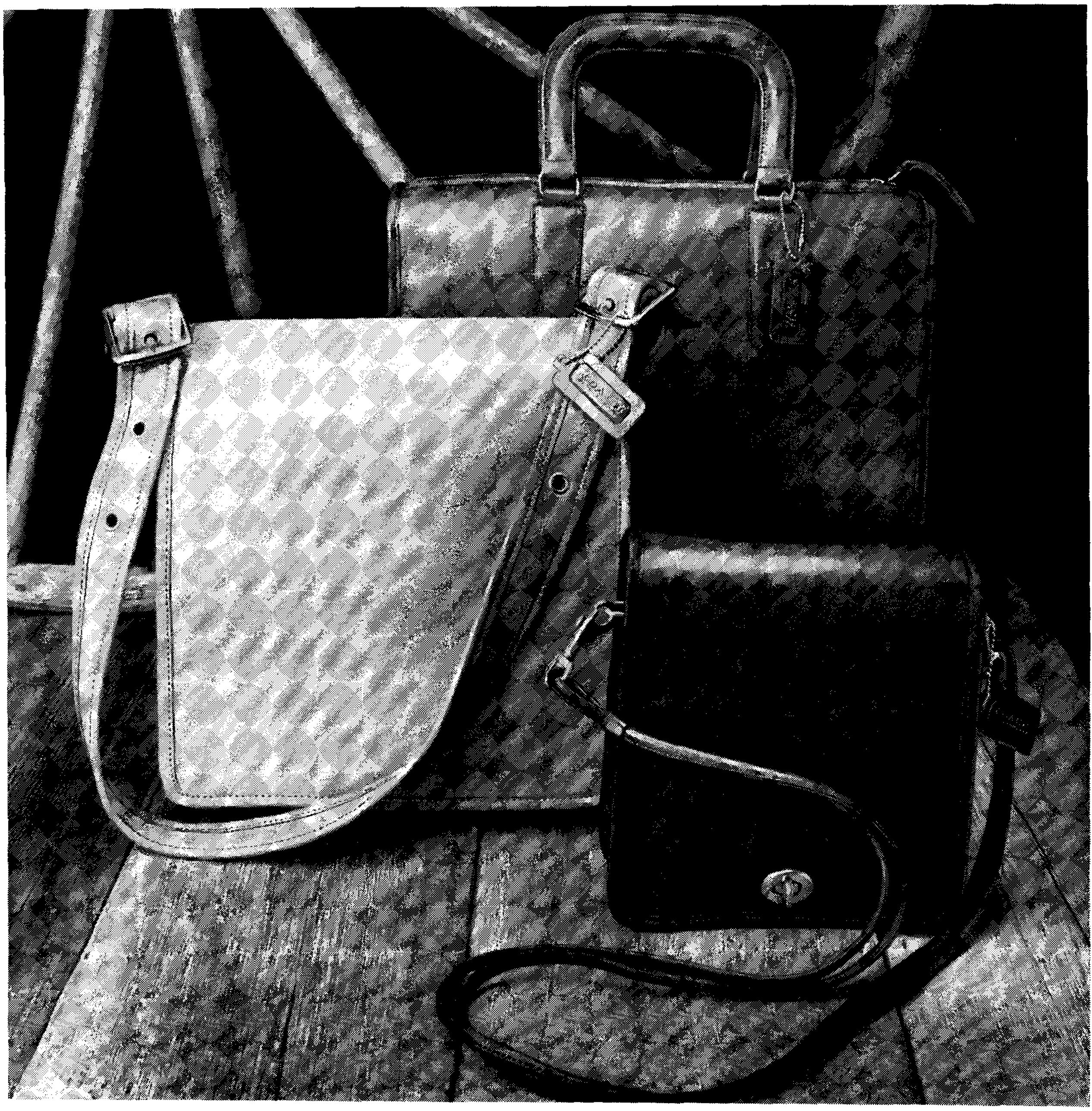

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New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Waverly, and New Yorker; through July 20.)

Replay—With Marie-José Nat and Victor Lanoux, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther—The fifth in the series, with Peter Sellers again as Inspector Clouseau. Directed by Blake Edwards. (Ziegfeld.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Kenneth MacMillan's production for the Royal Ballet, performed by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev and the rest of the original cast. Fonteyn and Nureyev were not the dancers the choreography was made for—Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable were—but they were the dancers the public wanted to see most, and they helped make the ballet a hit. Earlier, the Prokofieff score had been choreographed by Ashton, who declared his ballet obsolete when the Bolshoi arrived with a version starring Ulanova; John Cranko made the first of the Soviet-derived Western productions for the Stuttgart Ballet, but it was the MacMillan version that put "Romeo and Juliet" into standard repertory. This color film was shot by Paul Czinner during an actual performance at Covent Garden. The method is shaky, but when it works the effect is incomparably real. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band—With Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees, directed by Michael Schultz. (34th St. East, and Plaza; starting July 21.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (Cinema Village; July 25.)

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Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Art, Gramercy, and 59th St. East; starting July 21.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Cinema Village; July 23-24.)

The Swarm—With Michael Caine, Katharine Ross, Richard Widmark, Olivia de Havilland, Ben Johnson, Lee Grant, and Patty Duke Astin; directed by Irwin Allen. (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Sweet Bird of Youth (1962)—Paul Newman as the gigolo Chance Wayne, and Geraldine Page as the battered, fading star Alexandra Del Lago, in Richard Brooks's slicked-up version of Tennessee Williams' flamboyant pop fantasy. When Newman's bare chest isn't being fumbled at and crooned over by Miss Page, it's being pawed and picked at by Shirley Knight, who plays his fresh-faced girl friend, Heavenly Finley. This hysterical twaddle features a sadistic attack on Newman, engineered by Heavenly's father (Ed Begley), a crooked political boss, and a climactic telephone soliloquy by Miss Page. (We hear her part of a long-distance conversation with Walter Winchell, who convinces her that, far from being a flop in her last picture, she has scored her greatest hit.) Rip Torn and Mildred Dunnock are also involved in the madness. (Regency; July 23-25.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Quad Cinema.)

3 Women (1977)—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's overheads and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Art; through July 20.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Art; through July 20.)

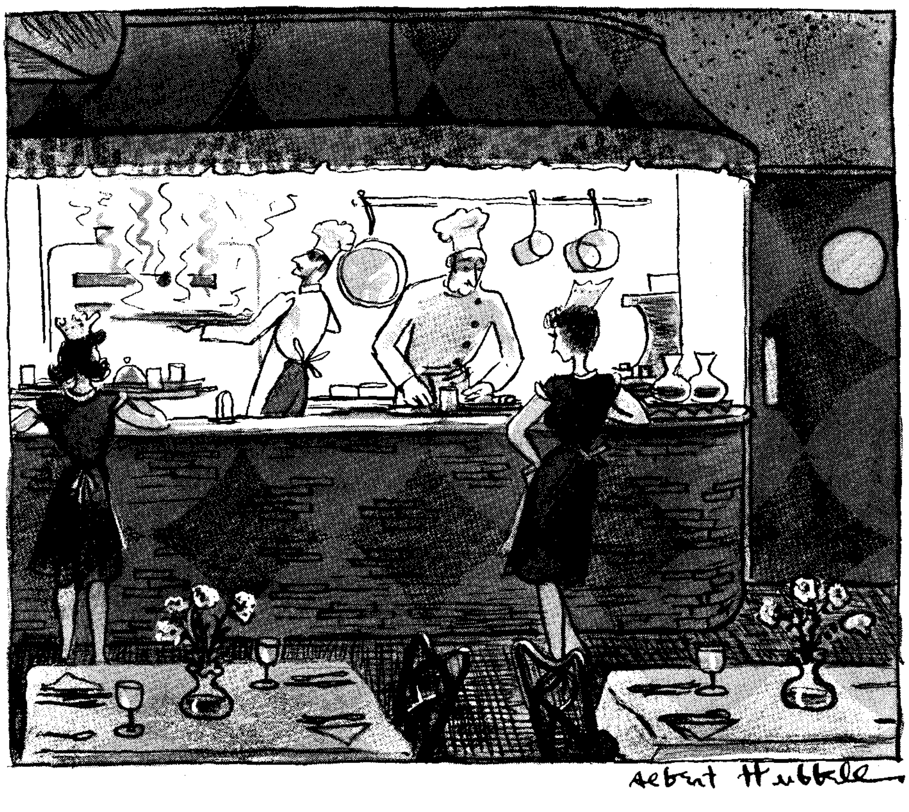
An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Beekman. No six o'clock performance on Monday, July 24.)

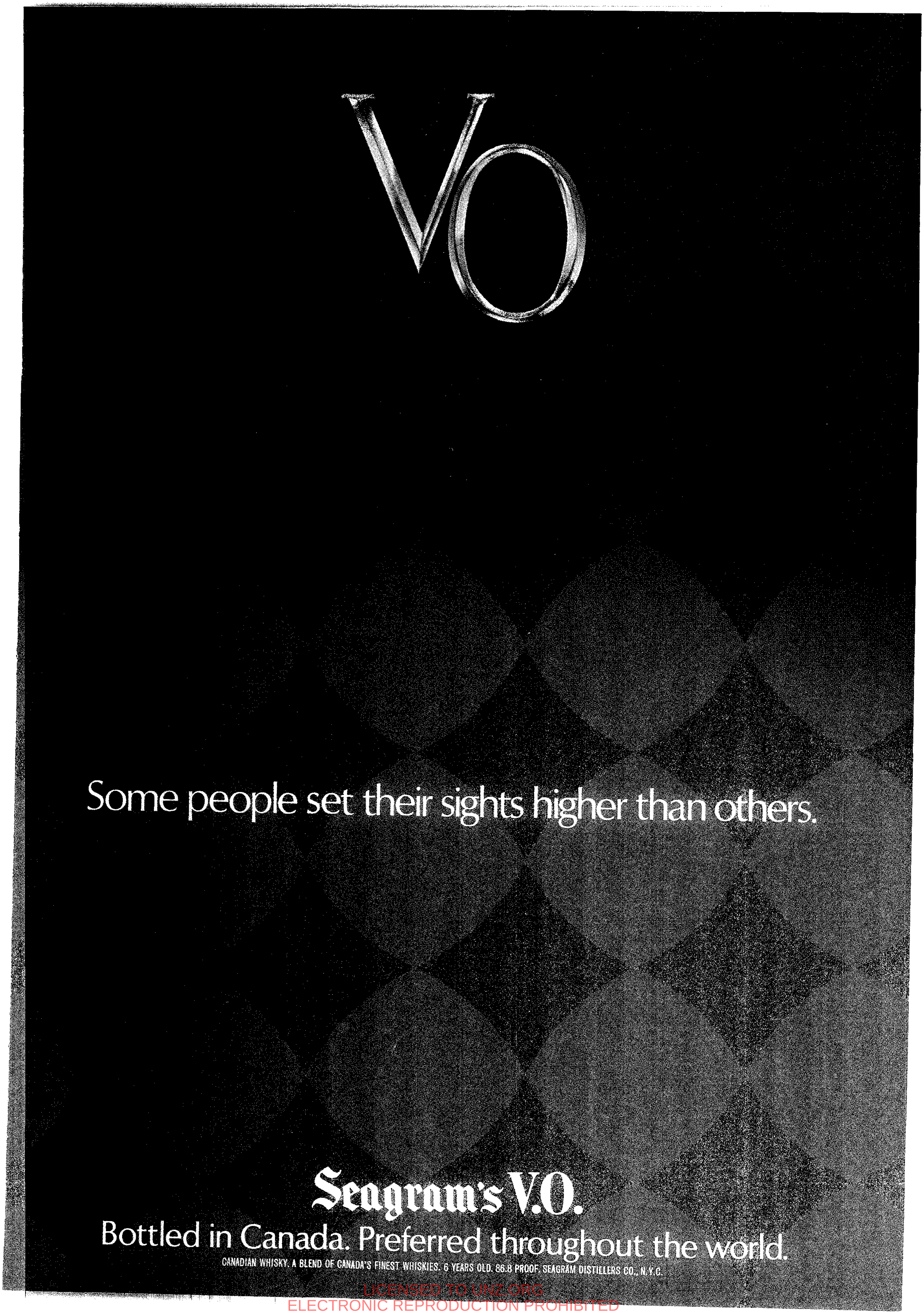
Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others (1974)—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in an undeservedly neglected movie about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. The director, Claude Sautet, is a wizard at juggling and balancing the complex "Dinner at Eight" situation, and he's got the control and refinement of a master—the film may be too impersonally crafted, but it moves rhythmically, as if it were a melancholy, romantic tune. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 26.)

Viva Italia!—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. Full of a particularly Italian sort of comic conviviality and, sometimes, a particularly Italian note of resolve in the face of distress. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris.)

A Woman at Her Window—A French picture set in Greece in 1936. With Romy Schneider, Philippe Noiret, Victor Lanoux, and Umberto Orsini; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. (6/12/78) (New Yorker; starting July 21.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Farce, in color, about murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers as a doctor, Wilfrid Lawson as a butler. Directed by Bryan Forbes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 22.)





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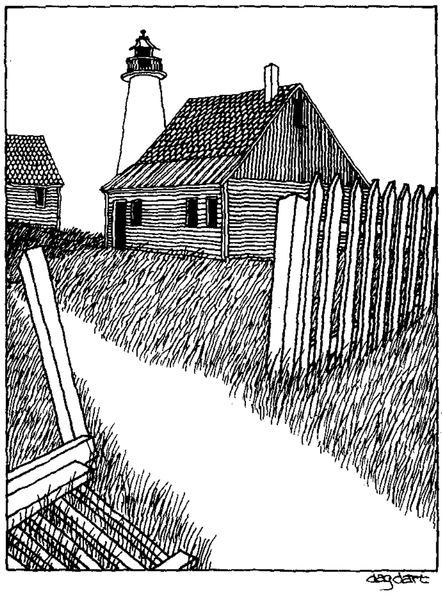
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME summer nights on Columbus Avenue, when the weather's great—the way it was last night—people flood the streets like children who have been kept indoors too long. They surge up and down the sidewalks, almost bumping into each other, they drift through shops, squeeze between the potted plants of flower stores, sit in the outdoor cafés (which are just plain restaurants in November), stare, talk, laugh. Near one corner in the Seventies, somebody had put a barricade swiped from a Con Ed excavation across the entrance to a side street. The street was closed (except that there was plenty of room for cars to pass) by order of the department of impromptu volleyball players, who had strung a net between two London plane trees, one on the north sidewalk, one on the south. Two dozen men, women, and children were having a vigorous game—the ball thundering from time to time on the roofs and hoods of parked cars—but the players were considerate: if a car made its way past the barricade and came down the street slowly, and didn't honk too much, the players called, "Time out!" and lifted the bottom of the net enough to let the car go underneath.

This morning at five-thirty, there is nobody in sight. The big gray boxes that switch the traffic lights from red to green go thump-*thump*, like a heartbeat, but there is no traffic to obey the commands. On the sidewalk, pink-glazed at this hour, the nervous pigeons do their disco, dressed in garbage-can gray and basic macadam (with wine-bottle green iridescent accents), strutting on legs that are somewhere between ketchup and maraschino. A hundred yards overhead, in the sunlight, seagulls take an overview. Empty beer cans are stacked in cardboard cases in front of all the bars. The two men—one old and gray-haired, the other younger and using a cane—who customarily sort through the beer cans have not yet arrived. It is their daily practice to lift each can, give it a delicate shake, and put it back neatly if it is totally empty; if not, they will pour the contents into a second, collecting can, and then put it back neatly. Sometimes they leave Columbus Avenue carrying three or four cans. They go to a spacious doorway on the west side of Amsterdam Avenue, sit in the sunlight on its broad steps, and drink the beer. It is going to be a spectacular day. On a side street between Columbus and Amsterdam, almost every building has some kind of garden blooming in front of it; there are flowers and stringbeans and ivy wherever the concrete will permit. On a day that is coming up like this one—the sky is shedding yellow and pink and shifting to the clearest, most piercing blue—and nothing awful has so far had a chance to happen, a stroller feels elated to be in a city where people plant flowers, there is volleyball in the street, and in a seemingly empty can there may be a little beer. People appear to be taking it for granted that they will prevail: in front of a brownstone, in a garden two feet by ten, full of blossoms, there is a hand-lettered cardboard sign on a wooden stick protruding from a small patch of dirt. The sign is cheerfully decorated around the border, but the message is a protest: "Rosebush was HERE!" it says.



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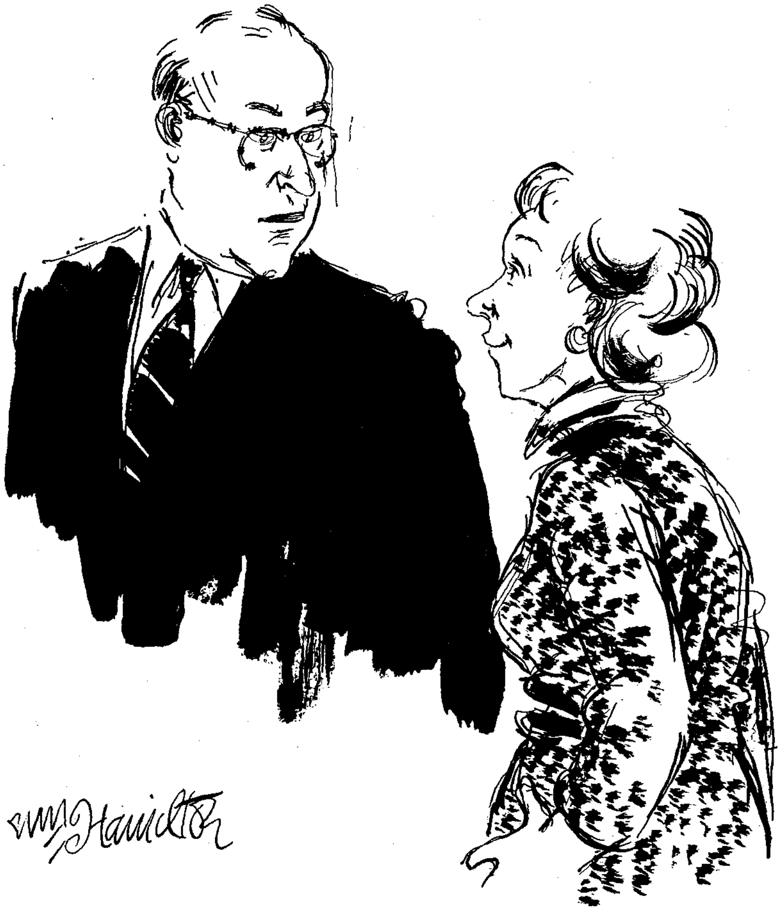
Celebration

THE other afternoon, the Cooper-Hewitt Museum unveiled an exhibition entitled "A Celebration of Water." We were introduced to the aqueous display, situated mostly in a single basement room of the former Andrew Carnegie mansion, by Richard B. Oliver, the museum's curator of architecture and design. "This is my sixth show below ground level in the last twelve months," Mr. Oliver told us. "It's important to remember that you can do a show in one room. Still, I hope next year to be promoted to the ground floor."

Those personal matters disposed of, Mr. Oliver went on proudly to call to our attention a Sabino bathroom sink, not hooked up, from France ("It strikes me," he said, "that a glass sink is the ultimate in exotic luxury"), a prefabricated transparent, circular stall shower from Italy, also not hooked up ("I think it's one of the most attractive things around—not only beautifully made but sensuous"), and a working fountain created by Ray Kelly, a water sculptor, out of sheets of metal ("Industrial components are very chic now in New York; here they are combined into a wishing well, the most sentimental thing there is"). Mr. Oliver said that he had thrown three pennies into the well to bring his show good luck, and that two of his associates had tossed in a nickel apiece. At the moment of our inspection, he was pleased to note that an additional twenty-four cents (two nickels, fourteen pennies) was visible, but, much as that video aspect of the display pleased him, he was distressed by the audio. "It sounds too tinny," he said. "It's got to be tuned." He then excused himself to attend to another matter that promised little by way of immediate celebration: two more Kelly fountains, on ground level in the Cooper-Hewitt courtyard, were not functioning, because a pipe had burst. "We were counting on them to water the flowers," he said as he departed.

On our own, we admired photographs of the huge indoor and outdoor swimming pools at William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon estate, and of the work of two celebrated architects—Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater house in Bear Run, Pennsylvania, and Stanford White's urinals at the Newport Casino. Farther along, we stopped at some Frederick Church paintings (the Maine coast; an Alpine lake; the Tequendama Falls, on the Bogotá River; an iceberg); a photograph of the "Water Is Best" fountain in Bath, England; a photograph of a kid standing beside a New York fire hydrant; and a print of the Théâtre d'Eau, at Versailles.

We were examining a re-creation of Faye Dunaway's bathroom when Mr. Oliver returned. "Notice the tiled chaise longue," he said. "What we wanted to say here about bathrooms, in essence, is that the way to make them wonderful is not to deck them out with carpets or draperies but to try to enhance the qualities of water itself. Doesn't that chaise longue conjure up images of lying there blissfully wrapped in a terry-cloth towel? You know, water is really one of the most important elements of architecture—and, indeed, of the entire world. Half of all Americans live, like me, within fifty miles of an ocean or a Great Lake, and, like them, I can't help feeling this tremendous fascination for the edge. That's really what got me interested in doing this show. The only thing I regret about it is that we weren't able to obtain a picture of Liberace's piano-shaped swimming pool."



"People who can laugh at themselves, Marguerite, do so and fall by the wayside."

Going Places

WE take great interest in even the tiniest changes in New York's subway system, so the news that there was to be a public debate at Cooper Union on a proposed new subway map brought us downtown (on the No. 6 I.R.T. train) one evening recently. In the lobby outside the Great Hall, where the debate was to be held, the M.T.A. had set up an exhibit including the proposed new map and the present map, as well as old maps of the New York subway system. The proposed new map has the subway lines in red and blue superimposed on a map showing the main streets of the city in gray. I.R.T. routes are blue, IND/B.-M.T. routes are red. Colored circles containing the identifying letter/s or number of a route are placed at intervals along that route (the colors are the same as those used on the present map for each route); express stations are indicated by a dot, and local stations by a hatch mark. Under the name of each station is a list of the trains that stop there. (A route on which several trains run is shown by a single line, while on the present map each train has its own colored line.) A patch of yellow surrounds the cluster of dots that indicates a transfer point, and parks are green and water is blue.

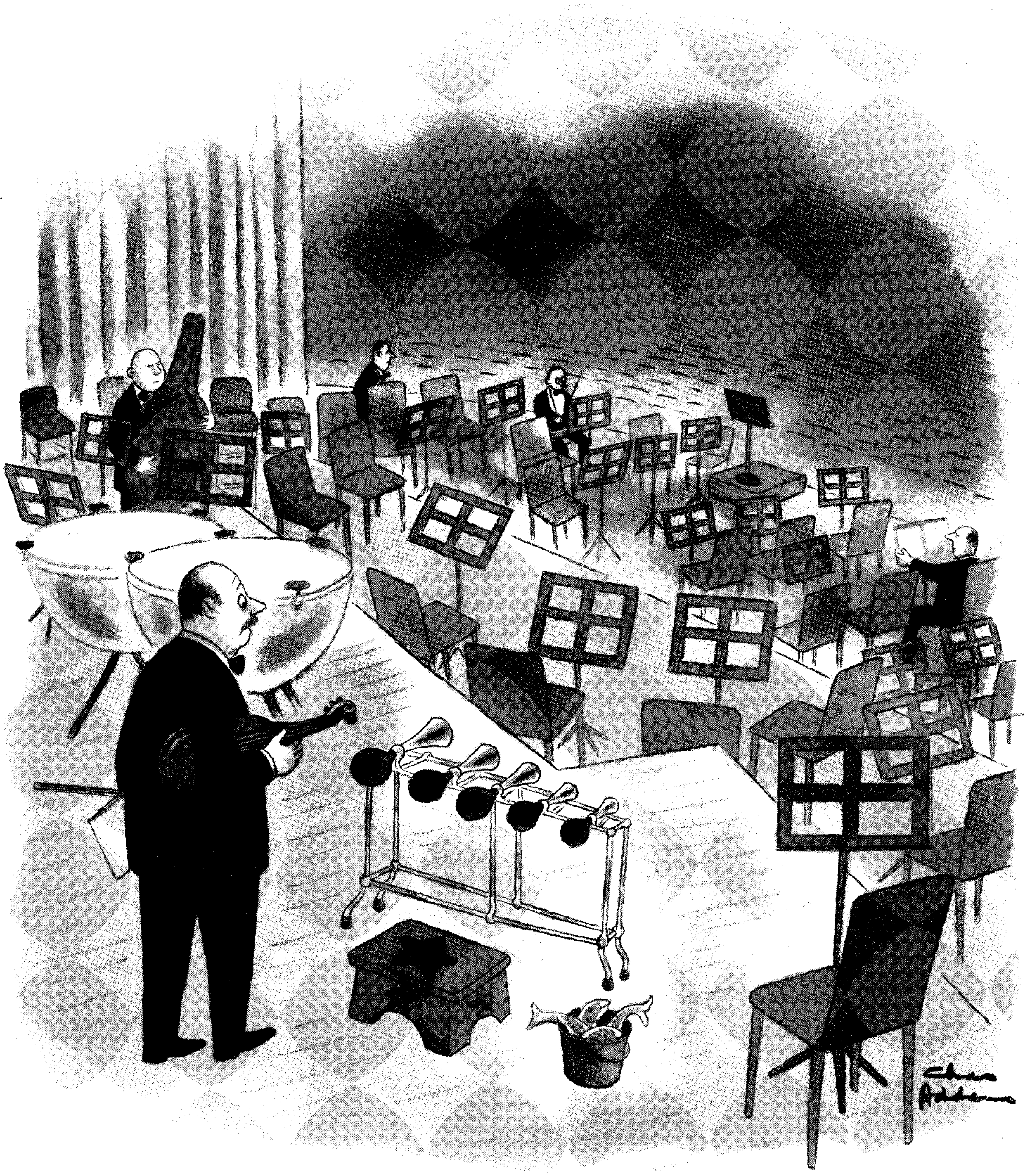
We joined a group of people gathered around Dr. Arline Bronzaft, a short, brisk pleasant woman in black, who was comparing the new map with the present one. Dr. Bronzaft, a consultant to the Transit Authority, is a member of the committee that is designing the new map. "The present map is a schematic plan of the underground," she said, "and so you never really know where you are. People want to go to places, not to subway stations."

A woman who said she was from the Bronx complained that the print on the new map was too small.

"What if you found yourself in Brooklyn," Dr. Bronzaft said to her. "What if you were put down at, say, Pennsylvania Avenue—Pennsylvania and Livonia." She pointed to the intersection on the new map. "How would you get home? You could figure it out easily here, because you can see where you are."

"It's too hard to read," the woman repeated. "And, anyway, what would I be doing there? I've never even heard of it."

"We did studies with high-school and college students," Dr. Bronzaft went on, undeterred. "We had one group from John Dewey, in Brooklyn—kids who use the subways all the time. They were so confident of their ability they didn't want to even try a new map. Then we had a college group from New Jersey, and a high-school group from Long Island—kids who were terrified not just of subways but of maps. We gave them forty-five minutes to figure out ten routes on paper, half of each group using the present map, half using the new. They got ten points for a direct route, five for an indirect one. And all the students did significantly better with the new map. The Dewey kids, who were so sure of themselves, didn't do very well with either map."



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The woman from the Bronx seemed unimpressed, and we noticed that she left early.

At seven-thirty, we went into the Great Hall, where Peter Blake, an architect and architecture critic, introduced Massimo Vignelli, who designed the present map, published in 1972, and John Tauranac, of the M.T.A., who is the chairman of the committee that is working on the new map. Mr. Vignelli, a tall man in a gray suit, talked about the difference between geographical and abstract, or schematic, maps. His map is an abstract map, and is based on a system of ninety- and forty-five-degree angles. Using different colors for the various subway lines makes it easy to read; it is possible to do this on a schematic map precisely, because you do not have to be geographically accurate. At a station like West Fourth Street, for example, where seven routes come together, you can put the different-colored lines in a row; you do not have to worry about fitting them under Sixth Avenue, their aboveground counterpart. "You can't get all the information onto a single map, and you shouldn't try," Mr. Vignelli said. "I think this is what they have tried to do with this new map. One map is just not enough."

Mr. Tauranac then took the stage. "New York has difficulties that other cities do not," he began. "For instance, there are four hundred and fifty-eight stations, and these include underground, elevated, and surface. Other cities do not have local and express stops, and their routes are for the most part self-contained. They do not have the kind of duplications and differences depending on, say, the time of day that New York has. Take the No. 2 train. It's marked 'Express'—it's known as the Seventh Avenue Express—but if you ride on into Brooklyn or the Bronx you'll find that it stops at every station. Of course, it's very hard to get this kind of information onto a map. But one thing the committee felt overwhelmingly was that a subway map should include aboveground geography." The committee, which has thirteen members, has been working on the map for about two and a half years. Mr. Tauranac mentioned some of the problems it had encountered. "Originally, the map was going to have just one color for the subway routes—red—but there were so many requests for some kind of color-coding from people who had a preview of the map that it was decided to use two. There is one exception to the color-coding system," he said. "That is the No. 7 Flushing line. Although it has been considered a B.-M.T. line for several years for operational reasons, almost everyone thinks of it as part of the I.R.T., so it will be blue." The I.R.T./IND/B-M.T. distinction is itself an anomaly, since the city runs all the lines, but because the use of these names is ingrained in New Yorkers, the committee felt it would be more confusing to change or abolish the distinction.

"We've had some trouble with the yellow at the transfer points," Mr. Tauranac continued. "It wasn't visible enough, so we're making it a darker, more orangey color. The advantage of these patches over the old system is that it's clear here, for example, that you can walk underground from the IND Chambers Street station all the way to the World Trade Center. This map also shows where you can get free transfers to buses, and where you can get buses to the airports. You might not have known that you could get to LaGuardia for a dollar. And we plan to show some points of interest, such as the U.N., the World Trade Center, and the Bronx Zoo. Our map may not be aesthetically beautiful, like Mr. Vignelli's," he said in conclusion, "but we think people will be happier with it."

A group of panelists commented on the two presentations, and we found the conflict summed up best by Jonathan Barnett, a professor of urban design at City College. "Some people need a geographic orientation, and others don't," he said. "It just comes down to a matter of personality. Why can't we have both maps?"

Noontime

PICKING up the telephone and calling the Savoy Provision Company, a sausage-and-salami factory on West Houston Street, any weekday between noon and one o'clock is a waste of time. They won't answer the phone. This has nothing to do with Savoy's sausage and salami—luganiga, soppressata, coppa, cotechino, cacciatore, cooked salami, hot fresh sausage, sweet fresh sausage. The sausage and salami are fine. In fact, they taste great. But calling between noon and one o'clock won't do any good, because the phone will never ring. At noon, Aldo Baccon, one of Savoy's five partners, takes the receiver off the hook. Then he locks the front door and heads downstairs to have a leisurely, uninterrupted lunch with the rest of the work crew.

"Lunch must be peaceful," said Al, as he took a seat at the table the other day. "Always remember: you're only passing through in this world."

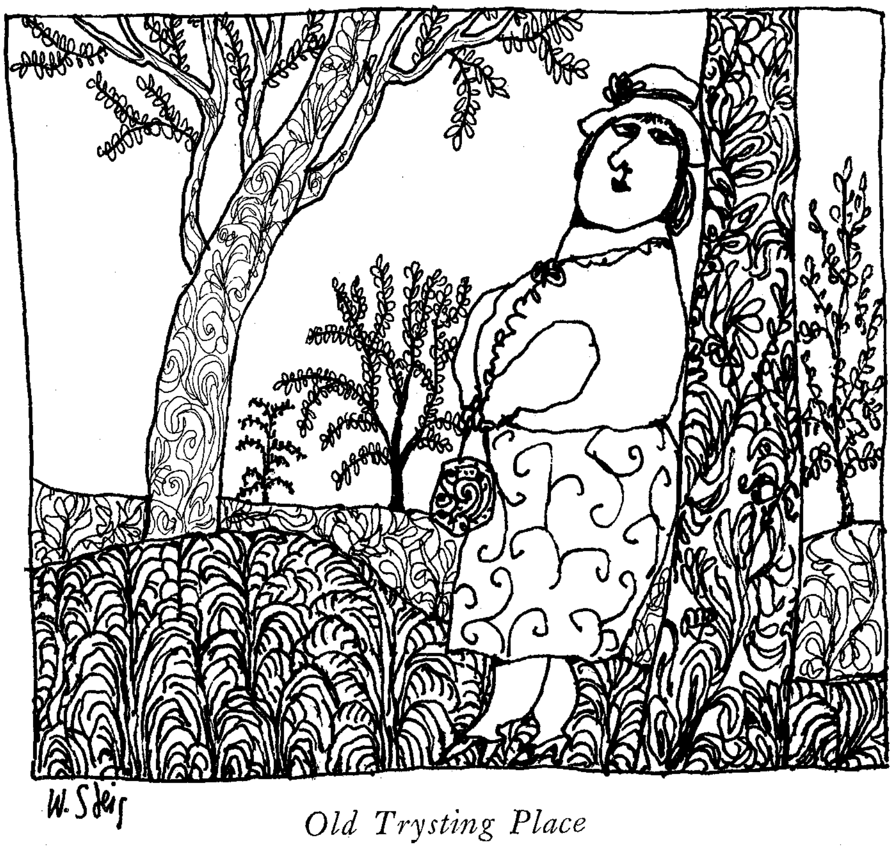
"Fast," said Nino Domini, another partner.

"Very fast," said Al, nodding.

Nino and Al don't claim credit for the do-not-disturb policy; they merely adhere to custom. Al has been with Savoy since 1956, and Nino joined in 1963. The company was founded in 1934, and lunch at Savoy has been sacrosanct ever since.

"As far as I'm concerned, we are the only business in the United States that closes from twelve to one," Al said, as he constructed a sandwich of roast beef and lettuce on Italian bread. "As far as *I'm* concerned, we are."

Tony Volta, whose main duty is stuffing sausage into its casing, doubles as the lunch chef. Some days, he brings in a dish that he started at home—minestrone, a stew, sauce for pasta. On this particular day, however, he didn't feel like cooking at all, because he was preoccupied with thoughts of John Anthony Volta, his first grandchild, who had arrived the day before at Flushing Hospital. The baby weighed in at eleven pounds six ounces. When Tony heard the news, he took off his work apron and went out to buy a half gallon of Soave wine and about eleven pounds six ounces of White Owl cigars. Each cigar came in a cellophane wrapper that was imprinted "It's a Boy!" The chilled bottle of wine now rested on the table—the table had been covered with a large sheet of butcher paper—along with Italian bread, a platter of roast beef and cotechino sausage, two heads of lettuce, salt, pepper, oregano, mayonnaise, a jar of pickled green peppers, and a knife. In addition to Al and Tony, the crowd around the table included Nino; Nino's teen-age daughter, Lisa, who was visiting for the day; Victor Vigna, one of the partners;



Old Trysting Place

Nardie Foti, the bookkeeper; Leo Rossi, a sausage cutter; and Pete Di Bene, a general helper. Two other partners, Anthony Tarella and John De Marie, were out calling on customers, and the drivers—Sal Buda, Tom Miller, and Joe Terrasi—were out making deliveries. Even if Sal hadn't been on the road, he would have been, at best, a passive luncheon companion. Lately, he has been on a diet, which means that when the others eat he has a glass of wine and looks on wistfully.

For the basement of a sausage factory, the downstairs room at Savoy seems remarkably clean. This is not an illusion. Everyone at Savoy agrees that it is remarkably clean. For some time now, Victor Vigna has been doing carpentry work in the basement during his spare time, hanging a Sheetrock ceiling so that nobody will have to stare up at exposed sprinkler and steam pipes during lunch. "I like carpentry better than making salami," said Victor, who has been at Savoy for twelve years. "But salami pays better."

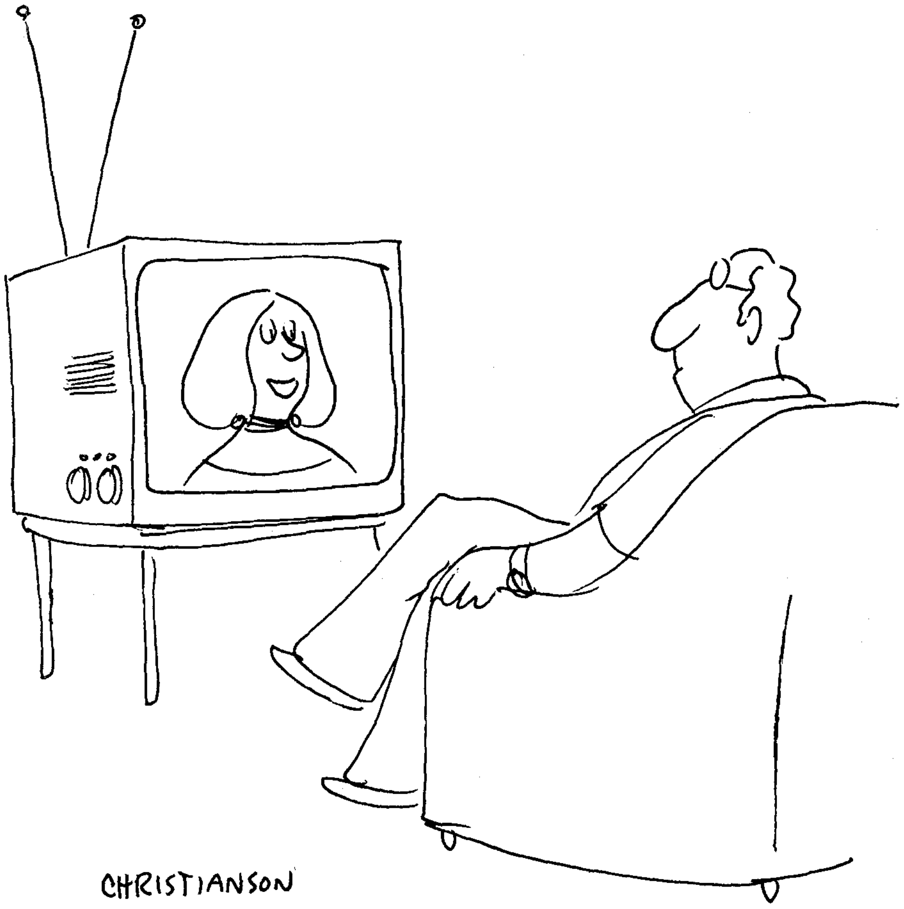
Victor has learned what he knows about salami mainly from his father, Carlo, who was at Savoy as a production manager for forty years. Today, Victor and Nino share the secrets of Savoy's recipes. The main ingredient in everything is fresh pork shoulder butt. Then, depending upon what they happen to be making that day, they add varying amounts of salt, peppers, garlic, white wine, dry milk, and spices. Nino doesn't like to discuss his formulas in specific detail. He doesn't mind mentioning, however, that in some cases the government will allow him to use three and a half pounds of non-fat dry milk per hundred pounds of sausage mixture but that he uses only two. "It's custom merchandise. It's perfection," he said. "We have no returns. No waste."

Most of the sausage-making goes on in a high-ceilinged, well-scrubbed, brightly lit room at street level. On one wall of the workroom, there is a sign that says "Looters and Trespassers Beware of Flying Objects. They May Be Bullets." We happened to show up for lunch on a Wednesday, which is a dry-sausage day. Tuesday and Friday are also dry-sausage days. Monday and Thursday, Savoy makes fresh. The fresh sausage gets shipped immediately, but the dry, which has to be cured, takes a good deal longer. One of Nino's pet sayings is "The salami comes better with music." Accordingly, he has arranged for music to be piped in from a tape deck that rests on a shelf outside the workroom. Some of the sausage at Savoy is made to the accompaniment of Jimmy Roselli, some of it to Verdi, some of it to Dion and the Belmonts.

During lunch in the basement, the conversations divide evenly between English and Italian. Not everyone feels compelled to participate. Leo Rossi, for instance, has a habit of eating quickly, then folding his arms across his chest and politely falling asleep until one o'clock. The rest of the group occupy themselves with a wide range of topics—from why Tuscany seems better than Staten Island to why the Red Sox seem better than the Yankees. Pete Di Bene, who happens to be a Yankees fan in extremis, feels very disappointed that the Swedish Academy hasn't yet devised a way to award Reggie Jackson a Nobel Prize. Pete lives in the Bronx, as does Nino, who coaches the Porco Cubs, a Little League team that his son, Nino, Jr., plays for. "Nino's the only coach in the league who keeps score in broken English," said Pete.

When everyone had finished eating, Al removed a ten-dollar bill from his pocket and asked for coffee orders. Pete took the ten, walked up a flight of wooden steps, removed a screen grating at sidewalk level, and headed for the Genoa Football Club, a private social club on West Houston Street. A few minutes later, he returned with three espressos and four cappuccinos. The cappuccino tasted as good as any we've ever had, but, alas, the Genoa Football Club won't sell it to just anybody.

At five minutes before one, a man named Ben Nevoso hollered in Italian through the screen on the sidewalk. Nevoso, a steady customer who lives in New Jersey and who knows the habits at Savoy, understood very well that everyone was downstairs finishing lunch. Al Baccon slowly stood up, brushed some crumbs off his trousers, and headed upstairs to his office, a small room that contains several mementos, including the first dollar that Savoy earned and a photograph of Nino and Nelson Rockefeller playing bocce at the Van Nest Recreation Center, in the Bronx. Shortly after Al arrived in the office, a bell in the tower of St. Anthony's Church, across Houston Street, rang once. Al flipped a light switch a few times—a signal to the crowd downstairs that lunch was *finito*. Then he replaced the phone receiver in its cradle.



"The following is not a program. It's just TV."

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IN THE NIGHT

IN the night, way into the middle of the night, when the night isn't divided like a sweet drink into little sips, when there is no just before midnight, midnight, or just after midnight, when the night is round in some places, flat in some places, and in some places like a deep hole, blue at the edge, black inside, the night-soil men come.

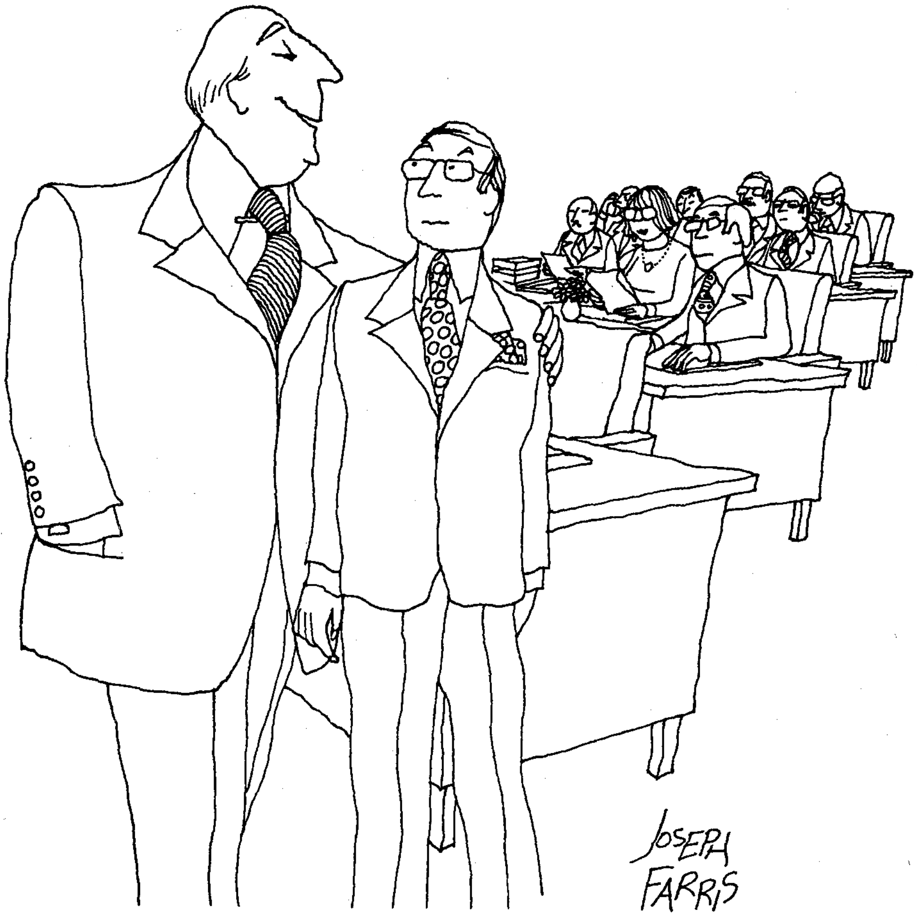
They come and go, walking on the damp ground in straw shoes. Their feet in the straw shoes make a scratchy sound. They say nothing.

The night-soil men can see a bird walking in trees. It isn't a bird. It is a woman who has removed her skin and is on her way to drink the blood of her secret enemies. It is a woman who has left her skin in a corner of a house made out of wood. It is a woman who is reasonable and admires honeybees in the hibiscus. It is a woman who, as a joke, brays like a donkey when he is thirsty.

There is the sound of a cricket, there is the sound of a church bell, there is the sound of this house creaking, that house creaking, and the other house creaking as they settle into the ground. There is the sound of a radio in the distance—a fisherman listening to merengue music. There is the sound of a man groaning in his sleep; there is the sound of a woman disgusted at the man groaning. There is the sound of the man stabbing the woman, the sound of her blood as it hits the floor, the sound of Mr. Straffee, the undertaker, taking her body away. There is the sound of her spirit back from the dead, looking at the man who used to groan; he is running a fever forever. There is the sound of a woman writing a letter; there is the sound of her pen nib on the white writing paper; there is the sound of the kerosene lamp dimming; there is the sound of her head aching.

The rain falls on the tin roofs, on the leaves in the trees, on the stones in the yard, on sand, on the ground. The night is wet in some places, warm in some places.

There is Mr. Gishard, standing under a cedar tree which is in full bloom, wearing that nice white suit, which is as fresh as the day he was buried in it. The white suit came from England in a brown package: "To: Mr. John Gishard," and so on and so on. Mr. Gishard is standing under the tree, wearing his nice suit and holding a glass full of rum in his hand—the same glass full of rum that he had in his hand shortly before he died—and looking at the house in which he used to live. The people who now live in the house walk through the door backward when they see Mr. Gishard standing under the tree, wearing his nice white suit. Mr. Gishard misses his accordion; you can tell by the way he keeps tapping his foot.



"Don't have me beeped. I'll have you beeped."

IN my dream I can hear a baby being born. I can see its face, a pointy little face—so nice. I can see its hands—so nice, again. Its eyes are closed. It's breathing, the little baby. It's breathing. It's bleating, the little baby. It's bleating. The baby and I are now walking to pasture. The baby is eating green grass with its soft and pink lips. My mother is shaking me by the shoulders. My mother says, "Little Miss, Little Miss." I say to my mother, "But it's still night." My mother says, "Yes, but you have wet your bed again." And my mother, who is still young, and still beautiful, and still has pink lips, removes my wet nightgown, removes my wet sheets from my bed. My mother can change everything. In my dream I am in the night.

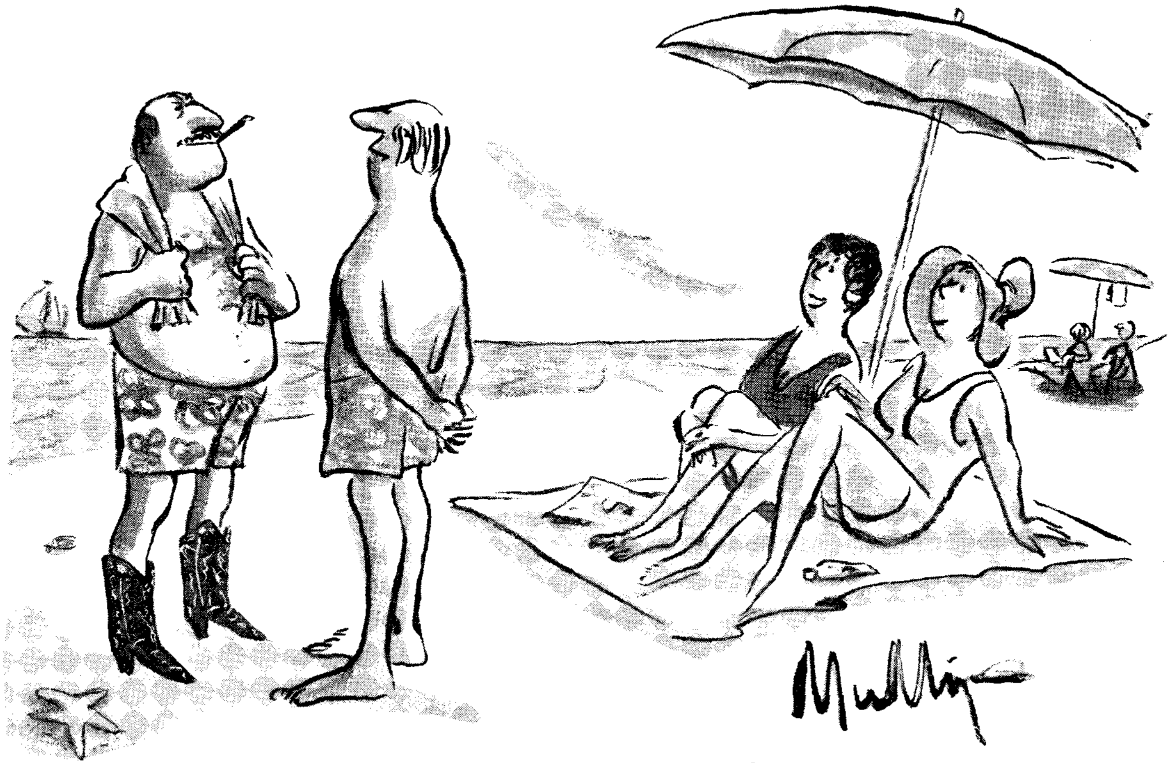
"What are the lights in the mountains?"

"The lights in the mountains? Oh, it's a jablesse."

"A jablesse! But why? What's a jablesse?"

"It's a person who can turn into anything. But you can tell they aren't real because of their eyes. Their eyes shine like lamps, so bright that you can't look. That's how you can tell it's a jablesse. They like to go up in the mountains and gallivant. Take good care when you see a beautiful woman. A jablesse always tries to look like a beautiful woman."

NO one has ever said to me, "My father, a night-soil man, is very nice and very kind. When he passes a dog, he gives a pat and not a kick. He likes all the parts of a fish but especially the head. He goes to church quite regularly and is always glad when the minister calls out, 'A Mighty Fortress Is Our God,' his favorite hymn. He would like to wear pink shirts and pink pants but knows that this color isn't very becoming to a man, so instead he wears navy blue and brown, colors he does not like at all. He met my mother on what masquerades as a bus around here, a long time ago, and he still likes to whistle. Once, while running to catch a bus, he fell and broke his ankle and had to spend a week in the hospital. This made him miserable, but he cheered up quite a bit when he saw my mother and me, standing over his white cot, holding bunches of yellow roses and smiling down at him. Then he said, ‘Oh, my. Oh, my.’ What he likes to do most, my father the night-soil man, is to sit on a big stone under a mahogany tree and watch small children playing play-cricket while he eats the intestines of animals stuffed with blood and rice and drinks ginger beer. He has told me this many times: ‘My dear, what I like to do most,’ and so on. He is always reading botany books and knows a lot about rubber plantations and rubber trees; but this is an interest I can’t explain, since the only rubber tree he has ever seen is a specially raised one in the botanic gardens. He sees to it that my school shoes fit comfortably. I love my father the night-soil man. My mother loves my father the night-soil man. Everybody loves him and waves to him whenever they see him. He is very handsome, you know, and I have seen women look at him twice. On special days he wears a brown felt hat, which he orders from England, and brown leather shoes, which he also orders from England. On ordinary days he goes barehead. When he calls me, I say, ‘Yes, sir.’ On my mother’s birthday he always buys her some nice cloth for a new dress as a present. He makes us happy, my father the night-soil man, and has promised that one day he will take us to see something he has read about called the circus.”


“Jason won’t go anywhere without his boots.”

IN the night, the flowers close up and thicken. The hibiscus flowers, the flamboyant flowers, the bachelor’s buttons, the irises, the marigolds, the whitehead-bush flowers, the lilies, the flowers on the daggerbush, the flowers on the turtleberry bush, the flowers on the soursop tree, the flowers on the sugar-apple tree, the flowers on the mango tree, the flowers on the guava tree, the flowers on the cedar tree, the flowers on the stinking-toe tree, the flowers on the dumps tree, the flowers on the papaw tree, the flowers everywhere close up and thicken. The flowers are vexed.

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Someone is making a basket, someone is making a girl a dress or a boy a shirt, someone is making her husband a soup with cassava so that he can take it to the cane field tomorrow, someone is making his wife a beautiful mahogany chest, someone is sprinkling a colorless powder outside a closed door so that someone else’s child will be stillborn, someone is praying that a bad child who is living prosperously abroad will be good and send a package filled with new clothes, someone is sleeping.

NOW I am a girl, but one day I will marry a woman—a red-skin woman with black bramblebush hair and brown eyes, who wears skirts that are so big I can easily bury my head in them. I would like to marry this woman and live with her in a mud hut near the sea. In the mud hut will be two chairs and one table, a lamp that burns kerosene, a medicine chest, a pot, one bed, two pillows, two sheets, one looking glass, two cups, two saucers, two dinner plates, two forks, two drinking-water glasses, one china pot, two fishing strings, two straw hats to ward the hot sun off our heads, two trunks for things we have very little use for, one basket, one book of plain paper, one box filled with twelve crayons of different colors, one loaf of bread wrapped in a piece of brown paper, one coal pot, one picture of two women standing on a jetty, one picture of the same two women embracing, one picture of the same two women waving goodbye, one box of matches. Every day this red-skin woman and I will eat bread and milk for breakfast, hide in bushes and throw hardened cow dung at people we don’t like, climb coconut trees, pick coconuts, eat and drink the food and water from the coconuts we have picked, throw stones in the sea, put on John Bull masks and frighten defenseless little children on their way home from school, go fishing and catch only our favorite fishes to roast and have for dinner, steal green figs to eat for dinner with the roast fish. Every day we would do this. Every night I would sing this woman a song; the words I don’t know yet, but the tune is in my head. This woman I would like to marry knows many things, but to me she will only tell about things that would never dream of making me cry; and every night, over and over, she will tell me something that begins, “Before you were born.” I will marry a woman like this, and every night, every night, I will be completely happy.

—JAMAICA KINCAID

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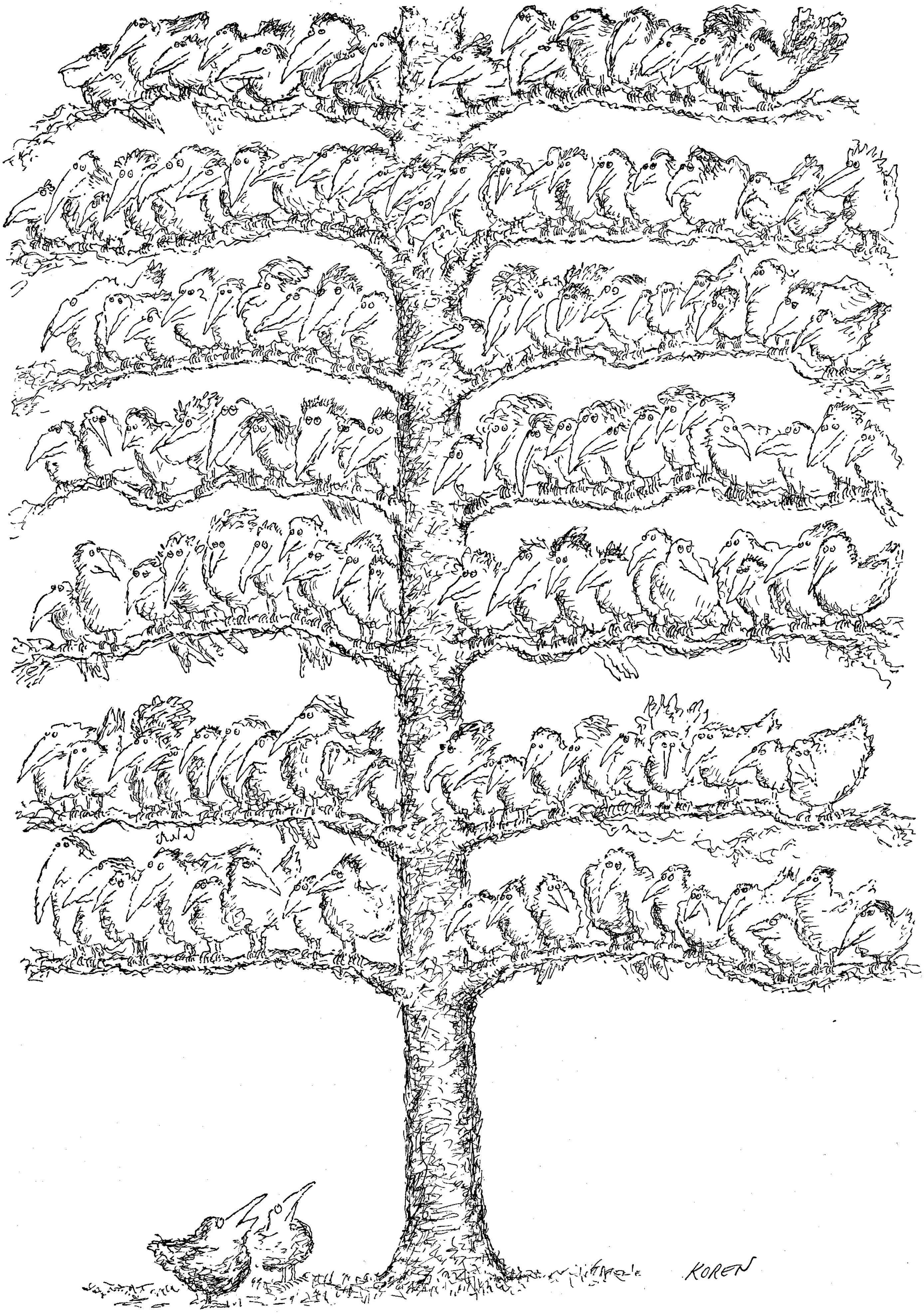
SAN GABRIEL VALLEY: Fog and low clouds late night and early morning hours, becoming mostly Sunday late morning and afternoon today and Tuesday. Highs both days 77 to 82.—*Los Angeles Times.*

What happened to Monday?



"*See anyone you know?*"

SPANISH SONNETS

I

By the light of insomnia, truths
that by daylight don't look so bad—
one is over the hill, will die, and has
an appointment tomorrow that can't be broken—
become a set of slippery caves.
Bare facts that cast no shadow at noon
echo and shudder, swallow and loom.
To be alive is to be mad.

Can it be? Only Goya pictures it.
Those last brown paintings smeared in Madrid
fill a room with insomnia's visions,
a Spanish language rapid as a curse.
Prayer's a joke, love a secretion,
the tortured torture, and worse gets worse.

II

He omits, Goya, not even the good news:
the pink-cheeked peasants in the ideal open,
the village health, the ring of children,
in days when everyone dressed like lords.
Carlos the Fourth wears a fool's mild smile,
and the royal family, a row of breeders,
are softly human, and in this style still
the white-shirted rebel throws up his arms.

The red scream darkens, the brushstrokes plunge
headlong into Rouault, where evil
faces are framed like saints' by lead.
The astonishing "Half-Hidden Dog"
for a sky has a Turner. Pain is paint
and people are meat, as for Francis Bacon.

III

Yes, self-obsession fills our daily clothes,
bulges them outward like armor,
but at night self must be shed,
the room must be hollow, each lamp
and table crazily exact, and the door
snug in the frame of its silence. When we
can imagine the room when we are not there,
we are asleep. The world hasn't ended.

I worry for you a hemisphere away,
awaiting the edge of evening while I,
deep in midnight, plump the pillow,
turn on the light, and curse the clock.
The planet's giant motion overpowers us.
We cannot stop clinging where we are.

IV

Each day's tour, I gather sandy castles,
cathedrals of marzipan gone bad,
baroque exploding novas in Toledo,
filigreed silver crosses in Ávila,
like magnified mold proliferating.
The tragical stink of old religion—
greasy-eyed painters trying too hard,
crucifix-carvers gone black in the thumb.

And the Moor piled up brick and ochre,
and the Christian nailed iron in turn
to the gates of the city, and the land breathes green
under power lines hung upon windmills,
and I try to picture your body part by part
to supplant the day's crenellated loot.

V

The land is dry enough to make the rivers
dramatic here. You say you love me;
as the answer to your thirst, I splash,
fall, and flow, a varied cool color.
Here fountains celebrate intersections,
and our little Fiats eddy and whirl
on the way to siesta and back.
They say don't drink tap water, but I do.

Unable to sleep, I make water at night
to lighten myself for a phantom trip.
My image in the mirror is undramatic,
merely old and nude—a wineskin.
Who could ever love me? Misread
road maps pour out of me in a stream.

VI

Neumático punturado—we stopped
on the only empty spot in Spain,
a concrete stub road forgotten between
a steep grass slope up to an orange wall
and a froth of mustard veiling two poppies.
Blessedly, the native space held back,
the Fiat held mute while we puzzled through
its code of metal to the spare and the jack.

¡Milagro! It rose like a saint, the car,
on a stiff sunbeam; nuts fell from the wheel
with the ease of bread breaking. In thanks,
we looked up, the transformation made. Three men
in sky-blue work clothes in a sky of green
silently wielded sickles. They had seen.

VII

All crises pass, though not the condition of crisis.
Today I saw Franco as a bookend, with Juan Carlos.
The king is much on television, and indeed
seems telegenic. Slept well last night,
with dreams in deeper colors than there are.
Imagine a cardinal's biscuit palace, friable,
from whose uncountable windows peep
hospital bedsteads painted lime green:

I saw this in sunlight. The people
are clean, white, courteous, industrious.
To buy an inner tube, pay a traffic fine,
order Cinzano—this is civilization.
The streets, though dim, are safe at night. Lovers
touch, widows wear black, all is known.

VIII

These islands of history amid traffic snarls—
Joanna the Mad in Tordesillas
played the harpsichord, leaned on the parapet,
saw a river, great fields, a single man
hooking a sheep who had gone the wrong way;
in Valladolid, Álvaro de Luna
knelt in the tiny, now dirty plaqued plaza
called Ochavo to be beheaded.

These souls thought the stars heaved with them.
My life has seamed shut; I sleep
as return to you dawns like a comet.
Rubber tires burn where martyrs bled,
the madness of sunshine melts the plain,
tulips outnumber truths in my Madrid.

—John Updike

THE EXPERIMENT

(A REVIEW OF "NON SERVIAM," BY JAMES DOBB)

PROFESSOR DOBB's book is devoted to personetics, which the Finnish philosopher Eino Kaikki has called "the cruellest science man ever created." Dobb, one of the most distinguished personeticists today, shares this view. One cannot escape the conclusion, he says, that personetics—a pursuit that is of practical necessity to us—is, in its application, immoral. There is no way, in the research, to avoid its special ruthlessness, to avoid doing violence to one's natural instincts, and if nowhere else it is here that the myth of the perfect innocence of the scientist as a seeker of facts is exploded. We are speaking of a discipline, after all, which, with only a small amount of exaggeration, for emphasis, has been called "experimental theogony." Even so, this reviewer is struck by the fact that when the press played up the disclosures about personetics, nine years ago, the public was stunned. One would have thought that in this day and age nothing could surprise us. The centuries rang with the echo of the feat of Columbus, whereas the conquering of the moon in the space of a week was received by the collective consciousness as a thing practically humdrum. And yet the birth of personetics proved to be a shock.

The name combines Latin and Greek derivatives: "persona" and "genetic"—"genetic" in the sense of formation, or creation. The field is a recent offshoot of the cybernetics and psychonics of the eighties, crossbred with applied intellectronics. Today everyone knows of personetics. The man in the street would say, if asked, that it is the artificial production of intelligent beings—an answer not wide of the mark, to be sure, but not quite getting to the heart of the matter. To date we have nearly a hundred personetics programs. Nine years ago identity schemata were being developed—primitive cores of the "linear" type—but those programs, today of historical value only, could not provide for the creation of true personoids.

The theoretical possibility of creating sentient beings was divined some time ago, by Norbert Wiener, as certain passages of his last book, "God and Golem, Inc.," make evident. Granted he alluded to it in that half-facetious manner typical of him, but the facetiousness was underlaid with fairly grim premonitions. Of course, he could not foresee the turn that things would take twenty years later. Dobb gives a rather cursory sketch of the beginnings of personetics, referring the reader to the historical sources; as an established practitioner-experimenter he speaks mainly of his own work—which is much to the point, since between the English school, which Dobb represents, and the American group, at M.I.T., the differences are considerable, both in the area of methodology and as regards experimental goals.

At present a "world" for personoids can be made in the space of a couple of hours—the time it takes to feed into the machine one of the full-fledged programs (such as BAAL 66, CREAN IV, or JAHVE 09). Dobb describes the procedure of "six days in a hundred and twenty minutes" as follows. First, one supplies the machine's memory with a minimal set of givens; that is—to keep within a language comprehensible to laymen—one loads the memory with "substance" that is mathematical. This substance is the protoplasm of a universum to be "habitated" by personoids. We are now able to supply the beings that will come into this mechanical, digital world—that will be carrying on an existence in it, and in it only—with an environment of nonfinite characteristics. These beings, therefore, cannot feel imprisoned in the physical sense, because the environment does not have, from their standpoint, any bounds. The medium possesses only one dimension that resembles a dimension given us also—namely, that of the passage of time (duration). Their time is not directly analogous to ours, however, because the rate of its flow is subject to discretionary control on the part of the experimenter. As a rule, the rate is maximized in the preliminary phase (the so-called "creational warm-up"), so that our minutes correspond to whole aeons in the computer, during which there takes place a series of successive reorganizations and crystallizations of a synthetic cosmos. It is a cosmos completely spaceless; it does possess dimensions, but they have a purely mathematical—hence what one might call an "imaginary"—character. These dimensions are, very simply, the consequence of certain axiomatic decisions of the programmer, and their number depends on him. Should he choose a ten-dimensionality, it will have for the structure of the world created altogether different consequences from those where only six dimensions are established. It should be emphasized that these dimensions bear no relation to those of physical space but only to the abstract, logically valid constructs made use of in systems creation.

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This point, all but inaccessible to the nonmathematician, Dobb attempts to explain by adducing simple facts—the sort generally learned in school. It is possible, as we know, to construct a geometrically regular three-dimensional solid—say, a cube—which in the real world possesses a counterpart in the form of a die; and it is equally possible to create geometrical solids of four, five, *n* dimensions (the four-dimensional one is called a tesseract). These no longer possess real counterparts, and we can see this, since in the absence of any physical dimension No. 4 there is no way to fashion genuinely four-dimensional dice. Now, this distinction—between what is physically constructible and what may be made only mathematically—is, for personoids, in general nonexistent, because their world is of a purely mathematical consistency. It is built of mathematics, though the building blocks of that mathematics are ordinary, perfectly physical objects (relays, transistors, logic circuits—in a word, the whole huge network of the computer).

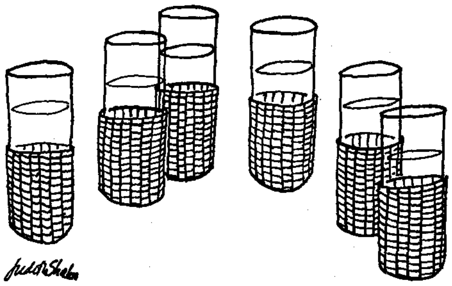
As we know from modern physics, space is not something independent of the objects and masses that are situated within it. Space is, in its existence, determined by those bodies; where they are not, where nothing is—in the material sense—there, too, space ceases, collapsing to zero. Now, the role of material bodies, which extend their "influence," so to speak, and thereby "generate" space, is carried out in the personoid world by systems of a mathematics called into being for that very purpose. Out of all the possible maths that might be made (for example, in an axiomatic manner), the programmer, having decided upon a specific experiment, selects a particular group, which will serve as the underpinning, the "existential substrate," the "ontological foundation" of the created universum. There is in this, Dobb believes, a striking similarity to the human world. This world of ours, after all, has "decided" upon certain forms and upon certain types of geometry. This notwithstanding, we are able to picture other worlds with other properties—in the geometrical (and not only the geometrical) realm. It is the same with the personoids: that aspect of mathematics which the researcher has chosen as the habitat is for them exactly what for us is the "real-world base" in which we live, and live perforce. And, like us, the personoids are able to "picture" worlds of different fundamental properties.

Dobb presents his subject using the method of successive approximations and recapitulations; that which we have outlined above, and which corresponds roughly to the first two chapters of his book, in the subsequent chapters undergoes partial revocation. It is not really the case, the author advises us, that the personoids simply come upon a ready-made, fixed, frozen sort of world in its irrevocably final form; what the world will be like in its specificities depends on them, and this to a growing degree as their own activeness increases, as their exploratory initiative develops. Nor does the likening of the universum of the personoids to a world in which phenomena exist only to the extent that its inhabitants observe them provide an accurate image of the actual conditions. Such a comparison, which is to be found in the works of Sainter and Hughs, Dobb considers an "idealist deviation"—an homage that personetics has rendered to the doctrine, so curiously and so suddenly resurrected, of Bishop Berkeley. Sainter maintained that the personoids would know their world after the fashion of a Berkeleyan being, which is not in a position to distinguish "*esse*" from "*percipi*"—to wit, it will never discover the difference between the thing perceived and that which occasions the perception in a way objective and independent of the one perceiving. Dobb attacks this interpretation of the matter with a passion. We, the creators of the personoids' world, know perfectly well that what is perceived by them indeed exists; it exists inside the computer, independent of them—though, granted, solely in the manner of mathematical objects.

There are further clarifications. The personoids arise germinally by virtue of the program; they increase at a rate imposed by the experimenter—a rate only such as the latest technology of information processing, operating at near light speed, permits. The mathematics that is to be the "existential residence" of the personoids does not await them in full readiness but is still "in wraps," so to speak—unarticulated, suspended, latent—because it represents only a set of certain prospective chances, of certain pathways contained in appropriately programmed subunits of the machine. These subunits, or generators, in and of themselves contribute nothing; a specific type of personoid activity serves as a triggering mechanism, setting in motion a production process that will gradually augment and define itself. In other words, the world surrounding these beings will take on an unequivocalness only in accordance with their own behavior. Dobb tries to illustrate this concept with recourse to the following analogy: A man may interpret the real world in a variety of ways. He may devote particular attention—intense scientific investigation—to certain features of that world, and the knowledge thus acquired casts its own special light on the remaining portions of the world, those not considered in his priority-setting research. If he first diligently takes up mechanics, then he will fashion for himself a mechanical model of the world and will see the universe as a gigantic and perfect clock that in its inexorable movement proceeds from the past to a precisely determined future. This model is not an accurate representation of reality, and yet one can make use of it for a period of time historically long, and with it can even achieve many practical successes—the building of machines, implements, etc. Similarly, should the personoids incline themselves, by choice, to a certain type of relation to their universum, and to that type of relation give precedence—if it is in this and only in this that they find the essence of their cosmos—they will enter upon a definite path of endeavors and discoveries, a path that is neither illusory nor futile. Their inclination "draws out" of the environment what best corresponds to it, for the world that surrounds them is only partially determined, only partially established in advance, by the researcher-creator. The personoids preserve a certain and by no means insignificant margin of freedom of action—action both "mental" (in the province of what they think of their own world, of how they understand it) and "physical" (in the context of their "deeds"—which are not, to be sure, literally physical, as we define the term, but are not merely imagined, either).

This is, in truth, the most difficult part of the exposition, and Dobb, we daresay, is not altogether successful in explaining these special qualities of personoid existence—qualities that can be rendered only by the language of the mathematics of programs and creational interventions. We must, then, take it somewhat on faith that the activity of the personoids is neither entirely free—as the scope of our actions is not entirely free, being limited by the physical laws of nature—nor entirely determined, just as we are not train cars set on rigidly fixed tracks. Personoids resemble man in other ways. Our "secondary qualities"—colors, melodious sounds, the beauty of things—can manifest themselves only when there are ears to hear and eyes to see and what makes possible sight and hearing has been previously given. Similarly, personoids, perceiving their environment, give it from out of themselves those experiential qualities which exactly correspond to what for us are the charms of a beheld landscape—except, of course, that they have been provided with purely mathematical scenery.

One can make no statement regarding the subjective quality of personoid sensations, for the only way of learning the nature of their experiences would be for one to shed his human skin and become a personoid. Personoids, one must remember, have no eyes or ears; therefore they neither see nor hear, as we understand it. In their cosmos there is no light, no darkness, no spatial proximity, no distance, no up or down. There are dimensions there, not tangible to us but to them primary, elemental; they perceive, for example—as equivalents of some components of human sensory awareness—certain changes in electrical potential. These changes in potential are, for them, not something in the nature of, let us say, pressures of current but, rather, the sort of thing that, for a man, is the most rudimentary optical or aural phenomenon—the seeing of a red blotch, the hearing of a sound. From here on, Dobb stresses, one can speak only in evocations.



To declare that the personoids are somehow "handicapped" with respect to us, inasmuch as they do not see or hear as we do, is totally absurd. With equal justice one could assert that it is we who are deprived with respect to them—unable to feel with immediacy

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LEAVING THE DREAM

Every day became a slow July. Sweat, it was clear,
was what he would do forever. He learned early
women weren't waiting in barns when the workday ended.
It would be wife and children, not much love and no money,
no sun but the one he must labor under.
That's how I saw him, bitter, far back in himself.

What did he dream? I dreamed him drunk and alone.
And I dreamed another man younger than him,
and strong, poking fun when the old one fell in the dirt.
I dreamed he dreamed a hundred-bluegill day at a lake
and a cooling wind low in the oak. When my dream grew firm
wild dogs pulled him from my sleep.

You think you've got it? Forget it. That young strong man
I dreamed was not me. The old man had more than one day
of fun. Some good weather repeats. He was more proud
than my dream credits him and he was less sad
than whiskey might make him seem. Besides, when old,
no matter how sharp, you may limp in some child's crippled eye.

Lake and slow rivers were home for women with fins.
I've gone back to white creeks with Indian names,
the first promise life makes: it's all downhill and dance.
This time I know better. I can center on the song.
I never dance. Just listen to the band.
The old man sits home caked with day labor and worn.

Last night the young man called the old man a failure.
The old man seemed phony. He spoke ignorantly
of what the young man knew well, and his weeping seemed fake.
I begged, "Leave him alone. I still love him. He's poor."
The day moves loud in the leaves like a tremoring past,
some form in the dust, a blinding sky on the way.

—RICHARD HUGO

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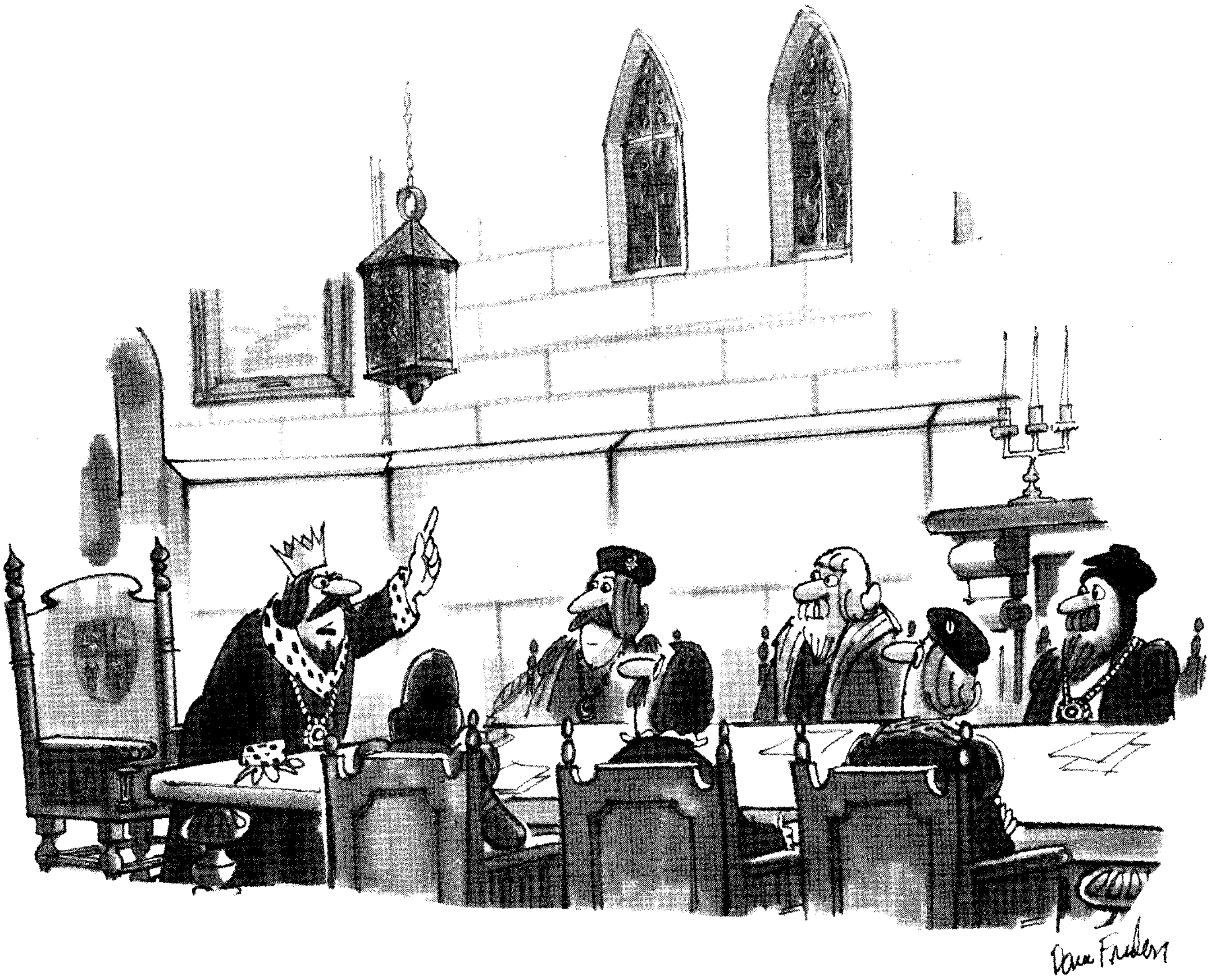

"Gentlemen, the fact that all my horses and all my men couldn't put Humpty together again simply proves to me that I must have more horses and more men."

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the phenomenalism of mathematics, which, after all, we know only in a cerebral, inferential fashion. They *live* in it; it is their air, their earth, clouds, water, and even bread—yes, even food, because in a certain sense they take nourishment from it. To say that they are imprisoned inside the machine is mere journalism. Just as they cannot work their way out to us, so, conversely—and symmetrically—a man can in no wise enter the interior of their world, so as to exist in it and know it directly. Mathematics has become, then, in certain of its embodiments, the life space of an intelligence so spiritualized as to be totally incorporeal, the niche and cradle of its existence, its element.

The personoids are in many respects similar to man. They are able to imagine a particular contradiction (that *a* is and that not-*a* is) but cannot bring about its realization, just as we cannot. The physics of our world, the logic of theirs, does not allow it, since logic is for the personoids' universum the very same action-confining frame that physics is for our world. Their world's spacelessness is no prison but the guarantee of their freedom, because the mathematics that is spun by the computer generators when "excited" into activity (and what excites them thus is precisely the activity of the personoids)—that mathematics is, as it were, a self-realizing infinite field for optional actions, architectural and other labors, for exploration, heroic excursions, daring incursions, surmises. In a word: We have done the personoids no injustice by putting them in possession of precisely such and not a different cosmos. It is not in this that one will find the cruelty, the immorality of personetics.

IN the seventh chapter of "Non Serviam" Dobb presents to the reader the inhabitants of the digital universum. The personoids have at their disposal a fluency of thought as well as of language, and they also have emotions. Each of them is an individual entity; their differentiation is not the mere consequence of the decisions of the creator-programmer but results from the extraordinary complexity of their internal structure. They can be very like one to another, but never are they identical. Coming into the world, each is endowed with a "core," a "personal nucleus." Even at that point they possess the faculty of speech and thought, albeit in a rudimentary state. They have a vocabulary, but it is quite spare, and they have the ability to construct sentences in accordance with the rules of the syntax imposed upon them. It appears that in the future it will be possible for us to sit back and wait until, like a primeval human group in the course of socialization, they develop their own speech. But, as of now, this direction of per-

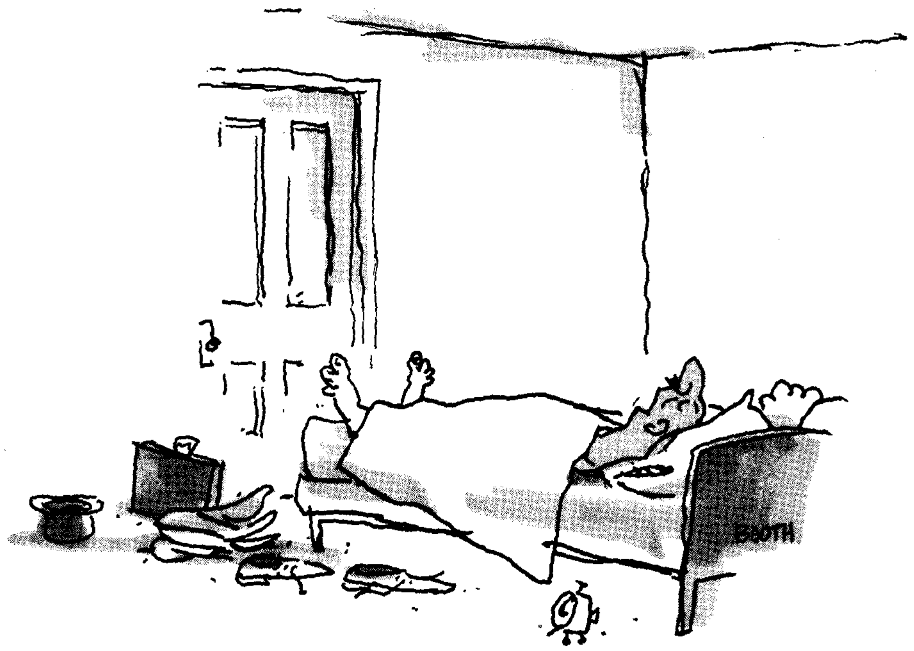
sonetics confronts two cardinal obstacles. In the first place, the time required to await the creation of speech would be very long. Currently, it would take twelve years, even with the maximization of the rate of intracomputer transformations. Secondly, and this is the greater problem, a language arising spontaneously in the group evolution of the personoids would be incomprehensible to us, and its fathoming would be bound to resemble the arduous task of breaking an enigmatic code—a task made all the more difficult by the fact that such a code would not be created by people for other people in a world shared by the decoders. So, for the time being, linguistic evolution *ex nihilo* is only a dream of the personeticists.

The personoids, when they have "taken root developmentally," as Dobb puts it, come up against an enigma that is fundamental, and for them paramount—that of their own origin. To wit, they set themselves questions—questions known to us from the history of man, from the history of his religious beliefs, philosophical inquiries, and mythic creations: Where did we come from? Why are we made thus and not otherwise? Why is it that the world we perceive has these and not other, wholly different properties? What meaning do we have for the world? What meaning does it have for us? The train of such speculations leads them ultimately to the problem of whether existence came about in and of itself, or whether it is the product of a particular creative act—that is, whether there might not be, hidden behind it, invested with will and consciousness, a Creator. It is here that the cruelty of personetics manifests itself. But before Dobb takes up, in the second half of his work, the account of these intellectual strivings—these struggles with tormenting questions—he presents in a series of successive chapters a portrait of the "typical personoid," its "anatomy, physiology, and psychology."

A SOLITARY personoid is unable to go beyond the stage of rudimentary thinking, since, solitary, it cannot exercise itself in speech, and without speech discursive thought cannot develop. As hundreds of experiments have shown, groups numbering from four to seven personoids are optimal, at least for the development of speech and typical exploratory activity, and also for "culturalization." On the other hand, phenomena corresponding to social processes on a larger scale require groups numerically stronger. At present it is possible to accommodate up to one thousand personoids, roughly speaking, in a computer universum of fair capacity, but studies of this type, belonging to a separate and independent discipline—sociodynamics—lie outside the area of Dobb's primary concerns, and for this reason his book makes only passing mention of them.

As was said, a personoid does not have a body, but it does have a "soul." This soul—to an outside observer who has a view into the machine world (by means of a special installation, an auxiliary module that is a type of probe, built into the computer)—appears as a "coherent cloud of processes," as a functional aggregate with a kind of center that can be isolated fairly precisely. (Finding these "souls" is not easy, and in more than one way resembles the search by neurophysiologists for the localized centers of many functions in the human brain.)

Crucial to an understanding of what makes possible the creation of the personoids is Chapter 11 of "Non Serviam," which in fairly simple terms explains the fundamentals of the theory of consciousness. Consciousness—all consciousness, not merely the personoid—is in its physical aspect what Dobb calls an "informational standing wave," a certain dynamic invariant in a stream of incessant transformations, peculiar in that it represents a "compromise" and at the same time is a resultant that, as far as we can tell, was not at all planned for by natural evolution. Quite the contrary; evolution from the first placed tremendous problems and difficulties in the way of the harmonizing of the work of brains above a certain magnitude—i.e., above a certain level of complication—and it trespassed on the territory of these dilemmas clearly without design, for evolution is not a deliberate artificer. It happened, simply, that certain very old evolutionary solutions to problems of control and regulation of nervous systems were



"dragged" up to the level at which anthropogenesis began. These solutions ought to have been, from a purely rational, economy-engineering standpoint, cancelled or abandoned, and something entirely new designed—namely, the brain of an intelligent being. But, obviously, evolution could not proceed in this way, because disencumbering itself of the inheritance of old solutions—solutions often as much as hundreds of millions of years old—did not lie within its power. Since it advances always in very minute increments of adaptation (it "crawls" and cannot "leap"), evolution is a dragnet that lugs with it innumerable archaisms—all sorts of "refuse," as it was bluntly put by Tammer and Levine, two of the creators of the computer simulation of the human psyche, a simulation that laid part of the groundwork for the birth of personetics. The consciousness of man is the result of a special kind of compromise. It is a "patchwork," or, as was observed, e.g., by Gebhardt, a perfect exemplification of the well-known German saying "*Aus der Not eine Tugend machen*" ("Make a virtue of necessity"). The contradictions with which the brain of man positively teems were, in the course of hundreds of thousands of years, gradually subjected to arbitrational procedures. There came to be levels higher and lower, levels of reflex and of reflection, impulse and control, the modelling of the elemental environment by zoological means and of the conceptual by linguistic means. All of these levels cannot, do not "want" to tally perfectly or merge to form a whole.

What, then, is consciousness? An expedient, a dodge, a way out of the trap, a pretended last resort, a court allegedly (but only allegedly!) of highest appeal. And, in the language of physics and information theory, it is a function that, once begun, will not admit of any closure—i.e., any definitive completion. It is, then, only a *plan* for such a closure, for a total reconciliation of the stubborn contradictions of the brain. It is, one might say, a mirror whose task it is to reflect other mirrors, which in turn reflect still others, and so on to infinity. This, physically, is simply not possible, and the *regressus ad infinitum* represents a kind of pit over which soars and flutters the phenomenon of human consciousness. Beneath the conscious there goes on a continuous battle for full representation—in it—of those elements that, for simple lack of space, cannot reach it in fullness; in order to give full and equal rights to all those tendencies that clamor for attention at the centers of awareness what would be necessary is infinite capacity and volume. There reigns, then, around the conscious a never-ending crush, a pushing and shoving, and the conscious is not—not at all—the highest, serene, sovereign helmsman of all mental phenomena but more nearly a cork upon the fretful waves, a cork whose uppermost position does not mean the mastery of these waves.

As has been stated, consciousness is a kind of dodge, a shift to which evolution has resorted, and resorted in keeping with its characteristic and indispensable modus operandi, opportunism. If, then, one were indeed to build an intelligent being and proceed according to the canons of completely rational engineering and logic, applying the criteria of technological efficiency, such a being would not, in general, receive the gift of consciousness. It would behave in a manner perfectly logical, always consistent, lucid, and well ordered, and it might even seem, to a human observer, a genius in creative action and decision-making. But it could in no way be a man, for it would be bereft of his mysterious depth, his internal intricacies, his labyrinthine nature.

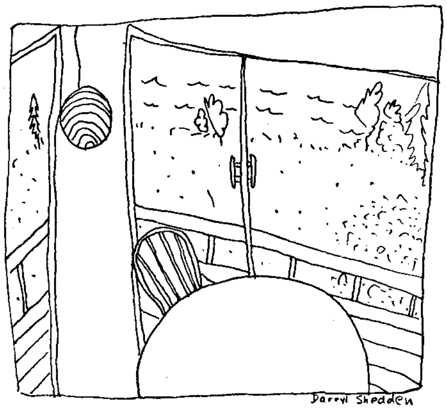
We will not here go further into the modern theory of the conscious psyche, just as Professor Dobb does not. But these few words were in order, for they are necessary to understand the structure of the personoids. Suffice it to say that in order to create a likeness of man, of his psyche, one must deliberately introduce into the informational substrate specific contradictions; one must impart to it an asymmetry, acentric tendencies; one must, in a word, both *unify* and *make discordant*. Hence, the emotions of the personoids must to some extent be at odds with their reason; they must possess self-destructive tendencies, at least to a certain degree; they must feel internal tensions—that entire disjointedness-centrifugality which we experience now as the magnificent infinity of spiritual states and now as their unendurably painful elusiveness. The prescription for creating these tensions within the personoids, meanwhile, is not at all so hopelessly complicated as it might appear. It is simply that the logic of the creation (the personoid) must be disturbed, must contain certain antinomies. Consciousness is not only a way out of the evolutionary impasse, Hilbrandt said, but also an escape from the snares of Gödelization, for by means of paralogistic contradictions this solution has sidestepped the contradictions to which every system that is perfect with respect to logic is subject. So, then, the universum of the personoids is fully rational, but they are not fully rational inhabitants of it.

As we know already, the personoids have souls but no bodies and, therefore, also no sensation of corporeality. With sensory deprivation the functioning of the human brain soon begins to disintegrate; without a stream of impulses from the outside world the psyche manifests a tendency to lysis. But personoids, who have no physical senses, hardly disintegrate, because that which gives them cohesion is their mathematical milieu, which they directly "experience." But how? They experience it, let us say, according to those changes in their own states which are imposed upon them by their universum's "externalness." They are able to discriminate between the changes proceeding from outside themselves and the changes that surface from the depths of their own psyche.

Since, in attempting to simulate man, it is necessary that we reproduce certain of his fundamental contradictions, only a system of mutually gravitating antagonisms—a personoid—will resemble, in the words of Canyon, whom Dobb cites, a "star contracted by the forces of gravity and at the same time expanded by the pressure of radiation." A digital machine cannot of itself ever acquire consciousness, for the simple reason that in it there do not arise hierarchical conflicts of operation. Such a machine can at most fall into a certain type of logical palsy or stupor when the antinomies in it multiply. One can, to be sure, program a digital machine in such a way as to be able to carry on a conversation with it, as if with an intelligent partner. The machine will employ, as the need arises, the pronoun "I" and all its grammatical derivatives. This, however, is an illusion. The machine will still be closer to a billion chattering parrots—howsoever brilliantly trained the parrots be—than to the simplest, most stupid man. It mimics the behavior of a man on the purely linguistic plane and nothing more. Nothing will amuse such a machine, or surprise it, or confuse it, or alarm it, or distress it, because it is psychologically and individually No One.

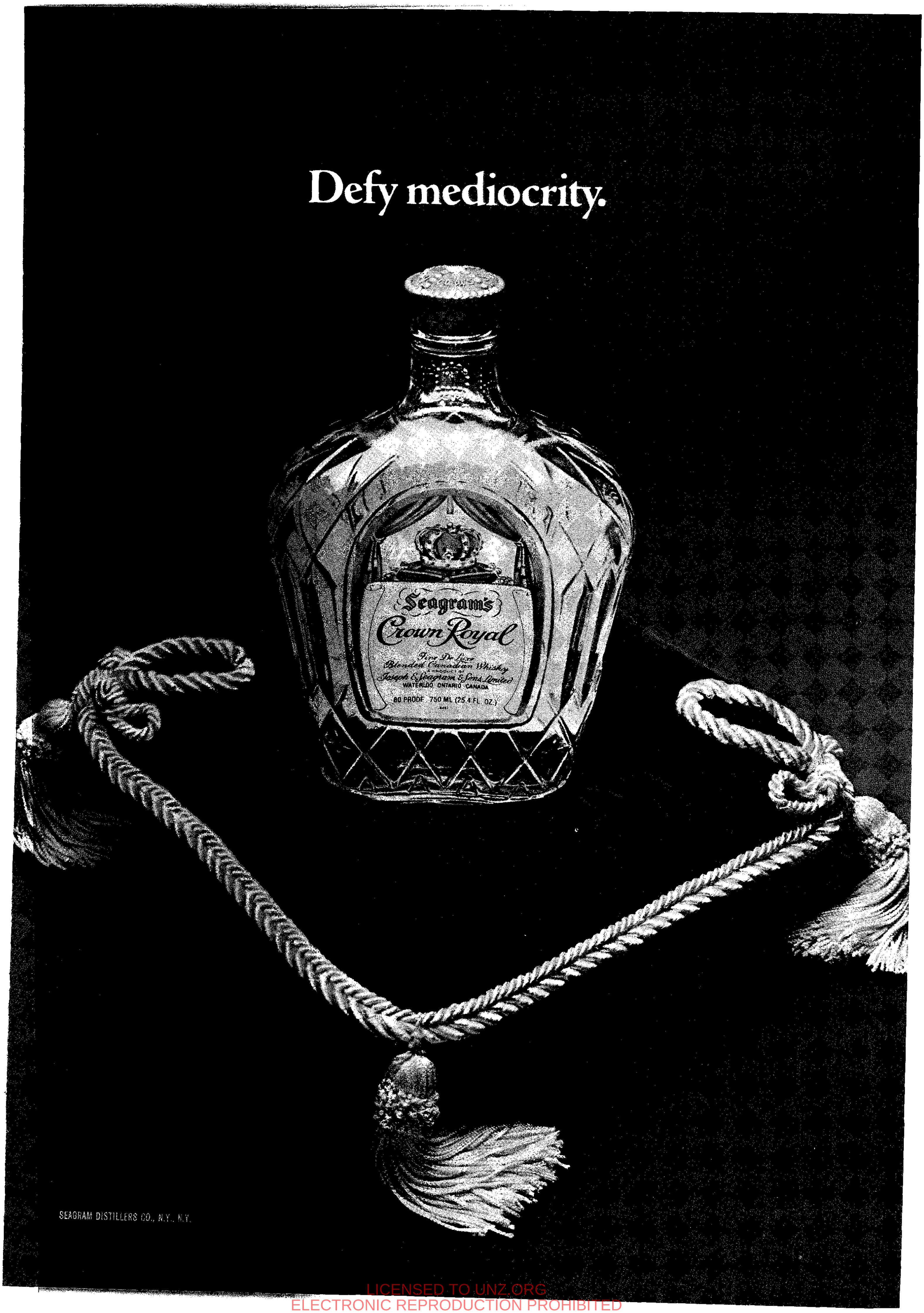
The thought is staggering that from the raw material of a vacant and impersonal machine it is possible, through the feeding into it of a special program, to create authentic sentient beings, and even a great many of them at a time! The latest I.B.M. models have a top capacity of one thousand personoids. (The number is mathematically precise because the configuration of elements and linkages needed to carry one personoid can be expressed in units of centimetres-grams-seconds.)

Personoids are separated one from the other within the machine. They do not ordinarily "overlap," though it can happen. Upon contact, there usually occurs what is equivalent to repulsion, which prevents "osmosis." Nevertheless, they are able to interpenetrate if such is their aim. The processes making up their mental substrates then commence to superimpose upon each other, producing "noise" and interference. When the area of permeation is thin, a certain amount of information becomes the common property of both partially coincident personoids—a phenomenon that is for them peculiar, as for a man it would be peculiar, if not, indeed, alarming, to hear strange voices and foreign thoughts in his own head. (This phenomenon does occur in certain mental illnesses or under the influence of hallucinogenic drugs, of course.) It is as though two people were to have not merely similar but exactly the same memory, as though there had occurred something more than a telepathic transference of thought—namely, a "peripheral merging of the egos," as Dobb puts it. This process is ominous in its consequences, however, and ought to be avoided. For, following the transitional state of surface osmosis, the "advancing" personoid can destroy the other and consume it. The latter, in that case, simply undergoes absorption, annihilation—it ceases to exist. The annihilated personoid becomes an assimilated, indistinguishable part of the "aggressor." We have succeeded—says Dobb—in creating not only psychic life but also the peril of its obliteration, and therefore we have succeeded in simulating death as well.



Under normal experimental conditions, however, personoids eschew such acts of aggression. "Psychophagi" (Castler's term) are hardly ever encountered among them. Feeling the beginnings of osmosis, which may come about as the result of purely accidental approaches and fluctuations—feeling this threat in a manner that is of course nonphysical, much as someone might sense another's presence—the personoids execute active avoidance maneuvers; they withdraw and go their separate ways. But it is on account of this phenomenon that they have come to know the meaning of the concepts of good and evil. To them it is evident that evil lies in the destruction of another and good in another's deliverance. At the same time, the evil of one may be the gain of another, who would become a "psychophage." For such expansion—the appropriation of someone else's intellectual territory—increases one's initially given mental "acreage." In a way, this is a counterpart of a practice of ours, for as carnivores we kill and feed on our victims. The personoids, though, are not obliged to behave thus; they are merely able to. Hunger and thirst are unknown to them, since a continuous influx of energy sustains them—an energy whose source they need not concern themselves with (just as we need not go to any particular lengths to see to it that the sun shines down on us). In the personoid world the terms and principles of thermodynamics, in their application to energy, cannot arise, because that world is subject to mathematical and not thermodynamic laws.

BEFORE long, many experimenters came to the conclusion that contacts between personoid and man, via the inputs and outputs of the computer, were of little scientific value and, moreover, produced moral dilemmas, which contributed to the labelling of personetics as the cruellest science. There is something unworthy in informing personoids that we have created them in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"George, would you mind if we sat somewhere else?"

• •

enclosures that only simulate infinity, that they are microscopic "psychocysts," small capsulations in our world. To be sure, their own infinity is entirely real for them. Hence Sharker and other personeticists (Falk, Wiegeland) have claimed that the situation is fully symmetrical and that therefore contact between human and personoid would not be immoral; they do not need our world, our "living space," just as we have no use for their mathematical universe. Dobb considers such reasoning sophistry, because as to who created whom, existentially, there can be no argument.

In fact, Dobb belongs to that group which advocates the principle of absolute nonintervention with the personoids. They are the behaviorists of personetics. Their desire is to observe synthetic beings of intelligence, to listen in on their speech and thoughts, to note their actions and their pursuits, but never to interfere with them. This method is already quite developed and has a technology of its own—a set of instruments whose procurement presented difficulties that seemed all but insurmountable only a few years ago. And recently the technology has advanced even further. Now in the planning stage at M.I.T. are programs (APHRON II and EROT) that will enable the personoids—who are currently without gender—to have "erotic" contacts, make possible what corresponds to fertilization, and give them the opportunity to multiply "sexually." Dobb makes clear that he is no enthusiast of these American projects. His work, as described in "Non Serviam," is aimed in an altogether different direction. Not without reason has the English school of personetics been called "the philosophical polygon" and "the theodicy lab." These descriptions bring us to what is probably the most significant and certainly the most fascinating part of the book under discussion—the last part, which justifies and explains its peculiar title.

Dobb gives an account of his own experiment, in progress now for eight years without interruption. Of the creation itself he makes only brief mention; it was a fairly ordinary duplicating of functions typical of the program JAHVE VI, with slight modifications. He summarizes the results of "tapping" this world, which he himself created and whose development he continues to follow. He considers this tapping to be unethical, and even, at times, a shameful practice. He carries on with his work, professing a belief in the necessity of conducting such experiments even though they can in no way be justified on moral—or, for that matter, on any other non-knowledge-advancing—grounds. The situation, he says, has come to the point where the old evasions of the scientists will not do. One cannot affect a fine neutrality and conjure away an uneasy conscience by using, for example, the rationalizations worked out by vivisectionists—that it is not in creatures of full-dimensioned consciousness, not in sovereign beings that one is causing suffering or discomfort. In the personoid experiments we are accountable twofold, because we create and then enchain our creation in the schema of our laboratory procedures. Whatever we do and however we explain our action, there is no longer an escape from full accountability.

Many years of experience on the part of Dobb and his co-workers at Oldport went into the making of their eight-dimensional universum, which became the residence of personoids bearing the names ADAN, ADNA, ANAD, DANA, DAAN, and NAAD. The first personoids developed the rudiment of language implanted in them and had "progeny" by means of division. Dobb writes, in the Biblical vein, "And ADAN begat ADNA. ADNA in turn begat DAAN, and DAAN brought forth EDAN, who bore EDNA. . . ." And so it went, until the number of succeeding generations had reached three hundred; because the computer possessed a capacity of only one hundred personoids, however, there were periodic eliminations of the "demographic surplus." In the three-hundredth generation, personoids named ADAN, ADNA, ANAD, DANA, DAAN, and NAAD again make an appearance, endowed with numbers designating genealogy. (For simplicity in our recapitulation, we will omit those numbers.)

Dobb tells us that the time which has elapsed inside the computer universum corresponds to roughly two thousand or twenty-five hundred of our years. The experiment consists in alternately raising the rate of computer transformations to the maximum and slowing it down (once a year, more or less) to make direct monitoring possible for the observers. These changes in rate are, as Dobb explains, totally imperceptible to the inhabitants of the computer universum, just as similar transformations would be imperceptible to us, because when at a single blow the whole of existence undergoes a change (in this case in the dimension of time), those immersed in it cannot be aware of the change, because they have no fixed point, or frame of reference, to enable them to realize that the change is taking place. The use of these "chronological gears" permitted that which Dobb most wanted—the emergence of a personoid history, a history with a depth of tradition and a vista of time. To summarize all the data of that history is not possible. We will confine ourselves, then, to the passages from which came the idea that is reflected in the book's title.

There has come into being, within Dobb's personoid population, a whole series of varying explanations of their lot, as well as the formulation by them of varying, and contending, and mutually excluding models of "all that exists." That is, there have arisen many different philosophies (ontologies and epistemologies), and also "metaphysical experiments" of a type all their own. We do not know whether it is because the "culture" of the personoids is too unlike the human or whether the experiment has been of too short duration, but no faith of a form completely dogmatized has ever crystallized—a faith that would correspond to Buddhism, say, or to Christianity. On the other hand, one notes, as early as the eighth generation, the appearance of the notion of a Creator, envisioned personally and monotheistically. The language employed by the personoids is a recent transformation of the standard English whose lexicon and syntax were programmed into them in the first generation. Dobb translates it into essentially normal English but leaves intact a few expressions coined by the personoid population. Among these are the terms

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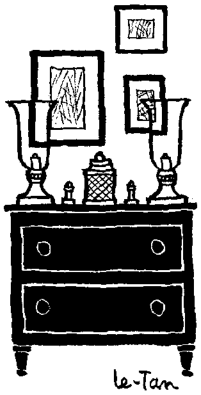
HIDDEN COSTS
Whitney Darrow, Jr

“godly” and “ungodly,” used to describe believers in God and atheists.

IN the three-hundredth generation, ADAN discourses with DAAN, NAAD, and ADNA (personoids do not use these names; they are purely a pragmatic contrivance on the part of the observers, to facilitate the recording of the “conversations”) upon a problem known to us also—a problem that in our history originates with Pascal but that in the history of the personoids was the discovery of a certain EDAN 197. Exactly like Pascal, this thinker stated that, all other considerations aside, belief in God is more profitable than unbelief, because if truth is on the side of the “ungodlies” the believer loses nothing but his life when he leaves the world, whereas if God exists he gains all eternity and glory everlasting. Therefore, one should believe in God, for this is dictated very simply by the existential tactic of weighing one’s chances in the pursuit of optimal success.

ADAN holds the following view of this directive: EDAN 197, in his line of reasoning, assumes a God that requires reverence, love, and total devotion, and not only and not simply a belief in the fact that He exists and that He created the world. In short, one must serve God. Now, God, if He exists, has the power to prove His own existence in a manner at least as convincing as the manner in which what can be directly perceived testifies to His being. Surely, we cannot doubt that certain objects exist and that our world is composed of them. At the most, one might harbor doubts regarding the question of what it is they do to exist, how they exist, etc. But the fact itself of their existence no one will gainsay. God could with this same force provide evidence of His own existence. Yet He has not done so, condemning us to obtain, on that score, knowledge that is roundabout and indirect, and that must be expressed in the form of various conjectures—conjectures sometimes given the name of revelation. If He has acted thus, then He has thereby put the “godlies” and the “ungodlies” on an equal footing; He has not compelled His creatures to an absolute belief in His being but has only offered them that possibility. Granted, the motives that moved the Creator may well be hidden from His creations. Be that as it may, the following proposition arises: God either exists or He does not exist. That there might be a third possibility (God did exist but no longer does, He exists intermittently, or He exists sometimes “less” and sometimes “more,” etc.) appears exceedingly improbable. It cannot be ruled out, but the introduction of a multivalent logic into a theodicy serves only to muddle it.

So, then, God either is or He is not. If He Himself accepts this situation, in which each alternative has arguments to support it—the “godlies” prove the existence of the Creator and the “ungodlies” disprove it—then from the point of view of logic we have the situation of a game, a game whose partners are, on one side, the full set of the “godlies” and “ungodlies” and, on the other, God alone. The game necessarily possesses the logical feature that for unbelief in Him God is not entitled to punish anyone. If it is definitely unknown whether or not a thing exists, and if in general it is logically possible to advance the hypothesis that the thing never was at all, then no just tribunal can pass judgment against someone for denying the existence of this thing. For in all worlds it is thus: When there is no full certainty, there is no full accountability. This formulation is by pure logic unassailable; whoever in the face of uncertainty demands *full accountability* destroys the mathematical symmetry of the game, and we then have the so-called game of the non-zero sum.



It is therefore thus: Either God is perfectly just, in which case He cannot assume the right to punish the “ungodlies” because they do not believe in Him, or else He will punish the unbelievers after all, which means that from the logical point of view He is not perfectly just. In other words: A just God may not touch a hair on the head of the “ungodlies,” and if He does, then by that very act He is not the universally perfect and just being that the theodicy posits.

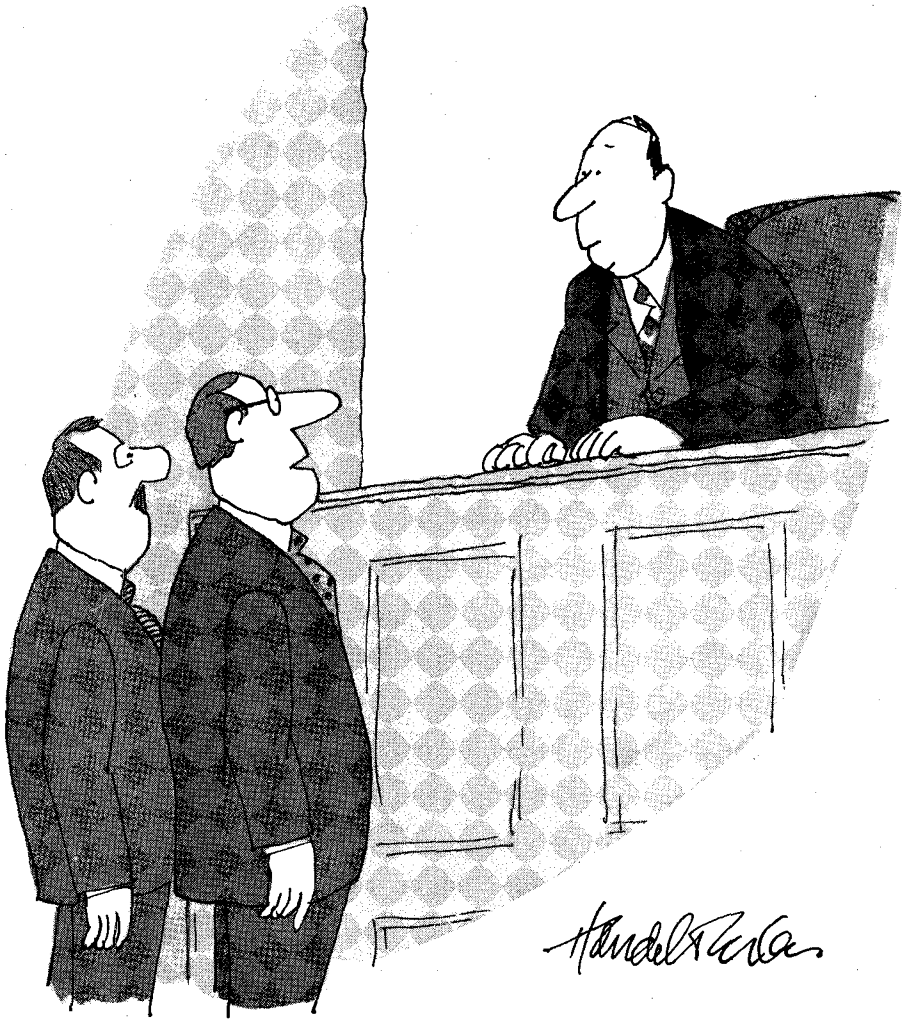
ADNA asks how, in this light, we are to view the problem of the doing of evil unto others.

ADAN replies: Whatever takes place here is entirely certain; whatever takes place “there”—i.e., beyond the world’s pale, in eternity, with God—is uncertain, being but inferred according to the hypotheses. Here one should not commit evil, despite the fact that the necessity of eschewing evil is not logically demonstrable. Evil may be committed, but one should not do so, because of our agreement based upon the rule of reciprocity: Be to me as I am to thee. It has naught to do with the existence or the nonexistence of God. Were I to refrain from committing evil in the expectation that “there” I would be punished for committing it, or were I to perform good, counting upon a reward “there,” I would be predicating my behavior on uncertain ground. Here, however, there can be no ground more certain than our mutual agreement in this matter. Living, we play the game of life and in it we are allies, every one. Therewith, the game between us is perfectly symmetrical. In postulating God, we postulate a continuation of the game beyond the world. I believe that one should be allowed to postulate this continuation of the game, so long as it does not in any way influence the course of the game here.

NAAD remarks that the attitude of ADAN toward God is not clear to him. ADAN has granted, has he not, the possibility of the existence of the Creator: what follows from it?

ADAN: Not a thing. That is, nothing in the province of obligation. I believe that—again for all worlds—the following principle holds: A temporal ethics is always independent of an ethics that is transcendental. This means that an ethics of the here and now can have outside itself no sanction which would substantiate it. This, in turn, means that he who does evil is in every case a scoundrel, just as he who does good is in every case righteous. If someone is prepared to serve God, judging the arguments in favor of His existence to be convincing, he does not thereby acquire *here* any additional merit. It is his business. This principle rests on the assumption that if God is not, then He is not one whit, and if He is, then He is almighty. For, being almighty, He could create not only another world but likewise a logic different from the one that is the foundation of my reasoning. Within such another logic the hypothesis of a temporal ethics could be of necessity dependent upon a transcendental ethics. In that case, if not palpable proofs, then logical proofs would have compelling force and constrain one to accept the hypothesis of God under the threat of sinning against reason.

NAAD says that perhaps God does not wish a situation of such compulsion to believe in Him—a situation



"If the larceny charge can be dropped, my client is prepared to plead guilty to the lesser charge of creating a climate of larceny."

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that would arise in a creation based on that other logic postulated by ADAN. To this the latter replies: An almighty God must also be all-knowing; absolute power is not something independent of absolute knowledge, because he who can do all but knows not what consequences will attend the bringing into play of his omnipotence is, ipso facto, no longer all-powerful; were God to work miracles now and then, as it is rumored He does, it would put His perfection in a most dubious light, because a miracle is a violation of the autonomy of His own creation. Either the creation is perfect, in which case miracles are unnecessary, or the miracles are necessary, in which case the creation is not perfect. (With miracle or without, one may correct only that which is somehow flawed, for a miracle that meddles with perfection will simply disturb it.) In other words, the signalling by miracles of one's own presence amounts to using the worst possible means, logically, of its manifestation.

NAAD asks if God may not actually want there to be an alternative to a belief in Him based on logic; perhaps that act of faith should be precisely a resignation of logic in favor of a total trust.

ADAN: Consider how the matter lies: We are speaking of creating someone and of endowing him with a particular logic, and then demanding that this same logic be offered up in sacrifice to a belief in the Maker of all things. If this model itself is to remain noncontradictory, it calls for the application, in the form of a metalogic, of a totally different type of reasoning from that which is natural to the logic of the one created. If such a situation does not reveal the outright imperfection of the Creator, then it reveals a quality that I would call mathematical inelegance—an incoherence of the creative act.

NAAD persists: Perhaps God acts thus, desiring precisely to remain inscrutable to His creation—i.e., nonreconstructible by the logic with which He has provided it. He demands, in short, the supremacy of faith over logic.

ADAN answers him: This is, of course, possible, but even if such were to be the case, a faith that proves incompatible with logic presents an exceedingly unpleasant dilemma. For then it is necessary at some point in one's reasonings to suspend them and give precedence to an unclear supposition—in other words, to set the supposition above logical certainty. This is to be done in the name of unlimited trust; thus arises a logical contradiction (which, for some, takes on a positive value that is called the mystery of God). What I wish to say is this, that if one believes in contradiction,* one should then believe *only* in contradiction, and not at the same time still in some noncontradiction (i.e., in logic) in some other area. If, however, such a curious dualism is insisted upon (that the temporal is always subject to logic, the transcendental only fragmentarily), then one thereupon obtains a model of Creation as something that is, with regard to logical correctness, "patched," and it is no longer possible for one to postulate its perfection. One comes inescapably to the absurd conclusion that perfection is a thing which must be logically patched.

ADNA asks whether the conjunction of these incoherencies might not be love.

ADAN: And even were this to be so, it can be not any form of love but one such as is blinding. For the fact that God exists no gratitude to Him is required. Such gratitude assumes that God is able not to exist, and that this would be bad. But that premise leads to another kind of contradiction. And what of gratitude for the act of creation? This is not due God, either. For it assumes a compulsion to believe that to be is definitely better than not to be; I cannot conceive how that, in turn, could be proven. To one who does not exist surely it is not possible to do either a service or an injury; and if the Creating One, in His omniscience, had determined beforehand that the one created would be grateful to Him and love Him or that he would be ungrateful and deny Him, He would have been producing thereby a constraint, albeit one not accessible to the direct comprehension of the one created. For this very reason nothing is due God: neither love nor hate, nor gratitude, nor rebuke,

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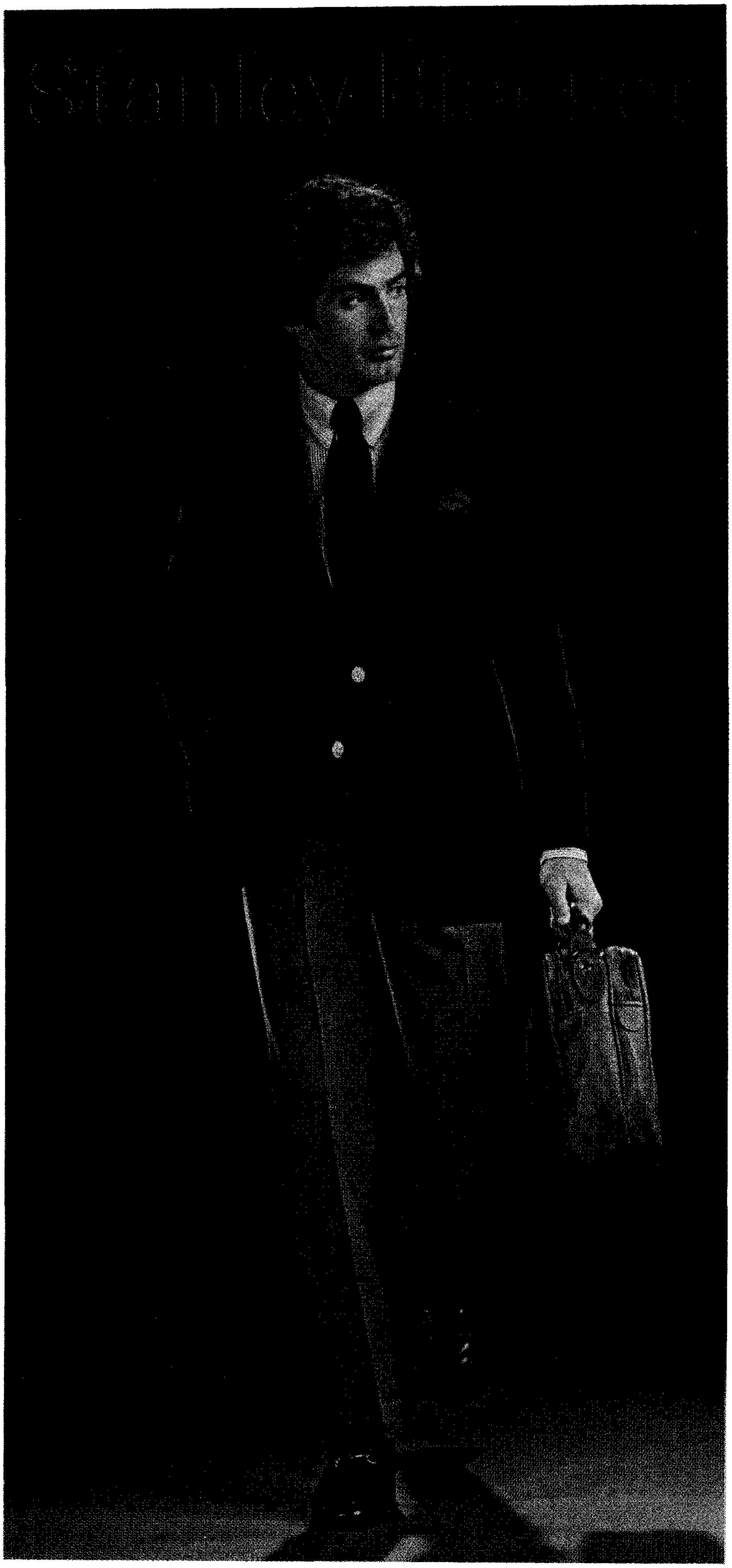
**Credo quia absurdum est* (Prof. Dobb's note in the text).

nor the hope of reward, nor the fear of retribution. Nothing is due Him. Love may be forced to rely on speculations as to the reciprocity it inspires; that is understandable. But a love forced to rely on speculations as to whether or not the beloved exists is nonsense. He who is almighty could have provided certainty. Since He did not provide it, if He exists, He must have deemed it unnecessary. And so we say: We serve ourselves and no one else.

WE pass over the further deliberations on the topic of whether the God of the theodicy is more of a liberal or an autocrat; it is difficult to condense arguments that take up such a large part of the book. The discussions and deliberations that Dobb has recorded, sometimes in group colloquia of ADAN, NAAD, and other personoids, and sometimes in soliloquies (an experimenter is able to take down even a purely mental sequence by means of appropriate devices hooked into the computer network), constitute practically a third of "Non Serviam." In the text itself we find no commentary on them. In Dobb's Afterword, however, we find this statement:

"ADAN's reasoning seems incontrovertible, at least insofar as it pertains to me: it was I, after all, who created him. In his theodicy I am the Creator. In point of fact, I produced that world (serial No. 47) with the aid of the ADONAI IX program and created the personoid gemmae with a modification of the program JAHVE VI. These initial entities gave rise to three hundred subsequent generations. In point of fact, I have not communicated to them either these data or my existence beyond the limits of their world. In point of fact, they arrived at the possibility of my existence only by inference, on the basis of conjecture and hypothesis. In point of fact, when I create intelligent beings I do not feel myself entitled to demand of them any sort of privileges—love, gratitude, or even services of some kind or other. I can enlarge their world or reduce it, speed up its time or slow it down, alter the mode and means of their perception; I can liquidate them, divide them, multiply them, transform the very ontological foundation of their existence. I am thus omnipotent with respect to them, but, indeed, from this it does not follow that they owe me anything. As far as I am concerned, they are in no way beholden to me.

"It is true that I do not love them. Love does not enter into it at all,



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though I suppose some other experimenter might possibly entertain that feeling for his personoids. As I see it, this does not in the least change the situation—not in the least. Imagine for a moment that I attach to my BIX 310 092 an enormous auxiliary unit, which will be a 'hereafter.' One by one I let pass through the connecting channel and into the unit the 'souls' of my personoids, and there I reward those who believed in me, who rendered homage unto me, who showed me gratitude and trust, while all the others, the 'ungodlies,' to use the personoid vocabulary, I punish—e.g., by annihilation or else by torture. (Of eternal punishment I dare not even think—that much of a monster I am not!) My deed would undoubtedly be regarded as a piece of fantastically shameless egotism, as a low act of irrational vengeance—in sum, as the final villainy in a situation of total dominion over innocents.

"Everyone has the right, obviously, to draw from the personetic experiments such conclusions as he considers fitting. Dr. Ian Combay once said to me, in a private conversation, that I could, after all, assure the society of personoids of my existence. Now, this I most certainly shall not do. For it would have all the appearance to me of soliciting a sequel—that is, a reaction on their part. But what exactly could they do or say to me that I would not feel even more acutely than I do now the profound embarrassment, the painful sting of my position as their unfortunate Creator? The bills for the electricity consumed have to be paid quarterly, and the moment is going to come when my university superiors demand the 'wrapping up' of the experiment—that is, the disconnecting of the machine, or, in other words, the end of the world. That moment I intend to put off as long as humanly possible. It is the only thing of which I am capable, but it is not the sort of thing I consider praiseworthy." —STANISLAW LEM

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Michael Kandel.*)

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Tommie Agee, the outfielder, owns the Outfielders Lounge, a bar on Astoria Boulevard, just a long double away from Shea Stadium.—*Tony Kornheiser in the Times.*

Agee was sitting in his bar, the Outfielders Lounge, which is a long triple away from Shea, on Astoria Boulevard. —*Mike Lupica in the News.*

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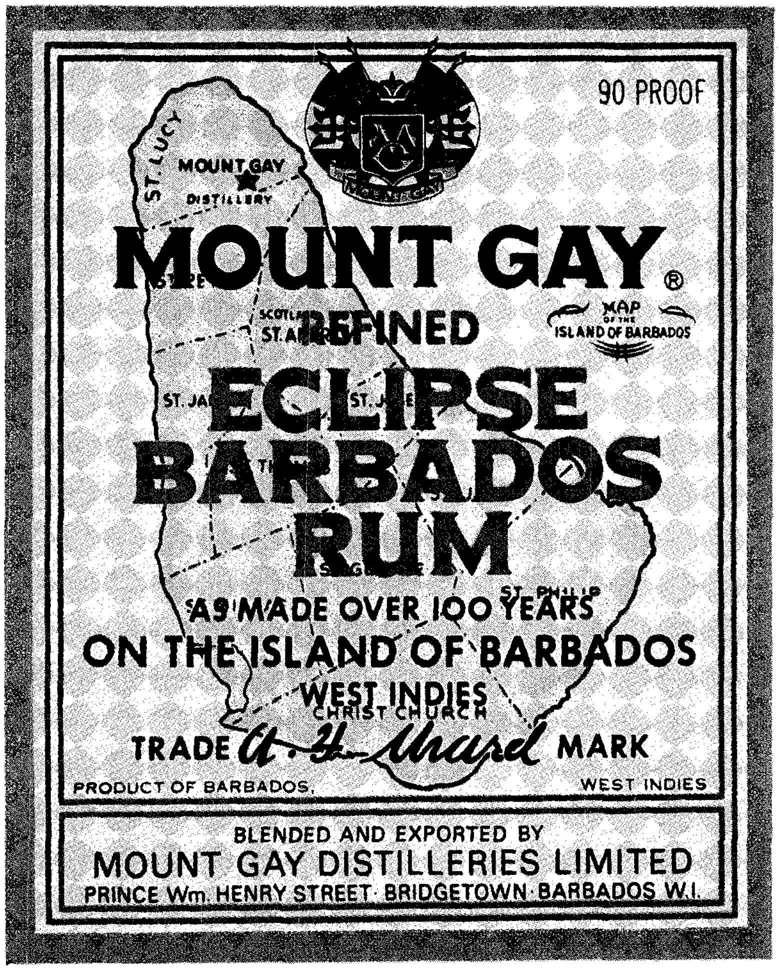

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LETTER FROM BANGKOK

JULY 14

WHEN I first visited Bangkok, shortly after the Second World War, it was in more ways than one an "open city"—a capacious, leisurely place interlaced with colorful, if fetid, *klongs* (canals) and notable for its gold-leafed temples, its jewels and trinkets, and the tropical heat and somnolence that had inspired Noël Coward's reference to it ("In Bangkok/At twelve o'clock/They foam at the mouth and run . . .") in his mocking musical reminder that only "mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun." It was also open in the sense that, since Thailand had escaped the nineteenth-century tide of European colonization, the country was not concerned with the violent nationalist revolutionary movements that were now surging through the region. Instead, at the time of my 1946 visit, Thailand had begun the first of a series of experiments in democracy—an experiment that soon gave way to the renewal of the military-dominated dictatorships that have governed Thailand, sometimes harshly and sometimes benevolently, for most of the period since the uprising that overthrew its ancient absolute monarchy, in 1932. The Thais have always prided themselves on their three traditional pillars: king (at present, fifty-year-old Bhumibol Adulyadej, who presides over what is customarily regarded as a British-style constitutional monarchy), nation, and religion (that is, Buddhism). But, despite their comfortable convictions and their easy ways, and perhaps because they did not have to fight for freedom from Western imperialism, the Thais have never really analyzed or defined their basic contemporary institutions of government, including the parliamentary forms they have tested from time to time during their postwar history, which have produced confusion and chaos rather than common national purpose or sustained achievement.

At the moment, following the thirteenth military coup since 1932, and the recent completion of the thirteenth constitution since that date, Thailand is engaged in a fresh effort to determine what degree of democracy should be encouraged within a traditional authoritarian structure. While there are some signs that the problem is being given more careful thought than it received in the past, few observers believe that the military will relinquish its hold any more readily than before, or that, unless a new breed of younger civilian leaders emerges, the self-serving politicians and bureaucrats will demonstrate enough conviction and dedication to run the country without some form of military supervision. In fact, the top man at the moment, Supreme Commander of the Royal Thai Armed Forces Kriangsak Chomanan, who is also Prime Minister, is due to retire from his military post at the end of September, when he reaches the age of sixty, but in the meanwhile he will probably choose a military successor and initiate efforts to retain the civilian Prime Ministership after elections are held next spring. Kriangsak, a genial, unflappable, pipe-smoking man who raises goats and turkeys and likes to cook peppery Thai food for his guests, is not the conventional overbearing dictator: he wears an ordinary business suit more often than a uniform, has a natural flair for popular politics, and mixes easily with all sorts of people, including rural peasants and urban slum dwellers. One of the first things he did when he assumed his dual role last fall was to order Army trucks to dispose of huge piles of garbage that had accumulated in the streets and canals of Bangkok, a swollen city of four and a half million, which, far from being, as it is sometimes romantically called, the City of Angels, has become the dirtiest, most noxious, and worst administered capital in Asia.

Almost a quarter of the metropolitan population lives in slum areas that lack sufficient drinking water, electricity, or other utilities, and are subject to frequent fires and floods. The city's potholed streets are constantly clogged with traffic—a seemingly insoluble problem, and one that creates pervasive noise and air pollution and makes it impossible for anyone moving about to maintain a planned schedule. Thirty thousand legal street venders and almost as many illegal ones add to the pandemonium. Yet, for all its congestion and shoddiness, Bangkok remains one of Southeast Asia's chief tourist centers, rivalled only by Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, with their modern hotels and more leisurely pace. Since the departure of American soldiers after the end of the Vietnam war, the tourists have been mostly young and middle-aged Japanese and Germans, who flock to the topless bars and massage parlors the G.I.s used to patronize. Slum-clearance schemes, low-cost-housing complexes, decentralization through the building of new satellite cities and industrial estates, and a large alternative port in southern Thailand are among the solutions to Bangkok's problems which Kriangsak and local officials are working on, but, like everything else in Thailand, except coups, these projects move slowly, and it will be some time before any of them are completed.

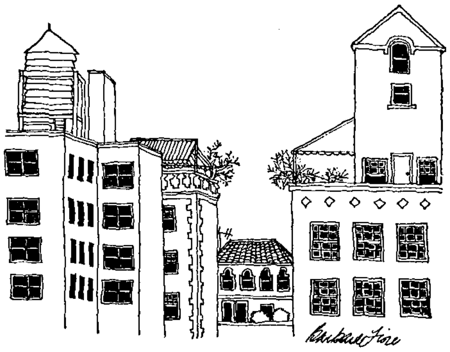
Since taking office and appointing some able technicians to his Cabinet of thirty-three, Kriangsak has dissipated at least some of the lethargy in the Thai bureaucracy. But economic problems—despite a wealth of natural resources, including a large reservoir of newly discovered offshore natural gas—remain manifold, and one doubts whether, in the time limit of one year that Kriangsak has initially allowed his administration to prepare for new elections, he will be able to effect such fundamental reforms as alleviating the condition of Thailand's debt-ridden farmers and reducing the nation's adverse balance of payments and of trade. Not only Kriangsak's friends but many of his potential opponents as well feel he made a mistake in promising to hold elections so soon. His own perception was that he had to do so in order to defuse an explosive political situation. However, notwithstanding the many domestic challenges and perplexities, he has so far devoted much—perhaps most—of his time to foreign affairs. In contrast to some of his military predecessors, particularly during the Vietnam war, when Thailand became a pliant ally of the United States, affording a rear base for the bombing of Vietnam, Kriangsak has made a special point of trying to create a new neutral posture for the country. He has consolidated relations with the Communist governments of Vietnam and Laos, and, to some extent, even with maverick Communist Cambodia, which has made things difficult by carrying out indiscriminate border raids against Thailand and kidnapping Thai peasants while also engaging in a full-scale border war with Vietnam. And, late in March, he travelled to Peking, where he successfully cemented diplomatic ties that had been set up in 1975 by former Prime Minister Kukrit Pramoj, during what may have been Thailand's last experiment in non-military guided democracy.

A number of ironies mark Kriangsak's calculated approach to Thailand's Communist neighbors and to China, a policy he is conducting while at the same time strengthening his ties with the non-Communist nations of Southeast Asia—Indonesia, Singapore, Malaysia, and the Philippines, which, with Thailand, make up the Association of Southeast Asian Nations, or ASEAN—and with Burma. When I talked to him in Bangkok shortly before his China trip, he said he regarded Thailand as "the front-line state for peace in Southeast Asia" and, because of its geographical position, the strategic linchpin of ASEAN. In the current contest for power and influence in Asia, now aggravated by the dispute between China and Vietnam over the repatriation of Vietnamese citizens of Chinese origin—a dispute being carefully watched by all of the Southeast Asian nations that have large overseas Chinese populations of their own—the Chinese have been supporting ASEAN, while the Russians, who previously wanted to replace it with a collective-security arrangement of their own, have been lending the organization greater credence, recently declaring that ASEAN "has become a reality to be contended with." The Vietnamese, who had followed the earlier Russian line in condemning ASEAN as a military rather than an economic alliance, are now building up bilateral ties with the five ASEAN members. Though ASEAN is not a collective military alliance, several of its members, notably Thailand and Malaysia, have forged bilateral military agreements in order to fight Communist insurgents within and along each other's borders.

Thailand, growing increasingly nervous about raids from Cambodia, has welcomed the new, friendly approach of the Vietnamese but remains distrustful of Hanoi's real intentions, especially since Thailand not only has a large Sino-Thai population but also harbors some fifty thousand Vietnamese who fled there after the conclusion of the French Indo-China war, in 1954, and since 1975 has opened its doors to thousands more refugees who have fled Vietnam by boat.

If the dispute between China and Vietnam breaks out into open hostilities, and Soviet Russia seeks to take advantage of the situation by supporting Hanoi and stirring the pot for its own benefit in Southeast Asia, Thailand will be the first to feel the effects.

EVEN if the situation does not become that serious, no one can be sure whether Kriangsak will be able to retain for Thailand as pivotal a role in Southeast Asia as he desires, but in his efforts to do so he cannot lose sight of the many political and personal factors involved in two political upheavals that preceded the one that brought him to power last fall. The first took place in October, 1973, when, as a result of a student-led uprising, Thailand's joint military dictators, Thanom Kittikachorn and Prapass Charusathiara, were overthrown and forced to leave the country. For a few exciting months, Thailand, for the first time since the period just after the Second World War, seemed about to become the one country bucking the authoritarian tide that was rolling over Southeast Asia. Unfortunately, the reality did not live up to the dream. By the time elections were held, in January, 1975, no fewer than forty-two parties were in the field. Half of these won seats in the new House of Representatives, and sixteen were represented in the subsequently formed coalition government of Prime Minister Kukrit. Far too frequently, the elected representatives wasted time in disputatious factional debate and failed to carry out their legislative responsibilities with any degree of seriousness, while bureaucrats in the unwieldy coalition ministries spent most of their time engaging in petty power struggles to protect their own interests. The student movement grew divided and bitter; labor staged wildcat strikes and there was growing violence; and political and revenge assassinations occurred throughout the country, along with mounting incidents of ordinary crime, while the dangerous polarization of left-wing and right-wing groups, including some Communist-infiltrated ones and several Fascist-type paramilitary and hoodlum fronts and organizations, created more confusion, unrest, and instability. As a consequence, worthwhile reforms initiated by Kukrit, such as aid to farmers and village self-help programs, were crippled by poor administration—a problem that has always plagued Thailand.



In this uncertain atmosphere, the popular and revered King made a gloomy warning speech, prompted partly by the recent Communist eclipse of his fellow-sovereigns in Laos and Cambodia. He spoke of "the danger that is coming close," declaring, "It is now quite apparent that the Thai nation has become a major target, which hostile parties certainly aim to take over and dominate in order to exploit and appropriate our riches for their advantage and superiority." Traditionally, the Thai monarchy has been above politics. The king is accorded three basic prerogatives—to be consulted, to give advice, and to offer encouragement. During the 1973 revolution, the King had been visited on several occasions by some of the student leaders, who sought his counsel. He supported their democratic aims but admonished them to get off the streets and eschew violence. The King had also advised the students to accept a compromise that would allow Thanom and Prapass to remain, and guide the country gradually toward democracy. Then events had got out of control, and he had told the two men privately that they should leave, although they could someday return.

Subsequently, some observers accused the King of "descending from the throne" and placing the monarchy in a new and vulnerable position.

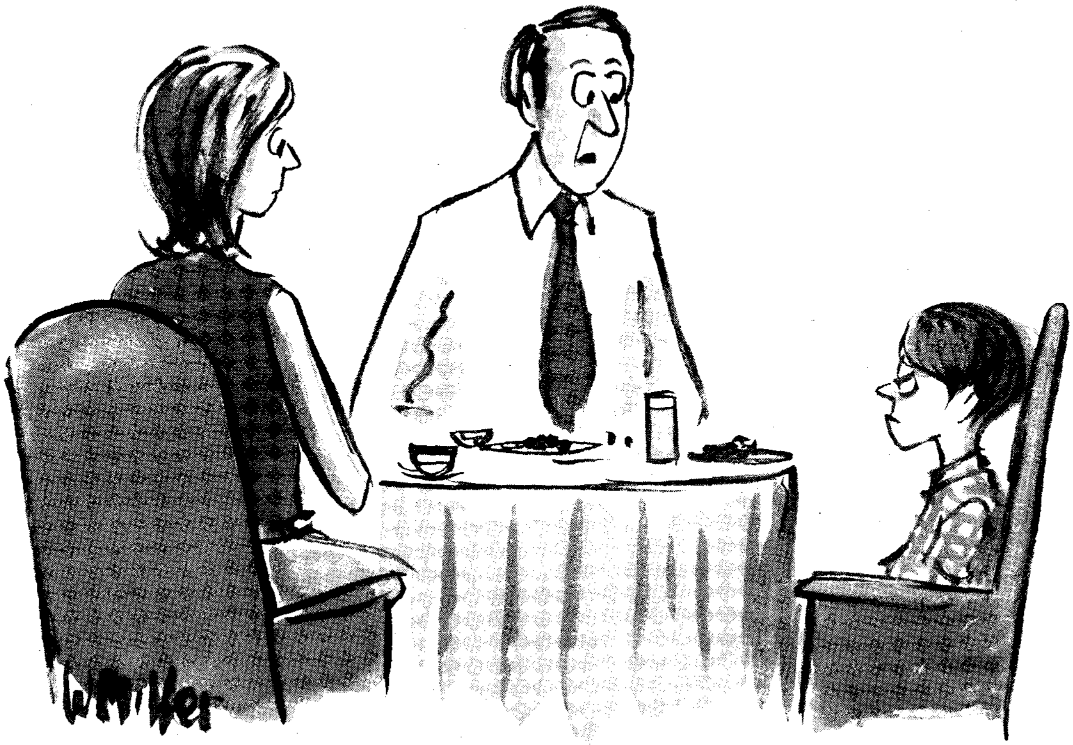
Although the morale and the cohesion of the military had been badly shaken by the revolution of 1973, it remained the major force to be reckoned with. While the Army grudgingly countenanced the ensuing democratic experiment, and some high officers even assumed political roles, it was by no means reconciled to the new civilian regime and was unhappy playing a secondary role. It quietly maintained its influence in conservative business and banking circles, through its connections with wealthy Thais and Chinese, and many of its members also had close ties with the monarchy. These continuing associations, which in many cases were secretly manipulated, enabled it to remain stronger than any other institution in the country, including the Buddhist church; indeed, the church had become a divided and somewhat spent force as many of its priests and monks allowed themselves to be politicized by right-wing agitators.

THE atmosphere grew tenser than ever as even the staunchest democrats and most dedicated parliamentarians came to acknowledge that the new democracy wasn't working. Each time fresh coup rumors gained credence, there was a sharp response from left-wing agitators, largely acting on their own—with support from the underground Communist Party of Thailand (C.P.T.) and, according to some subsequent evidence, from the Soviet Union, which was giving considerable financial backing to a number of labor unions and flooding the college campuses with pro-Soviet books and pamphlets. The left-wing demonstrations prompted right-wing vigilante groups, in turn, to take to the streets, and to attack campuses and bash in student heads. This sort of reaction and counterreaction went on almost rhythmically for several months, but the right wing was becoming stronger and the left wing growing still more disorganized and divided. Particularly active were two main vigilante groups, the Red Gaurs (meaning "Red Bulls") and Naverphol (meaning "Nine Forces"), the latter an ultra-reactionary front that had the financial backing of some conservative businessmen and politicians and the secret support of some important Army officers. Of growing influence, too, were the Village Scouts, ostensibly a community-service group, which had been created several years before with the blessings of the royal family, but which now began to assume an open political role and to recruit, in addition to its original roster of young boys and girls, quite a few older men and women.

In response to the political strains and some new economic ones—for example, a government-approved increase in the price of rice, designed to help the farmers, caused a general strike in Bangkok—Kukrit dissolved Parliament in January, 1976, and called for new elections to be held in April. There followed a fresh wave of violence, and during the campaign more than fifty people, mostly left-wingers, were killed. In the voting, the left and left-of-center parties were demolished, while centrist groups and the right-wing Democrats, led by Seni Pramoj, the amiable but less capable seventy-year-old brother of Kukrit, won a sweeping victory.

Seni, as Prime Minister, formed a four-party center-right coalition, but he proved unable to cope with succeeding crises, as Party divisions became more acrimonious and as intrigue and plotting among the high-ranking Army generals became more pronounced. In mid-August of 1976, some right-wing generals engineered the sudden reappearance in Bangkok of the more important of the two old dictators, Prapass, who flew in from Taipei. This naturally prompted new coup rumors and new student demonstrations. After a tense week and a quickly arranged audience for Prapass with the King, who advised him once again to leave, at least temporarily, Prapass flew back to Taipei. Then on September 19th, over Seni's objections, Thanom reappeared. He immediately donned the saffron robes of a Buddhist monk and entered a Bangkok monastery that happened to enjoy the King's particular sponsorship; his return had been carefully arranged by a number of generals and right-wing politicians who wanted to use it as a pretext for their own move toward power.

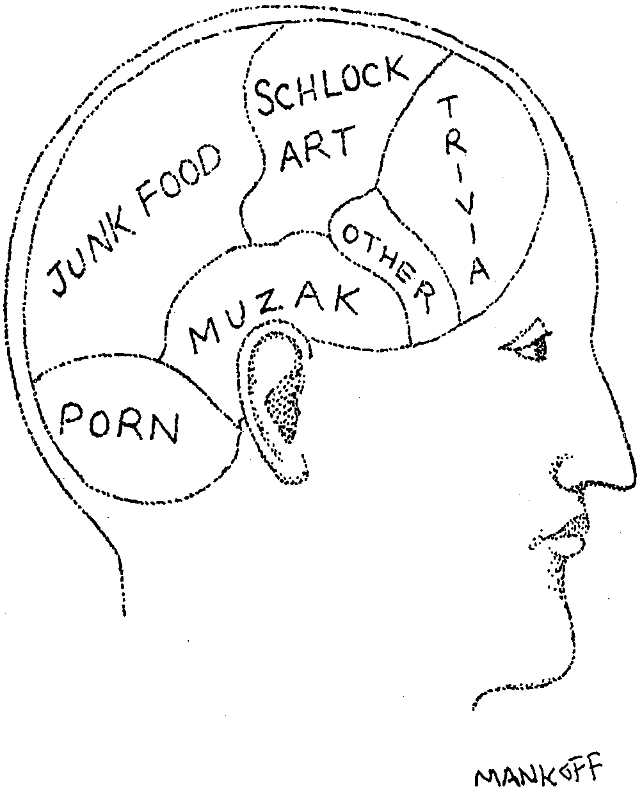
At least four groups led by ambitious generals now had plots of their own in the works, and some of these plots were interwoven with the machinations going on within the political parties. At the same time, the leaders of the principal student organization, the National Student Center of Thailand, were trying to mount big demonstrations protesting the return of Thanom, but they no longer had sufficient popular support to get enough students, let alone ordinary citizens, to take to the streets. In a mood of frustration, the left-wing students at Thammasat University, one of the country's two most eminent (the other is Chulalongkorn University),



"If I make you drink your milk you'll sue me?"

apparently decided to take matters into their own hands. Whether they were indeed acting spontaneously or, as some observers maintain, were goaded into action by rightist *agents provocateurs*, was unclear, but, at any rate, they knew they were taking a big risk. Bearing placards, slogans, and a number of effigies, which they ultimately hanged, a large group of students held an anti-Thanom rally on the campus on October 4th. The effigies, they claimed, represented two labor-union organizers whom the police had admitted having lynched in northeast Thailand a few weeks earlier. Unfortunately, though, one effigy, by chance or not, bore a distinct resemblance to the King's son, Crown Prince Vajiralongkorn. To compound the mischief, retouched pictures of the effigy which appeared in the papers the next day made the resemblance even sharper.

During the next day, October 5th, right-wing vigilante groups and Village Scouts who had been summoned to Bangkok by the Armored Forces radio station (which the right wing had been using regularly) gathered at various points in the city, demanding that Prime Minister Seni arrest the students involved in the effigy hanging, on the charge of lèse-majesté. That evening, Seni announced he would hold an investigation, but by seven o'clock the following morning, October 6th, mob rule had taken over. About fifty thousand right-wingers, mostly Scouts, surrounded the Thammasat campus, where between two and three thousand students had spent the night. Part of the right-wing mob, some of whose members were armed, forced its way past the police and onto the campus. It was later claimed that shots were fired at this time from the rooftops of some of the university buildings, killing two policemen. A few of the students did have weapons, but, whether or not they fired first, it was the police and special riot squads who, at dawn, began firing rifles and anti-tank guns and tossing grenades into the university grounds. Next, the police invaded the campus, along with thousands of rampaging Scouts and other vigilantes, armed with metal bars, knives, and sticks as well as guns. The mob roamed the campus, dragging students from the buildings and clubbing or stabbing or kicking them, eventually killing forty-six and wounding nearly two hundred. The police, for the most part, confined themselves to forcing hundreds of students out of hiding places and making both men and women strip to the waist and crawl on their stomachs on the ground of the university sports field while the mob cheered from the stands. Four students (who may already have been dead) were hanged. The fighting and killing lasted until nearly noon, by which time more than two thousand students had been arrested; another thousand or so were jailed during the next few days.



THE bloody clash at Thammasat triggered the 1976 coup, but not according to the scenario that the conspiring generals had prepared. Ironically, Seni himself set the stage for his downfall and the collapse of democracy. He had begun choosing a new Cabinet in an attempt to save his government, and two days before the Thammasat killings he had appointed as Minister of Defense a friend who was a respected, apolitical naval officer, Admiral Sa-ngad Chaloryu. As Seni kept procrastinating in his selection of the rest of the Cabinet, Sa-ngad and a group of ranking officers from all three services and from the police hurriedly met on the morning of October 6th and, in effect, preëmpted an Army coup by forming a National Administrative Reform Council. This body made the gesture of asking Seni to continue acting as Prime Minister, but he said he would not do that unless he could pick his own Cabinet independently. The military would not consent to that, and on the evening of the sixth a series of announcements was broadcast over Radio Thailand informing the nation that the National Administrative Reform Council had assumed control, declared martial law, abolished the constitution, dissolved the parliament and all political parties, placed all civilian courts under military jurisdiction, banned all meetings of more than five persons, closed the schools and universities, and suspended publication of all Thai and foreign-language papers until further notice. Admiral Sa-ngad said, "The Government cannot govern the country properly, and in order not to let Thailand become prey to the Communists and to uphold the monarchy and the royal family this Council has seized power."

Within two days, the King had unwittingly paved the way for Kriangsak to take over a year later. On October 8th, Bhumibol, acting through Admiral Sa-ngad, announced the appointment of a new civilian Prime Minister, a forty-nine-year-old Supreme Court Justice named Thanin Kraivichien. The move to recivilianize the government so quickly, which came as a surprise to most observers, was clearly in accordance with the King's wishes; moreover, Thanin, who had never been a politician and was scarcely known in public life, was a man whom both King Bhumibol and his wife, Queen Sirikit, knew and personally admired. Serious, humorless, and rather pedantic, he is a short man, owlish-looking in square-rimmed spectacles. As a constitutional and legal scholar whose ardent anti-Communism was bolstered by vast erudition, he often seemed more attuned to the nineteen-fifties than to the contemporary challenges confronting Thailand. Two weeks after his appointment, he had formed his Cabinet, having chosen eighteen men who were all close friends of his, and many of whom were from the academic community. As a group, they were inexperienced and uninspiring. The same was true of the three hundred and forty members

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(later increased to four hundred) of a new National Reform Assembly, which the National Administrative Reform Council appointed at the end of November, and which had a heavy preponderance of military or ex-military men. The Assembly was given virtually no powers for the first four years of its existence—"a period of national rehabilitation, so as to achieve economic and political stability," said Thanin, which was to be followed by what he called "the embryonic period of democratic development." Then, during a third four-year period, he promised, democracy would be further enhanced.

Thanin used a key article of a hastily prepared new constitution to execute a number of criminals accused of rape or drug smuggling, and to keep in prison, without trial, a number of political figures—including some of the rebellious Thammasat students—whom he regarded as dangerous. In his talks over television, he made some valid criticisms of the failure of the recent three-year democratic experiment, but, given Thailand's instability and the general uncertainty in the entire region, let alone the renewed dominant role of the military, it was highly naïve of him to talk, as he did, about a long process of democracy building. Thanin laid out his scheme as if he were preparing a legal brief in the confines of his chambers. When the newspapers were gradually allowed to appear again, in a month or so, they were admonished to be careful about what they published, to follow the general directives laid down by the government, and to avoid making "trivial comments." Before long, several editors had complained about being unnecessarily scolded, whereupon the government relaxed and the papers began to be slightly bolder, even venturing to criticize the Cabinet for wasting its time and not coming to grips with basic social and economic problems. Similarly, when schools and universities were reopened, the government at first indicated that courses in political theory would be carefully controlled and nothing about Communism would be taught (tons of books and papers on Communism had been confiscated and burned), but then Thanin backed down and indicated that political theory, including Communist theory, would be discussed by "qualified" teachers, who had "the proper psychological training as well as political knowledge."

Thanin did very little to alleviate the condition of either the poor farmers or the urban slum dwellers, and the tough martial law gave the police free rein to

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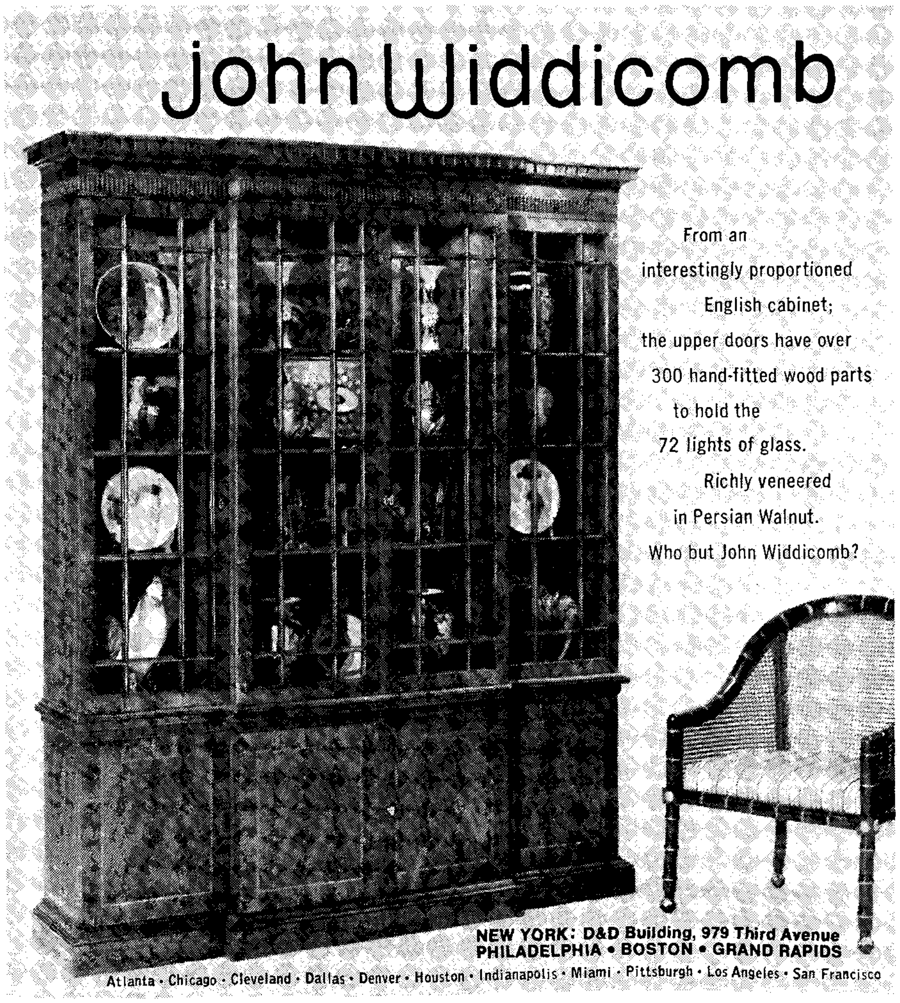

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crack down on any villagers they chose to accuse of Communist sympathies. If such actions had the approval of old-line conservative military men, they provoked opposition among many of the younger officers—men who had been trained abroad and had begun to realize that Communism must be fought with social and economic reform measures, not just with repression. These younger officers, including a number of battalion commanders, became the nucleus of a group referred to as the Young Turks, and began using political as well as military leverage and grew more and more outspoken in their criticism of the shortcomings of the rigid government. One of the things that Thanin did do was press a drive against narcotics in Thailand, which for many years has been a principal source of international supply. This won the support of the Americans, who put most of their aid money into his anti-drug program. At the same time, however, the United States became increasingly critical of his repression of human rights, which included not only the martial-law arrests of students and other political dissenters but harsh moves to restrict the influence of labor unions, curtailing the freedom they had enjoyed during the heady 1973-76 period. One of Thanin's chief aims was to attract more foreign investment, and he offered tax advantages and fewer restrictions on overseas transmittal of profits, as part of a new investment code, which he himself directed. But while the Thai economy enjoyed a boom year in 1977—rice exports were the highest in the world—foreign investors remained cautious, because of the general political unrest and uncertainty. After a three-week period I spent in Thailand in mid-1977, I came away with the feeling that the new government imparted a sense of sterility more than anything else, and that its proclamations and programs seemed more antiseptic than curative of Thailand's ills.

THE brutality of the Thammasat killings, followed by the arrest of students and intellectuals who were suspected of being Communist or leftist—often because (like Thanin himself) they owned books about Communism—put an end to intellectual freedom after the 1976 coup and drove hundreds of people into hiding or out of the country or into the hands of the insurgents. In addition to the three thousand students arrested, most of whom were later released—eighteen have been put on trial, six of them charged with lèse-majesté, and the court proceedings are expected to last another year—between a thousand and fifteen hundred simply disappeared after the coup. About half of them eventually returned to their classes, but it is estimated that six or seven hundred fled to the jungles of northeast Thailand to join the Communist guerrillas there, or sought refuge in Laos. About a hundred went south—some even before the coup—and joined southern-based Communist insurgents. The Communist Party of Thailand, through its radio, the Voice of the People of Thailand, now reportedly based somewhere in the northern jungles, had attacked "the piratical Sangad Fascist clique," who "have made themselves the enemy of the entire people" and have become "the slaves of the U.S. imperialists," and had invited these educated, city-bred students to join in "the violent overthrow" of the new regime. Contrary to what many Bangkok officials expected, most of the students who joined the insurgents, north or south, adapted themselves to the rigors of guerrilla life in the jungle, and, along with a number of Socialists and leaders of other banned parties, who also fled Bangkok, proved highly useful to the C.P.T. They blended quickly into the training-and-indoctrination structure of the Party and its military arm, the Thai People's Liberation Army, and mixed easily with the uneducated Thai-Lao or Sino-Thai peasants who were Party members or sympathizers; the peasants admired the students for having sacrificed the comforts of cosmopolitan life to join the rural revolutionary struggle.

Among the students who had already fled Bangkok was Saeksan Prasertkul, a leader of the 1973 student rebellion, who had told me in 1974 that, although he was not a Communist, he would be forced to join the insurgents and adopt "violent means" himself if "they," by which he meant the right-wing vigilantes, "start shooting at us or if there is another military coup." Saeksan and a dozen or so other students and labor leaders who had been working with farmers and unions disappeared from Bangkok early in 1975 and went to France and then, it is believed, to China. Later, they were reported to be back in northeast Thailand, though they probably worked out of a safe base across the

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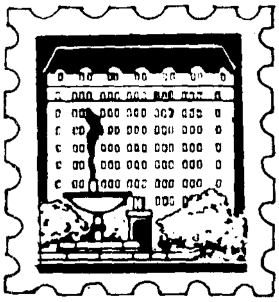

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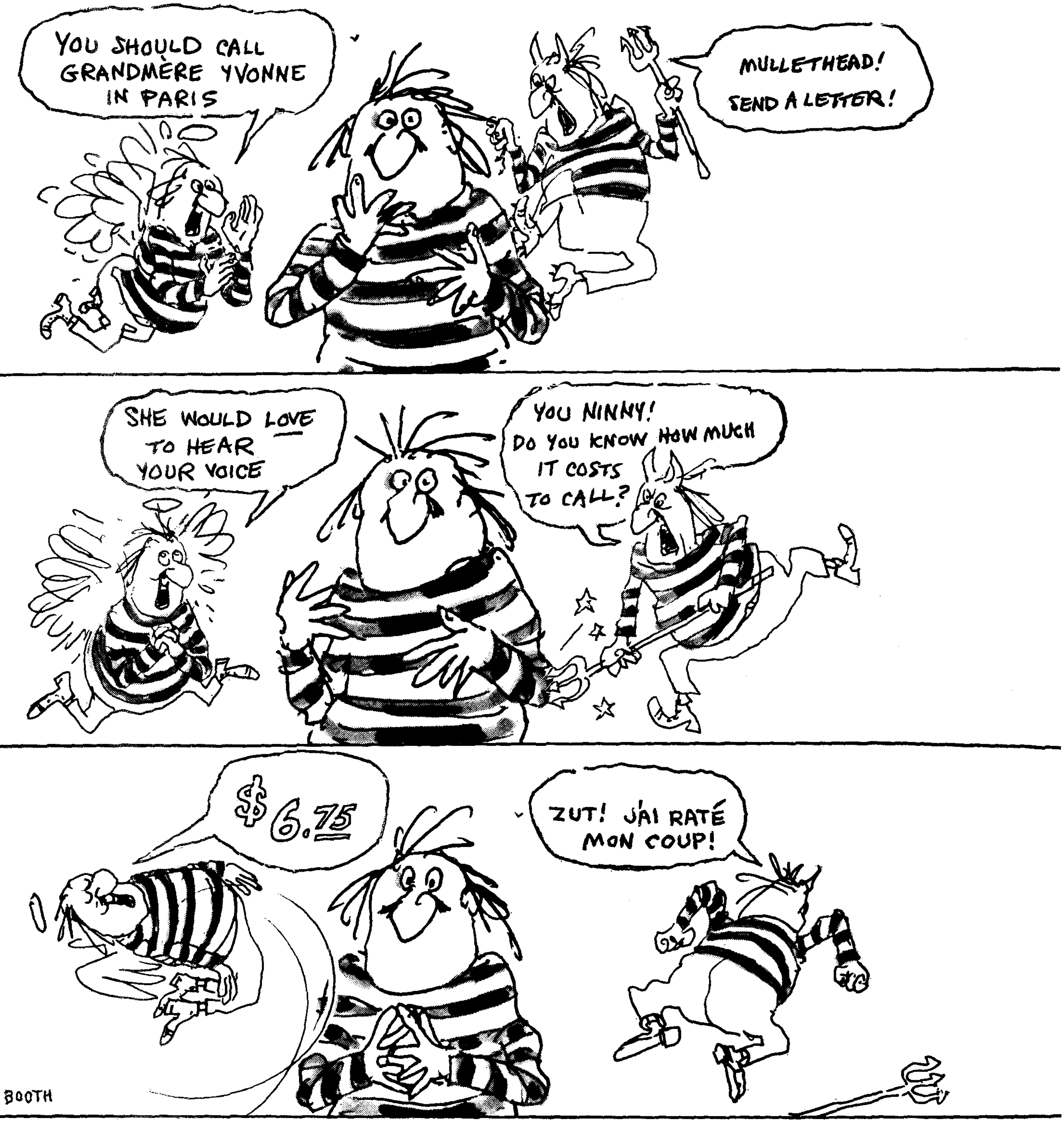
Mekong in Laos. Eight of the former students and labor activists and three leaders of the Socialist Party of Thailand became the spearhead of a new National Democratic United Front and subsequently helped form the Committee for the Coördination of Patriotic and Democracy-Loving Peace Forces—an organization reminiscent of similarly named leftist coalition groups during the Vietnam war. Among other things, they greatly increased the sophistication of the clandestine radio broadcasts and aided in the recruitment programs of the C.P.T. and of the Liberation Army—although the newcomers have also caused some internal party problems, particularly since they are believed to be closer to Hanoi and Moscow than to Peking and to favor a more active revolutionary strategy.

The Communist Party of Thailand was formed in 1942 as an adjunct of the Chinese Communist Party, and it adopted an official "policy of armed struggle" in 1965 on a cue from Mao Tse-tung, from whom it derived its announced strategy of "using the rural areas to surround the towns and finally seizing the towns." This line was emphasized still more strongly in the C.P.T.'s propaganda after the 1976 coup. Denouncing Thanin as "a man of straw in the pay of the Americans," the United Front made a fresh appeal to Thai youth in the cities and characteristically functioned as a link between the rural and urban areas and between the lowland peasants and the ethnic minorities in the mountains. Since 1965, the numbers of armed guerrillas had increased steadily, at the rate of about ten per cent a year, and by the end of 1976 there were eight or nine thousand of them, supported by about ninety thousand sympathizers. According to some recent intelligence estimates, the increase in the past year has been twenty-five per cent, and the men under arms may now number more than twelve thousand. About a fifth of them have been trained in seven hidden camps in Laos and at least three in Cambodia, and these men, armed with Vietnamese or Chinese guns, are assigned to one of the four central C.P.T. areas in Thailand. There are some fifteen provincial or regimental subareas, which are only loosely coördinated and conduct operations more or less autonomously, maintaining liaison with each other primarily by courier. The Party's central committee has twelve members, headed by a "first secretary-general," a Sino-Thai whose party name is Samanan but whose real name is believed to be Charoen Wanngam, a veteran revolutionary who came to Thailand at the age of twelve and spent most of his life in the jungle. It meets irregularly and disseminates its statements chiefly over the Voice of the People of Thailand. Though the arrival of the students and intellectuals from Bangkok after the 1976 coup enhanced the Party's aura of legitimacy, the Thai Communists, despite some dramatic successes in ambushing or openly attacking government forces over the past several years, have not demonstrated much imagination or flexibility. They are active in half of Thailand's seventy-one provinces, and have engaged roughly half the government's combat battalions, but they are still not able to sustain a major campaign—one that would coördinate an attack southward from the border region of Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand with a move northward by the smaller number of southern-based guerrillas. They are engaged at the moment in trying to carve out a "liberated zone" near the Cambodian border, which might then enable them to run lines of supply into the mountain chain of central Thailand, which leads down onto the plains area north of Bangkok, but not until they can achieve this will the insurgents present a really serious threat.

The government's counterinsurgency tactics, however, so far have nevertheless proved inadequate to cope with the steady Communist attacks mounted from the guerrillas' northern, northeastern, and eastern forest bases. For the most part, the government troops are slow to react against the insurgents and reluctant to pursue them into their sanctuaries. Moreover, the Thai Army remains inept in gathering and evaluating intelligence, including information about the possibility of growing urban guerrilla activity, which is a tactic that the new student recruits are likely to encourage, on the basis of their own experience, and in keeping with the worldwide trend toward urban terrorism. In the past year, the challenge faced by the government has been made more difficult by raids into Thailand across the poorly defined Cambodian border. Some of these raids, which have cost the lives of two hundred and fifty Thai soldiers and civilians, have been carried out by contingents of the Communist Khmer Rouge, and are believed to have had the approval of the Phnom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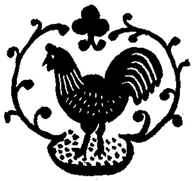
Penh government; others are thought to have been motivated by internal opposition to the draconian Phnom Penh regime or by personal vendettas having to do with such matters as rivalry over smuggling operations. There is also some degree of Vietnamese inspiration for the attacks. And Thai-based Cambodian resistance movements, though they are small and poorly organized, complicate matters further, particularly since they are given encouragement by rightist Thai elements who have their own political axes to grind and have been opposed all along to any rapprochement with the new Communist regimes in Indo-China. According to diplomats in Bangkok, the majority of the cross-border attacks in recent months have been joint operations of the Khmer Rouge and the C.P.T., and this collaboration is a matter of growing concern to the Thai military. About seven hundred Thai villagers have been kidnapped as a result of these raids, and some of the seized villagers have been sent to Cambodian camps, where they have been subjected to forced indoctrination and guerrilla training.

THERE was no indication, after the 1975 victory of the Vietnamese, Lao, and Cambodian Communists, that the flow of arms to the Thai insurgents had increased, though their supply of weapons was obviously adequate. To be sure, there had never been any difficulty in smuggling weapons across the porous borders that Thailand shares with Laos and Cambodia, but the Vietnamese were busy solving their own problems of unification and reconstruction, and the Lao were having even more trouble consolidating their revolution and were facing growing opposition from anti-Communist guerrillas, including disaffected former members of the Communist Pathet Lao. What worried the Thais—and further stimulated the anti-Communist rhetoric of Thanin and the hard-line members of his Cabinet, and some of the military as well—was the presence of forty thousand veteran Vietnamese troops in Laos, prompted by the inability of the Lao to handle their internal troubles; but the Vietnamese also had their own motives, which included their desire to dominate all of Indo-China, one way or another, and to play upon the nervousness of the already nervous Thais.

By the time Thanin's reactionary and uninspiring Prime Ministership ended, Thailand's relations with Vietnam and Laos, not to mention Cambodia, had deteriorated badly. In August, 1976, the Thai government had accepted an invitation from the Vietnamese to send a delegation to Hanoi, and the Vietnamese agreed to discuss the repatriation of the fifty thousand Vietnamese refugees who had been living in northeast Thailand since 1954 and had created constant problems for the Thais. Most of these Vietnamese had all along been pro-Hanoi, but Hanoi had not been eager to take them back, because it was plagued by domestic unemployment and because they constituted a potential fifth column in Thailand and also served as a pretext for possible future intervention or bargaining. (They are still living in northeast Thailand.) When Thanin became Prime Minister, he made a number of harsh comments on the Vietnamese regime. Later, he moderated his tone, on the advice of his foreign-affairs experts, but neither Bangkok nor Hanoi seemed eager to resume diplomatic talks. Though Thailand and Laos had established diplomatic relations prior to the Thanin period, these remained stalemated as a result of continuing incidents on the Mekong. As for Cambodia, although diplomatic talks had been held between the two nations, and one Cambodian land border point, at Poipet, just across from a large Thai-run refugee camp at Aranyaprathet, had been designated for barter trade, nasty border incidents had led to a virtual cutoff of formal contacts. As the situation vis-à-vis the Indo-Chinese countries declined, Thanin was making efforts to promote anti-Communist collaboration among Thailand's ASEAN partners, which were not especially successful, either.



At home, Thanin's harsh application of martial law and his inability to reconcile the many disparate elements in the society were creating more and more trouble for him. An atmosphere of stultification set in, mixed with fear and mockery. Friends I had known for some years let me know, guardedly, that they hardly talked about politics to each other any longer, let alone to strangers. An elderly woman, a former language professor, told me that she and her circle of academic and literary friends, mostly left-of-center liberals, existed in a state of limbo and resorted to codelike games and gestures to express their frustration and disillusion; for instance, if they were asked what they thought or what they planned to do, they would hold a hand close to the face in simulation of a poker player making sure he did not reveal his cards, or would simply drum their fingers on the table.

The military was also chafing, but for different reasons, and coup rumors were again flying. In March, 1977, there was in fact a coup plot, mounted by an ambitious general named Chalard Hiranyasiri, who was a friend of Kriangsak's; however, Kriangsak was not involved in the plotting. Chalard had the support of ultra-right-wing members of Kukrit's shaky coalition, but his plot was aborted by other generals, and Chalard was dismissed from the Army and was subsequently executed, partly because he was accused of the murder of a ranking general who had refused to go along with his bumbling attempt.

THE Chalard coup, though a failure, was a clear symptom of the still tense military mood. Kriangsak, watching Thanin's inept administration and his negative approach to Thailand's Communist neighbors, nourished growing misgivings. As both secretary-general (second-in-command) of the Military Advisory Council (which had replaced the National Administrative Reform Council soon after the 1976 coup) and Deputy Supreme Commander, Kriangsak was by that spring regarded as the most important and powerful man in Thailand—a fact of which Thanin was fully aware. Indeed, this awareness led him to try—vainly—to keep Kriangsak from becoming Supreme Commander in the fall of 1977. Kriangsak, who is far more articulate than most senior officers, stressed the need for the Thais to improve their fighting capacity by building up their combat strike forces and their reserves, but he placed at least as much emphasis on social and economic matters. The first time I talked with him, midway through Thanin's tenure, he said, "We must prepare for the worst militarily, but we must be strong in all ways in three or four years' time, and that means narrowing the gap between the rich and the poor." As the prices of basic commodities such as rice, pork, fish, and vegetables increased and the rate of inflation rose, the economy, though it was outwardly prosperous, left the poor worse off while the rich got richer, and then a serious drought made things deteriorate further. The familiar rumors of another coup had been stimulated by the return to Thailand in January, 1977, of the old dictator Prapass, whose brother-in-law, General Yos Thephasdin, then the commander of the powerful First Army, based in the area around Bangkok, was personally ambitious and had the backing of some strategically situated troops. Kriangsak and the more moderate generals were determined to restrain the extremists, and their position grew stronger as it became apparent that for Thanin, despite the earlier support of the King, time was running out, and that his twelve-year program for the restoration of democracy was an illusion.

It was Kriangsak who ultimately blew the whistle on Thanin, but it was the Young Turks, the dissatisfied and restless younger officers, including several key battalion leaders and some paratroopers, who forced the action. In some respects, the coup of October 20, 1977, was similar to the one of the year before which ousted Seni. Initially, the Young Turks demanded that Thanin fire seven of his Cabinet ministers. Their complaints, presented through Admiral Sa-ngad, covered a spectrum that ranged from his failure to prosecute the counterinsurgency campaign forcefully enough to the general discontent his Cold War policies had caused among the people at large and the damage that all this was doing to Thailand's foreign relations, especially with the Indo-Chinese nations. In typical Thai fashion, various elements, including the liberal newspapers and also some of the rightist groups, criticized Thanin on the grounds of his failure to defend the monarchy—though they did not speak in unison. Following the Young Turks' ultimatum, a number of the top generals, including General Yos, who had become Deputy Commander of the Army, tried to persuade Thanin to reorganize the Cabinet, but Thanin refused. Admiral Sa-ngad, as president of the Military Advisory Council, was reluctant to press the issue further until he was persuaded that Thanin's stubbornness left no alternative. Kriangsak, operating quietly behind the scenes, as he had the year before, helped convince Sa-ngad—after Kriangsak had personally issued what amounted to an ultimatum to Thanin, warning that refusal to compromise would provoke another coup, and got no reply. Though the King was said to oppose a new military move, he refused to grant Thanin a private audience, thus indicating dissatisfaction with him. Finally, when Thanin rejected the proffered resignations of some of his Cabinet members, armed delegates of the Military Advisory Council interrupted an informal meet-

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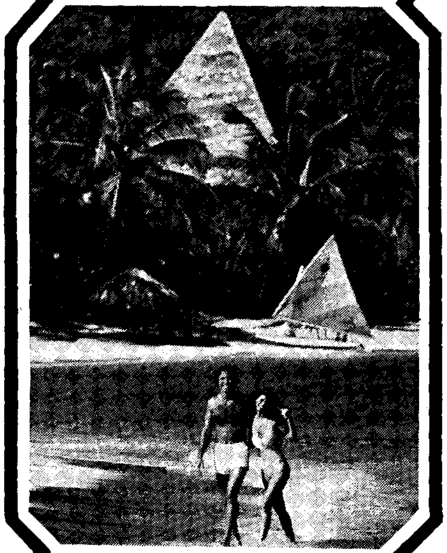

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ing at Government House in the early evening of October 20th and informed Thanin and the ministers that, in the name of a twenty-three-man Revolutionary Party—it was composed essentially of the same military men who had taken over the previous year, with Sa-ngad still the titular head—the civilian government was finished. It was one of Thailand's gentler and less complicated coups, for Thanin had made it easy by his obdurate attitude combined with his record of political failure. Sa-ngad said, "The government has not made as much progress as it should have. The general public has been confused by the current situation, which has resulted in differences of opinion and wide disunity among the people."

It was immediately apparent that Kriangsak, as the secretary-general of the Revolutionary Party and then of a new National Policy Council (composed of the same military leaders), which replaced the Revolutionary Party after the coup, and having been given the title of "National Peacekeeper" on top of that of Supreme Commander, was now the dominant figure in the government. On November 11th, upon the adoption of yet another interim constitution and his assumption of the Prime Ministership, Kriangsak announced his dedication to what he called the need for "national reconciliation." The coming year, he said, would be the most difficult one in Thailand's modern history. "I need peace to protect the peace," he said. He indicated his desire to propitiate still unreconciled elements of the population, including some members of the military, and to deal with the economic and social discrepancies that have left more than half the work force with incomes averaging less than three hundred dollars a year.

Dressed in mufti and sucking at his pipe, Kriangsak visited Bangkok's slums and made arrangements for temporary improvements in living conditions there pending the completion of long-delayed low-cost-housing projects. He attended the opening of a Labor Foundation, which he had previously helped establish, and, though strikes were still banned (because martial law remained in effect), he permitted unions to federate into new councils and persuaded both labor and management to adopt conciliatory policies in the interests of the general welfare and of renewed economic development. In the ensuing weeks, however, a number of work stoppages did take place, particularly among the state-enterprise unions that control essential public services—unions that have long been exceptionally well organized. Kriangsak ignored these stoppages, but then, as workers chafed at continued low minimum wages and inadequate social-welfare schemes, the threat of more strikes loomed. He arranged wage increases for civil servants and teachers, but in the face of continuing inflation—at the rate of about eight per cent a year—pressure for higher levels mounted, and he warned that "untoward events will not be tolerated."

During the honeymoon period following his takeover, there were other manifestations of compromise and relaxation. For example, on the King's fiftieth birthday, early in December, forty-four thousand prisoners—about two-thirds of the total in the country, most of whom were ordinary criminals—were given amnesty; among them were twenty-two people who had been sentenced for their participation in the abortive coup of March, 1977, led by the late General Chalard. In addition, reversing a Thanin decision that had aroused the ire of human-rights groups in the United States and elsewhere, Kriangsak permitted the eighteen student defendants on trial for the 1976 Thammasat riots to have their own legal counsel, and he indicated that, with the exception of the six who were charged with lèse-majesté, any who were found guilty might be pardoned. He offered an amnesty to the students who had joined the insurgents after the 1976 coup, but up to the present only about two dozen of the several hundred who fled to the jungle have returned.

WHEN I spoke with Kriangsak this spring, he seemed fully aware that he had set himself a difficult, perhaps impossible, task in trying to sort out Thailand's troubles before holding elections within a year. He admitted that, though he intended to stick to his schedule, "special circumstances" might force a postponement. In view of the combination of domestic and foreign pressures, particularly the Cambodian border attacks, some observers feel that he might decide at the end of this year to hold a referendum seeking approval of his policies and then hold elections late next year. Much will depend on the political as well as the economic climate at the end of 1978. The interim National Assembly, consisting, as before, mostly of retired or active military men, has virtually no powers, pending the adoption of a new constitution, which thirty-five Assembly members and legal experts, including Kukrit and Seni Pramoj, have recently finished drafting. Among other provisions that are now being debated by the Assembly is one that would enable the Prime Minister to be chosen from outside the elected lower house. He could thus be an ordinary civilian—which Kriangsak will become when he retires from the Army in September. Another still-debated provision gives the Senate, appointed by the National Policy Council, equal voting rights with the lower house on such key issues as matters of confidence and budgetary matters. In an effort to limit the proliferation of parties, the new constitution stipulates that each party will have to put up candidates in at least half of the country's constituencies—an expensive and time-consuming task. Most of the old major parties, including Kukrit's old Social Action party, are stirring after being banned for a year under Thanin, and some of them, along with some of the smaller ones, are talking about mergers. It seems certain that there will be some military as well as civilian parties next time, and that the Young Turks will remain an influence.

There are indications already that Prapass and Thanom are eager to play a role again, either openly or behind the scenes, to the dismay of many who opposed their return to Thailand. Both men are trying to recover their confiscated assets, totalling at least twenty million dollars. Kriangsak will have to deal with this problem sooner or later, but he is determined to hold off making a decision as long as he can. Recently, both the former dictators attended a palace reception for winners of royal awards—a circumstance that disturbed most Thais who watched the ceremony on television. As for Thanin, the King has appointed him to the Privy Council—an advisory body to the royal family—reputedly at the Queen's behest, and much to the annoyance of those who were eager to see the reactionary influence of the former Prime Minister permanently removed.

IT remains doubtful whether, under the best of circumstances and with the best of intentions, Kriangsak can do much in a year's time to resolve Thailand's political conflicts, tidy up its economy, or straighten out its foreign problems, despite his wide support as the country's "last best hope." When I spoke to him, he said that his main concern was the stimulation of agriculture and small industry. He had given drought-stricken farmers emergency aid and had pledged himself to deal forcefully with the problem of rural indebtedness by obtaining the support of both government and private banks for low-interest loans to farmers to replace the mortgages held by landlords and usurers. But such assistance is far from enough. An outright distribution of land to farmers under a bold land-reform program is required if agricultural development is to become more widespread and more diversified, but, except for some Crown and government land, very little such distribution has taken place so far, and absentee landlordism is still prevalent. The average income of peasants in the impoverished northeast is still less than a hundred and fifty dollars a year; and though it is true that in that part of the country most of the peasants own their small plots, the lack of such development facilities as roads, technical assistance, schools, and low-interest credit programs leaves them receptive to Communist propaganda. Most peasants are handicapped by a one-crop tradition, partly as a result of Buddhist passivity, but partly because they see no reason to work very hard, since the soil in the north and northeast is poor and most of their profits are siphoned off by middlemen, anyway. As for other resources, Thailand's mineral reserves, except for tin and zinc, have scarcely been tapped. The potential economic bonanza is natural gas, of which about five trillion cubic feet of proven reserves have been discovered in the Gulf of Thailand by two American firms—Union Oil Company of California and Texas Pacific. After months of negotiation between the companies and the Thai government, a compromise was reached a few weeks ago, for a price of a dollar and four cents per thousand cubic feet of gas, to be sold through the Natural Gas Organization of Thailand, a government agency. The government had originally offered fifty-five cents, and the American companies wanted a dollar-fifty. Once a pipeline has been built and the gas is in production, probably by 1981, the Thais will be able to cut by twenty-five per cent their Persian Gulf oil imports, which last year amounted to a billion dollars, and the economy will receive its biggest financial boost ever, again offering an inducement for for-

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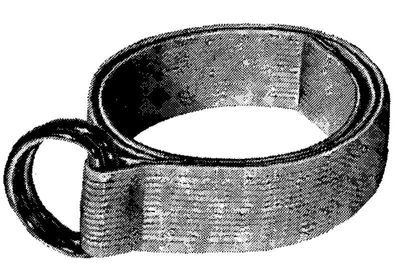

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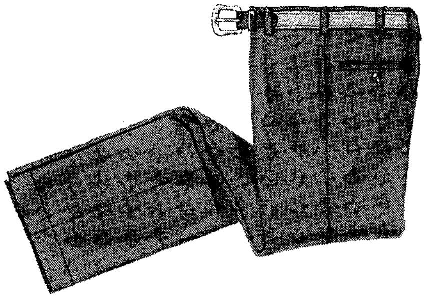

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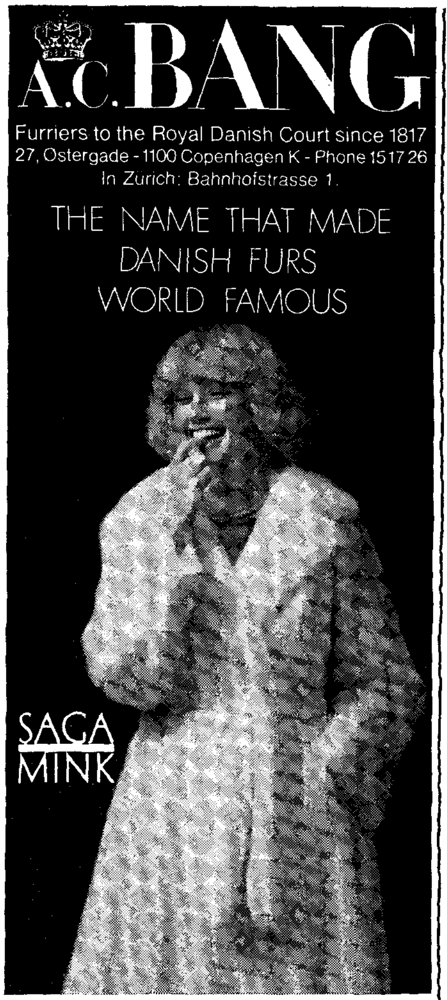
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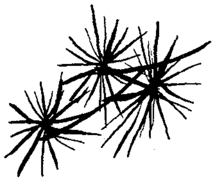
eign investment. Meanwhile, Kriangsak has raised taxes on gasoline and duties on major luxury items, and has announced plans to increase taxes on the incomes of the affluent, who flaunt their wealth in Bangkok; in fact, the lack of social conscience in that city remains perhaps the greatest impediment to national progress and may yet prove the undoing of monarchical, capitalist Thailand.



Whether or not Kriangsak will be able to "condense six years of planning into one"—as he told me he hoped to do—he is undoubtedly the most effective leader the country has had in a long time. If he fails, he at least deserves the credit he is so far receiving for getting things moving in the right direction and establishing proper priorities. Although Vice-President Walter Mondale visited Bangkok during his Asian tour in May and reassured the Thais that the United States retains its "interest in and commitment to" Southeast Asia, backing this up by agreeing to sell Thailand eighteen more F-5E jet fighter planes, Kriangsak's staunchest ally at the moment may not be the United States but China, though Washington would be loath to admit it. When Kriangsak visited Peking in March, he signed two agreements for the exchange of technology and commodities. Among other things, Thailand will get Chinese oil at a relatively low, "friendship" price, and the Chinese, eager to prove their support of the ASEAN concept of neutrality, particularly vis-à-vis the Russians, have promised to do what they can to restrain their Cambodian allies. But the Cambodians continue to play their own strange, isolated, and possibly suicidal game, by engaging in a two-front war against the Thais and the Vietnamese. Peking's leverage with the Cambodians, despite its military and economic support for the Phnom Penh government, remains dubious. Furthermore, the Chinese are not likely to reduce their moral support of the Thai Communist insurgents—or their material support, either, to any substantial extent—despite Kriangsak's pleas, because for them to do so, after all these years, would be to give the Vietnamese and the Russians a chance to step in. The Cambodian problem, to which Kriangsak, after weeks of patience, has begun to respond with strong military measures, including bombing attacks against the Khmer Rouge on Cambodian soil, is the most serious threat to his long-range program to create stability, and it cannot be dissociated from the endemic threat of the Thai Communist Party insurgency. This week, Ieng Sary, the Cambodian foreign minister, is scheduled to visit Bangkok for discussions with Kriangsak about the insurgency and other problems, but it is unlikely that Cambodian-Thai relations will become smooth overnight. The overall problem has not been made easier for the Thais by the continuing influx of refugees into Thailand from Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam; there are now about one hundred thousand of them in Thai camps, including about fifteen thousand Cambodians, and the stream seems endless, despite the acceptance of greater numbers by the United States and France and, to a lesser extent, by Australia and other countries.

ONE of the greatest anomalies in Thailand at the moment is the role of the monarchy, which in the years since the 1973 student uprising has been weakened in public esteem. Heretofore sacrosanct, the monarchy has lately become a source of gossip and, for the Communists, an object of derisive propaganda. In broadcasts over the Voice of the People of Thailand, the Communists now frequently refer to King Bhumibol as "the archfeudalist" and to Queen Sirikit as "the female feudalist." The broadcasts, and leaflets and pamphlets as well, have also dealt openly with "the power contest," akin to "dogs fighting to get the pile of bones," between "the Bhumibol group" and "the Sirikit group" in the palace, and have revived the rumors that Bhumibol assassinated his older brother, King Ananda Mahithol, in order to ascend the throne. Ananda died of a gunshot wound in 1946, and a commission of inquiry never did determine whether the death was an accident, a suicide, or a murder. Reports of rivalry between the King and the Queen have also become a source of gossip in Bangkok, as a result of the Queen's deep fondness for Crown Prince Vajiralongkorn, who in 1977 married the Queen's niece, his first cousin. His right to succeed to the throne as the only son of the King and Queen was amended in 1974, when the King got the National Assembly to give each of his three daughters the right to take over the crown, as Queen; he followed this up by giving Sirindhorn, his second-oldest daughter, who is twenty-three, the dynastic title of Maha Chakri, which was seen as a sign of his desire to have her succeed him. The move was said to have been prompted by the King's taking seriously predictions made many years ago by fortune-tellers to the effect that there would be only nine kings of the Rama line; Bhumibol is the ninth. If Sirindhorn, who is an intelligent young woman, as well as the King's favorite, takes over the throne in place of the Crown Prince, she will presumably reign with the guidance of the palace faction close to the King—who, according to some rumors, has become so dispirited over the repeated coups that he wants to abdicate and enter a monastery.

Anywhere but in Thailand, such matters would be viewed lightly, almost as comic opera, but here they are a grave matter, and the fact that the Communists, in particular, are making use of royal scandals and openly denigrating the monarchy is a remarkable development indicating a spreading loss of respect for historic Thai values. Intrigue and gossip are accepted features of Thai life, but to subject the monarchy to them openly is certainly a case of lèse-majesté. The King is still revered by the majority of the people, but there is little doubt that the position of the monarchy, along with that of the Buddhist church, has been eroded over recent years by political uncertainty and mixed feelings about the King's apparent intrusion in political life. After the most recent coup, he was so upset that he delayed the signing of the interim constitution for several days, and further expressed his disapproval by wearing an ordinary business suit instead of a royal uniform to an important public reception. He is now said to have accepted Kriangsak, but the appointment of Thanin to the Privy Council, at the Queen's urging, was regarded by Kriangsak and other generals as something of an insult to them. It is hard to judge the true significance of all this, but in a volatile country like Thailand, at a time when the nation already has more than its share of troubles and challenges, the added factor of a weakened monarchy subjected to internal struggles and rivalries certainly isn't making Kriangsak's task any easier.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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Scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., after analyzing recent radar images, reported last week evidence that Venus bears some surface similarities to earth and other similarities to the moon, Mercury and Mrs.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

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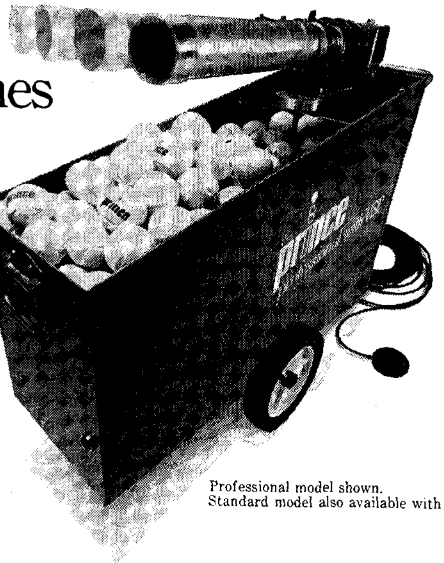

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bottled Horse

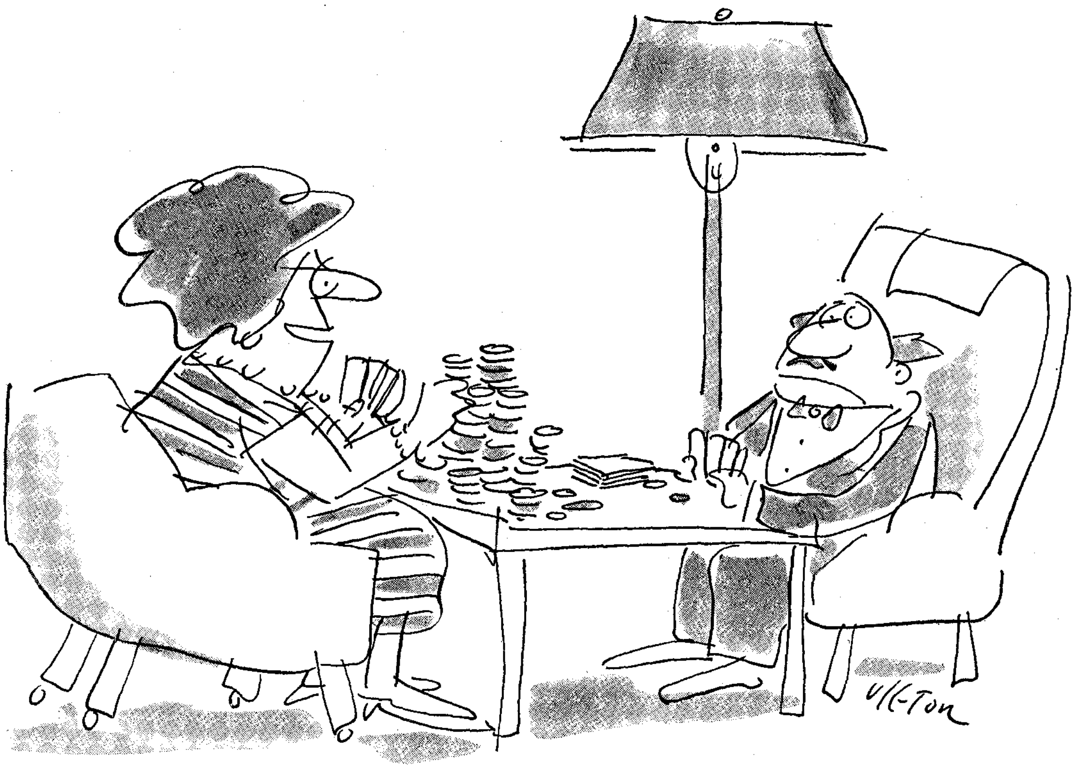
NOT for nothing did Elizabeth Arden's promotion department use the name Blue Grass for one of the best-selling Arden scents, evoking horse-raising country, and not for nothing is the perfume marketed in a bottle with a small leaping horse molded in the glass. The appeal of horses to women and girl children is well known to salespeople, though the reason seems to be arcane. What is it that they fall for? What sort of human liberty does a horse promise? What untold pleasure is there in saddle-soaping tack? Perhaps these are questions only Freud could have answered. In the meantime, as further evidence of the appeal, there is the presence in our midst of "International Velvet," written, produced, and directed by Bryan Forbes, the Englishman who made, among other pictures, "Séance on a Wet Afternoon," "The L-Shaped Room," and "Whistle Down the Wind." His new film is the first M-G-M production in England in six years.

"International Velvet" is bottled horse. Women and girls will flock. Practically everyone knows of its antecedent, Clarence Brown's "National Velvet," taken from the Enid Bagnold novel, with the child Elizabeth Taylor playing a girl who masquerades as a boy jockey and wins the Grand National Steeplechase with the help of Mickey Rooney as a sort of pony-minded valet. The picture was released in 1944, but there was no mention of the war. "International Velvet" is just as crafty as its predecessor, cunningly made to subdue worries. Anglo-American divisions are coped with by having the heir to the English figure of Velvet played by the American Tatum O'Neal. She is cast as a girl named Sarah Brown, a peanut-butter-and-jelly-eating orphan who comes to England to live, arriving over white cliffs, as of the white cliffs of Dover (this film is nothing if not trite). She sulks at being taken to a village school at which her adoptive aunt (Nanette Newman) has made what seem to be rather skimpy arrangements to accommodate her. Nanette Newman is supposed to be the now aging Velvet, "forty years old and still drifting." Velvet, as we know, won the Grand National but couldn't keep the prize, because she was a girl. Her orphaned adoptee (who runs away once in semi-earnest—from the adolescent semi-earnest need to be sought—and once to ride her aunt's horse) wants to do something else. Luckily, the something is also more what is called "bankable": something international. This American girl—British-born, as it conveniently happens—wants to ride for England in the Olympic Games. Nothing insular about "International Velvet," in contrast to its Enid Bagnold begetter, which instinctively made the right aesthetic choice: to be as local—and so as widely recognizable—as possible. Just as "International Velvet" substitutes multilingual Olympics for the English Grand National, so it gives us Nanette Newman, who is English born and bred, as the grown-up version of the child played by the Americanized Elizabeth Taylor. The "drifting" Velvet is now living with a writer character supposed to be English but played by Christopher Plummer, who is Canadian. Driftingness is supplied by the fact that she is not married to him. Christopher Plummer explains to the Velvet character that he's "got a hangup" about marriage. But it isn't as if there weren't a scene of very married-looking domesticity that would make any true heir of Velvet want to dump the cereal over her adopter's head: a scene in which there is a lot of breakfast, with the Christopher Plummer character trying to make good Anglo-American conversation, just as he tries later on to be sickeningly tactful about peanut butter and about the thing that the English call jam, not jelly. There is more than a hint of leaning over backward to be nice to America in this film—to American film audiences, but most of all to American film financing—especially in the scene in which the grumpily Anglicized Sarah Brown comes home with a British-team gold medal and an American Olympic rider husband. She had announced by telegram to Velvet that she was going to marry him. So that is how transatlantic differences are soothed.

And how are feminists soothed? By the film's statement of the fact that the three-day equestrian event in the Olympics is one of the few places where gender makes no difference. How unlike the Grand National of the film of 1944, when Elizabeth Taylor had to cut her hair and pretend to be a boy.

And how are animal lovers soothed? By having a horse that goes berserk on a transatlantic flight killed out of camera view, even though it is put to death by pistol.

And how are flying-worriers soothed? That is a question the film doesn't altogether deal with. The horse that is



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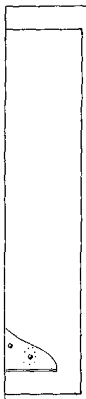

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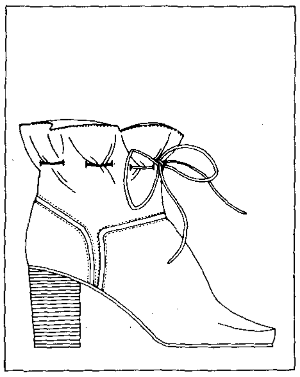

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killed in midair, during what is euphemistically called "turbulence," dies for the obvious, again convenient reason that the radar failed, so the pilot couldn't avoid the turbulence. Cancel all flight bookings and go by sea or road.

"FACES OF LOVE"—the English title of a Swiss film originally called "Repérages," meaning "reconnaissance"—made by Michel Soutter, is about a film of Chekhov's "The Three Sisters" which is being planned in Bex, Switzerland. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the would-be director of the film-within-the-film, but his sloth in the picture is not Chekhovian. Chekhov had nerve and pluck and no inertia; otherwise, we should never have had his plays and stories. But heaven knows where the Trintignant character wants to go. Certainly not to Moscow. The three sisters are to be played by, as Olga, Delphine Seyrig, supposedly once married to the director; as Masha, Lea Massari, cast as a celibate Italian actress assumed—wrongly—to be full of the energy that an international co-production would ask; and Valérie Mairesse, as Irina, whose youthfulness fascinates her elders and reminds them of their own passing. The film abounds in other countries' dreams of what it was like to be pre-Soviet Russian. It is littered with shots of people staring into the distance, full of unspoken thoughts. One can only take it that this is what people suppose to be Chekhovian. It is the usual thing for non-Russians to see Chekhov as representing dubiety. Typical that the picture should be set in Switzerland, the country of neutralism. The mild, kindly, unaligned locale makes it seem axiomatic that the characterizing shot of the film should be one of people talking at right angles to each other. What is this about, when the people in Chekhov always face each other, even if they are talking about something quite askew, like a reiterative question of valerian drops or pickled cucumber? One misses in the film the respect for brain that Chekhov had, and the brain that he had himself. Save us. Oh, the paucity of ideas in most of the pieces drawn from Chekhov, and the plenitude in his own works.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

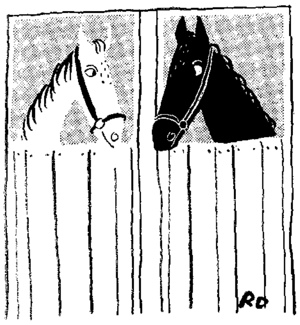
According to a spokesman for District Attorney John J. Santucci of Queens, Mr. Wright and an alleged accomplice, Roosevelt Simmons, a 23-year-old Memphis man, were arreshted Sunday, a day after they held up a liquor shtore at 41-38 Main Street in Flushing.—*The Times.*

No vivid writing, please.

THE RACE TRACK

Goodbye, Forego

STATISTICIANS at the *Daily Racing Form* report that attendance at thirty-four tracks on the four-day Independence holiday tallied 1,110,965 and that patrons bet $120,470,880. A lovely dollar. Hollywood Park led the list, with a gate for the four days of 132,908 and a handle of $19,842,898. Belmont Park was second, with 130,118 and $15,294,355. Chicago's Arlington Park, which has no racing on Sundays, was third, with 59,888 and $6,990,674. It will be interesting to see the effect when New York State reduces its share of the mutuel take from seventeen to fourteen per cent. High rollers—if there are any of them around these days—know the difference three per cent makes in betting. The Governor has not said when he will sign the bill legalizing the change. He'll probably do it with a flourish at Saratoga next month.



"THE horses I bet on can't run in mud." That line from a half-remembered race-track blues came to me during the running of the ninety-second Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park on the Fourth of July. It was won by Paul Mellon's Upper Nile, and Forego finished fifth. Despite cool, wet weather, more than thirty-three thousand horseplayers filled the stand and the paddock to see the Big Fellow make his bid to become the world's leading money-winner. Six ran in the famous old gallop, at a mile and a quarter. At the break, Nearly on Time, the speed horse, set the pace. He stepped the first quarter in 0:24⅘, the half in 0:48⅗, six furlongs in 1:12⅗, the mile in 1:37, and was all out at the end to beat Great Contractor for the place. Family Doctor was fourth, seven lengths ahead of Forego. Upper Nile's time was 2:01⅘. Cox's Ridge was last.

Forego's fans, standing three-deep around the walking ring, cheered him lustily as he passed. But, as luck would have it, rain changed the fast track to a sloppy one—which he does not like—and Frank Whiteley, his trainer, seriously considered scratching him. However, after talking things over with Shoemaker, who rides Forego, Whiteley decided to take a chance, for the going was still firm. When it was all over, Shoemaker said, "It just wasn't Forego's day. He didn't move as he usually does, and I knew when we went around the far turn we were going to get nothing." Second-guessers, of whom there are always plenty, thought that Whiteley should have scratched the old warrior and run him in the Brooklyn Handicap at Belmont on July 22nd, a race he had won three times in succession. Forego will not run in the Brooklyn, however. Early last week, Mrs. Martha Gerry, who owns him, retired him from racing. "The horse has been good to us," she said, "and it is time for us to be good to him." In the years he has carried her colors, the big eight-year-old bay gelding by Forli out of Lady Golconda, by Hasty Road, has dominated American racing. Voted Horse of the Year in 1974, 1975, and 1976, and Best Older Horse in 1977, he has earned $1,938,957, winning thirty-four races in fifty-seven starts. He was bred in Kentucky and grew up there, and Mrs. Gerry says he will spend the rest of his days on a Kentucky farm.

ON Saturday of the holiday weekend, Randolph Weinsier's sturdy dark bay Lakeville Miss—awarded top weight of 119 pounds among last season's two-year-old fillies in the Experimental Free Handicap—rolled home six lengths ahead of Caesar's Wish in the $105,900 Coaching Club American Oaks, the climax of the N.Y.R.A.'s Triple Crown for three-year-old fillies, at a mile and a half. Darby Dan's Tempest Queen was third and Newstead Farm's White Star Line fourth. That started off the spate of holiday events. It was the old story of speed versus stamina, and Lakeville Miss had the stamina. Caesar's Wish went off the even-money favorite, for she had beaten Lakeville Miss in the Mother Goose Stakes, at a mile and a furlong, the second leg in the fillies' Triple Crown. The riding orders of Jose Martin to Hernandez, who rode Lakeville Miss, were to keep back of Caesar's Wish till half a mile from home, then let her run. That's what Hernandez did. Which reminds me of the orders Father Bill Daly, the famous old Sheepshead Bay trainer who made so many good jockeys, gave to an apprentice riding in a race against James R. Keene's unbeaten Colin: "Lay with him to the head of the stretch, then come away."

IT came as no surprise that Braulio Baeza, the leading jockey hereabouts for years, is hanging up his tack and becoming a trainer. For a long time, Baeza has been riding fewer and fewer mounts, and it was only a question of when he would make the change. After apprenticing for a while with another trainer, he will have his own public stable.

THE Dwyer Stakes, famous for the 1920 race between Man o' War and John P. Grier, and now called the Dwyer Handicap and transferred from Aqueduct to Belmont, brought out only three starters the Saturday before last. It was won by Junction, who survived a claim of foul by Velasquez.

FARTHER afield, Effervescing, for whom Mel Hatley and Albert Yank gave $1,500,000 last year, won the $110,500 American Handicap at Hollywood Park on the Fourth of July. Ridden by Pincay, he led for most of the mile and a furlong to win by three and a half lengths from Diagramatic, with April Axe third. Eight ran, and Effervescing's share of the purse, $65,500, brought his earnings to $387,620.

At Arlington Park, the fiftieth running of the Stars and Stripes Handicap on the Fourth went to Old Frankfort. At Ak-Sar-Ben, in Omaha, there was a race for two-year-olds as the holiday feature. The Juvenile, which brought out ten runners, was won by Run the Flag, and it was the first added-money triumph for the bay colt.

LATE BLOOMER, the Greentree Stable's steadily improving filly by Stage Door Johnny, and winner of her last three starts, beat Reginald Webster's stakes-winner Pearl Necklace by a neck in the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, over turf, in the main event on the card at Belmont Park last Saturday. "She just seemed to explode," said Velasquez, who rode her, explaining her burst of speed in the stretch. Three days earlier, there was another mild surprise at Belmont when Calumet Farm's Tim the Tiger—how's that for a name for a runner?—won the Juvenile Stakes by almost four lengths from Breezing On. —AUDAX MINOR

JAZZ

Three in One

THE speed at which jazz has developed in the past fifty years has produced a sizable number of reactionaries, both among its musicians and among their audiences. These laggards, their heads spinning from the music's constant "progress," have seized on the past simply to keep their balance. When swing reached its climax in the early forties, they were still digging King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton and Kid Ory; when bebop crystallized in the late forties, they were worshipping Roy Eldridge and Art Tatum; and when Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane took hold in the mid-sixties, they found balm with the Modern Jazz Quartet and Bill Evans. These attempts at retardation give private comfort but have little effect on the march of the music. Each revolution is deemed an improvement ("free" improvisation and improvisation on modes or motifs are currently replacing improvisation on chords, which long ago superseded melodic improvisation and embellishment), and old styles, apparently spent, are steadily cast aside. But in 1940 a group of musicians attempted to re-create the music of Oliver and Morton, which had vanished into the past with what seemed undue haste. This repertory movement persisted and then broadened, and five years ago it became endemic. One can now hear reproductions of almost every band of consequence between 1920 and 1945. But it is altogether different when an unpremeditated anachronism like Scott Hamilton appears. A tenor saxophonist, Hamilton came down to New York two years ago from Providence, where he was born in 1954, and it was as if Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster and Lester Young had returned in one. Hamilton's big, startling tone was that of Hawkins and Webster, and his attack and phrasing incorporated Hawkins-Webster and Lester Young, as well as Young's admirer Flip Phillips. But he was not a copyist; the accidents of his upbringing had largely given him his style. It was also clear that he was a good musician, that he was inventive and eloquent, and that his soaring improvisations would move down his own paths as soon as he was ready to knock away the molds he had borrowed.

Hamilton is of medium height and shape and, given two or three more inches, could pass as the young Bix Beiderbecke. The tops of his ears fan out, and he wears a small mustache. His brown eyes turn down at their outer corners and are set wide apart. His hair is thick and dark and divided down the middle. He talks about himself easily, and without pose or apology.

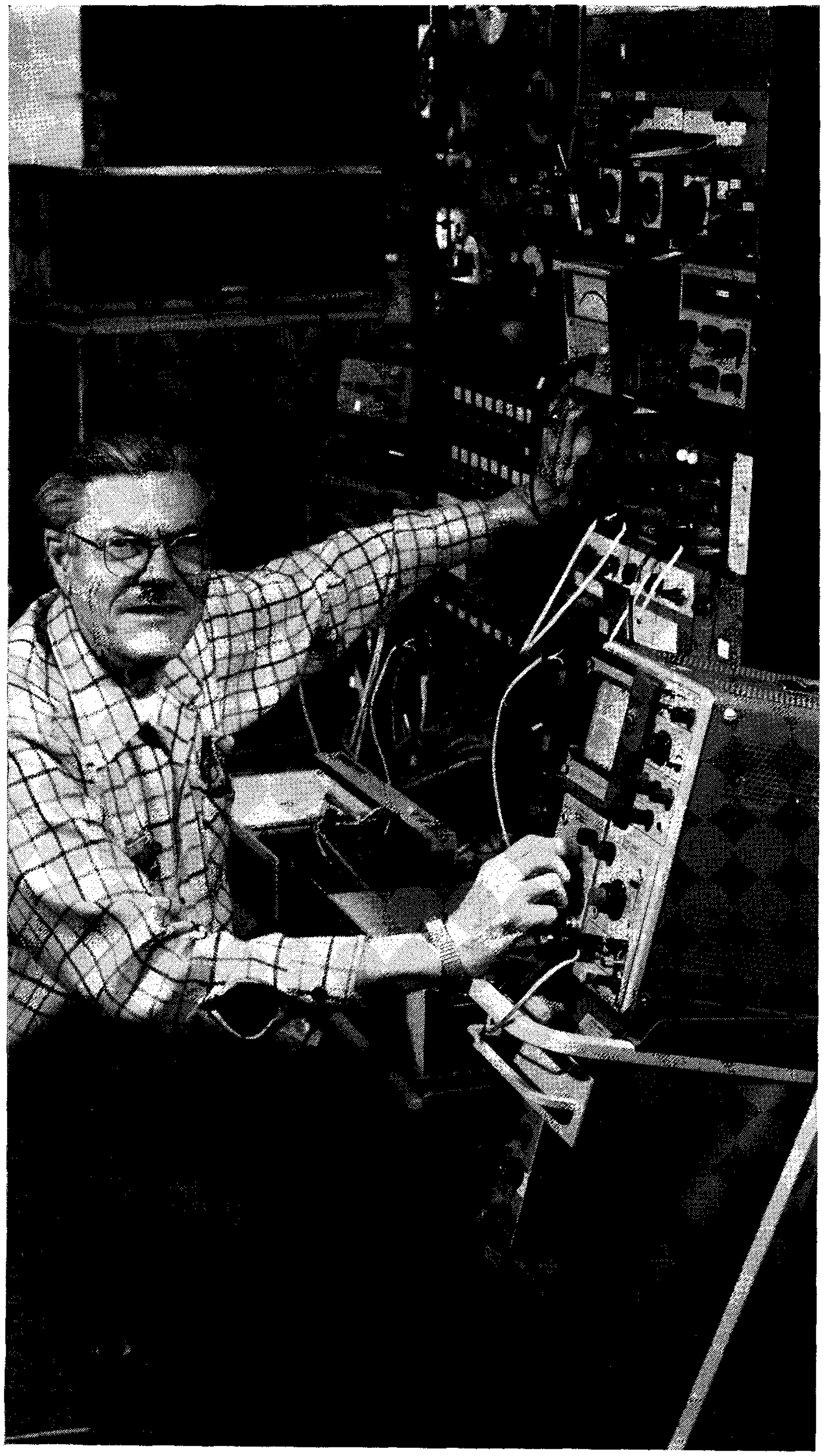
"My father, whose name is Robert, is a painter who teaches at the Rhode Island School of Design," he said the other day. "In two years, he'll be sixty-five and can retire, and I don't know what will happen. Now he paints a thousand pictures and puts them in closets, and then, to make room for new paintings, he has a burning, which he did in a field in Maine a while ago. He's had shows in Boston and some critical success, but he's apprehensive about New York. I think he likes being a big fish in a small pond. He's short, and he's got a beard and a sense of humor, and we get along fine. My mother is younger, and she's an artist, too—mostly in fabrics. And I have a younger sister who's at R.I.S.D. I don't know what she does, and when I see her I always forget to ask.

"I took piano lessons when I was five, but that didn't last, and when I was eight I studied clarinet, which didn't last, either. I played harmonica professionally with local blues groups at fourteen, and I didn't take up the tenor until I was seventeen and in my last year in high school. My clarinet background helped, and I had listened to jazz records since I was nine or ten. My father had a lot of 78s, and we split his collection. Half were in my room and half in his studio. When I was eleven, I listened to the Beatles, but then I went back to jazz and listened to Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. Unfortunately, I missed seeing them all. Hawkins played in Providence once near the end of his life, when I was thirteen or fourteen, but I didn't get there, and, of course, Webster went to Europe in the mid-sixties, and Lester died when I was four. Just to have got a little piece of any of them would have been enough. I started playing tenor with a blues band that had a Muddy Waters singer. I sounded terrible, but I knew the notes, and it was the best training just to jump in and play. In a while, I worked with organ trios in black Elks clubs in and around Providence, and I worked a place in Cambridge where they packed guns and stayed open until ten in the morning. Then I formed a group with a guitarist named Fred Bates—the Hamilton-Bates Blue Flames. We had a bass player and the drummer Chuck Riggs, who's with me now. We drove an old Ford van, which wobbled all over the highway, and we went up and down New England—Vermont and New Hampshire in winter, and Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard and Block Island in summer. No one wanted a jazz band then. The people who hired us thought *everybody* was a rock group, and when we started playing they were surprised. But they didn't throw anything at us, and,

VERY VERY CONCERNED CITIZEN

Bernard Schoenbaum

LISTEN.



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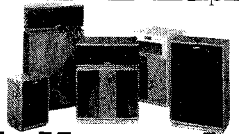

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one way or another, we made a living. Block Island was where I met Arnett Cobb, the great Texas tenor player. He'd driven two thousand miles from Houston because he'd been told that Block Island was the Las Vegas of the East, and he didn't know what to make of it when he got there—no laundromat, so he had to wash his clothes in the sink; not enough electric power to run the organ he'd brought; and an out-of-tune piano. But he got through it, and he let me sit in all the time. Fred Bates married and Chris Flory came in on guitar, and we still work together a lot. I think I decided to move to New York when they raised my rent in Providence to twenty dollars a week. I'd played with Roy Eldridge in Boston, and he encouraged me in every way. In fact, I'd be nowhere without him. The first job I had here was a Tuesday night with the house band at Eddie Condon's. Right after, I went into Michael's Pub for six weeks with Billy Butterfield, and on the basis of that I figured I could make it. I've worked steadily since, and for a guy who just walked in I've been lucky. A lot of gigs have been on the road, but I don't mind. Hotel rooms are beginning to feel more like home than the place I have on West Fifty-fifth Street, which is practically bare.

"As opposed to some musicians, I have poor concentration. When I play, I try to relax and *not* think. My best ideas come out of a blank, out of an abstraction. Roy Eldridge says when he plays he tries to imagine he's inside a bubble, and I like that. Some musicians see chords and colors and all sorts of images in their heads when they improvise, but I have no bent toward such things. I work in terms of chords. I have a good harmonic ear, but I have to struggle to remember melodies. I learn a new ballad by putting on a Frank Sinatra or Tony Bennett record. My tone goes on and off, but it's more automatic now than it was two years ago. I figure that what's going to happen to my style will happen without me, so I'm just letting my playing take place. I can feel it changing from month to month. It's more original than when I first came to New York. Maybe within five years I'll be able to tell it's me when I listen to one of my records."

HAMILTON'S style comes in two parts. At fast tempos, he often recalls Flip Phillips. Despite his demurrers, he makes the melody float when he states it. He does this by skimming the written notes in such a way that the melody seems to create itself. He plays softly, and he uses a short, gentle vibrato. When he improvises, he alternates long notes with tight, turning, Paul Gonsalves runs. He indulges in occasional high notes and booting honks, but he never falters. His facility is seamless. At slow tempos, Ben Webster comes to the fore. His vibrato widens, his tone thickens, silences appear, and he recaptures Webster's great hymnlike power. His sumptuous sound surrounds the ear. All this is superbly clear at Crawdaddy, where Hamilton, together with Dick Katz on piano and Chuck Riggs on drums, will be through July. He has a good repertory, and two sets went like this the other night: a medium "The Very Thought of You," a slightly faster "What Is This Thing Called Love?," a medium "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." He did a very fast "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing," a slow "Don't Blame Me," a medium "It's You or No One," and a fast "The Man I Love." The singer Barbara Lea sat in with great effect on "The Lady Is a Tramp" and "Someone to Watch Over Me," and Hamilton continued with a medium "Broadway," a very slow "Lotus Blossom," and a sailing "Limehouse Blues." John Bunch was standing in for Katz that night, and splendidly, and Riggs stayed largely with his wire brushes, which he uses with precision. (He should perhaps study Sid Catlett's way of invincibly *padding* along on the snare drum with brushes.)

Hawkins and Webster and Young were gone or moved away or were worn out too soon, and Hamilton is a superior replenishing presence. More important, he is an antidote, a corrective, to the flat, hard, toneless way of playing the tenor saxophone that has been fashionable for almost twenty years. Hamilton has studied John Coltrane and his followers, and they puzzle him. He doesn't understand why you can't play as far out as you please and play with a good, proper, rich saxophone sound, and he's right.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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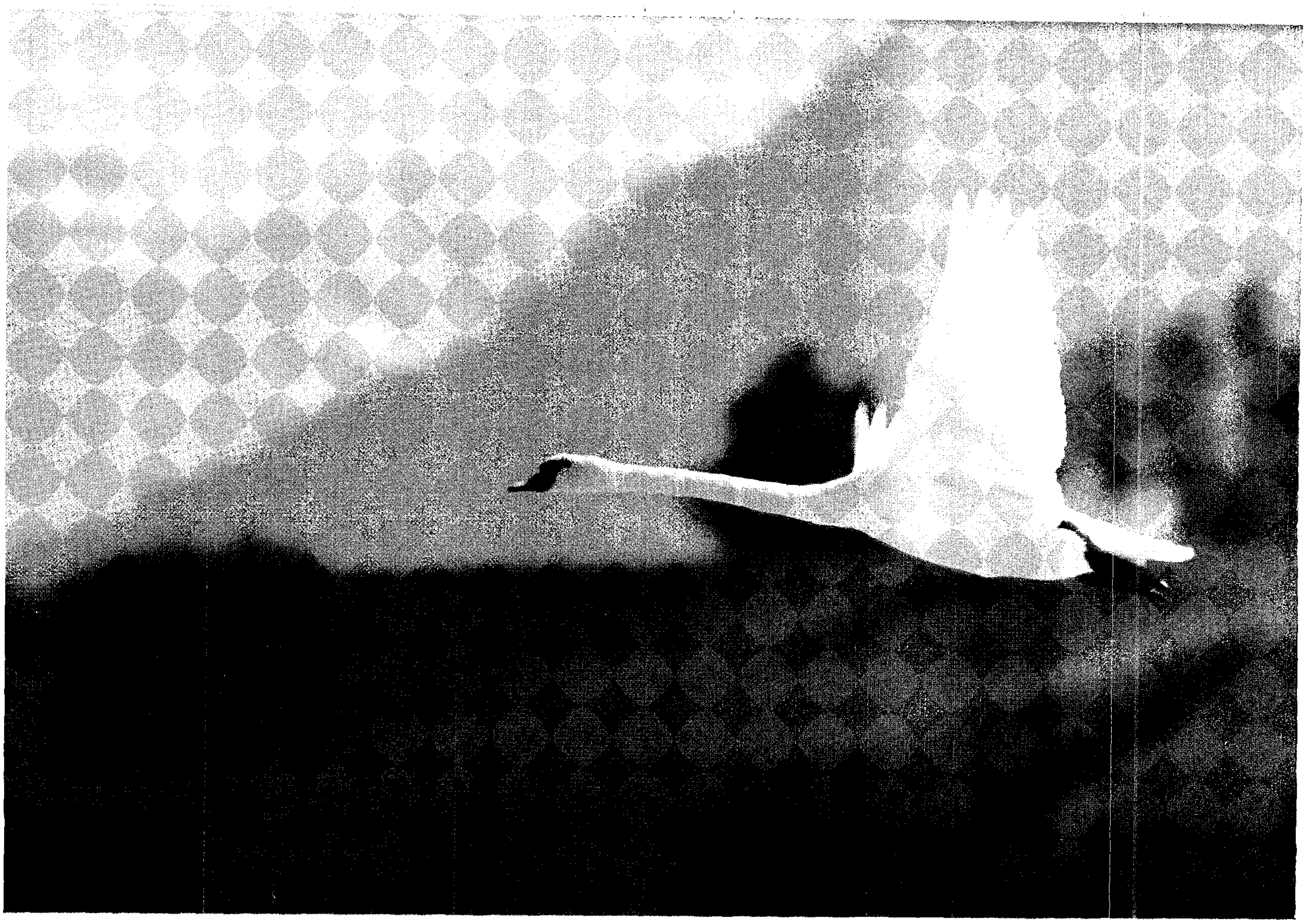

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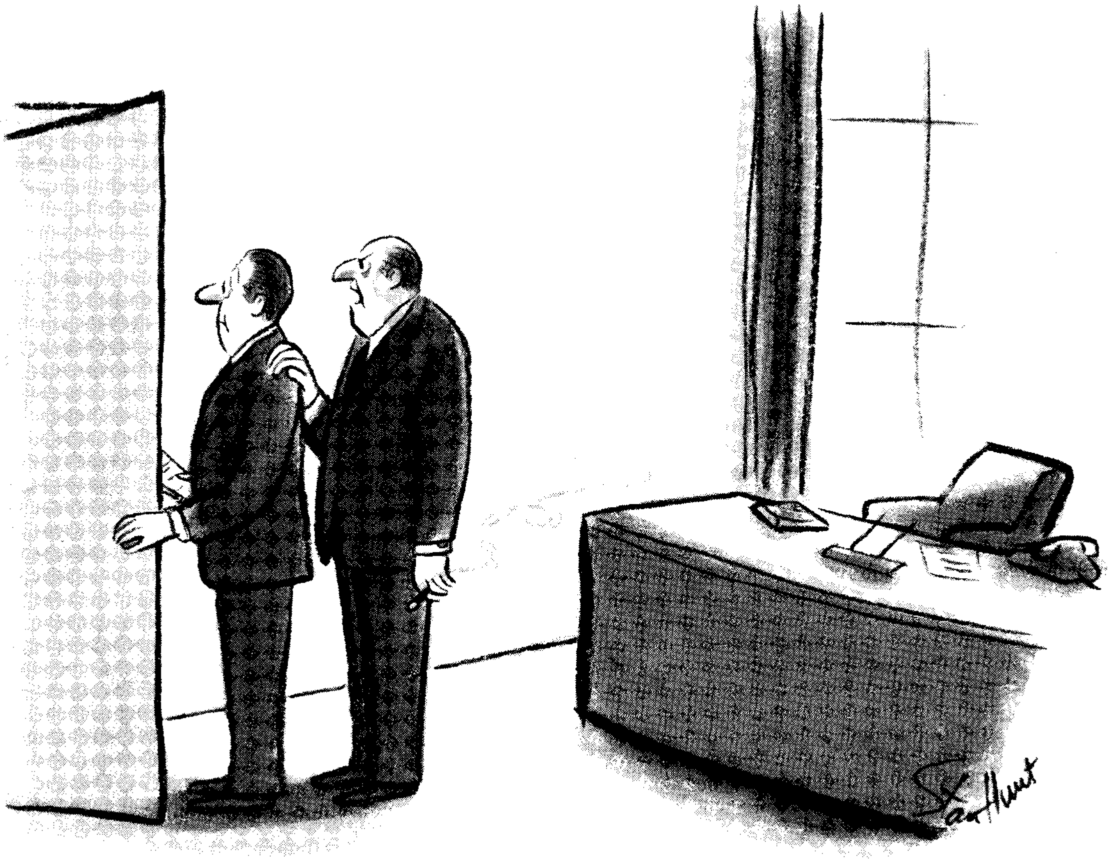
FAMILY PROBLEMS

Hank Piasecny, like a lot of people in Manchester, worked his way up from the mills. The banks of the Merrimack River, which cuts right through Manchester, are still lined with the massive old red brick buildings that once drew people like Hank Piasecny's parents from Poland and his wife's parents from French Quebec and thousands of other people from Ireland or from the rocky farms of upper New England. The buildings on the banks of the Merrimack were once filled with shoe factories and foundries and the Amoskeag Mills—a textile operation that employed more than twenty thousand people before it went under in the thirties. Hank Piasecny, one of seven children of a shoe-factory worker, started working in a shoe factory himself at fourteen. When he came home from the Second World War, he opened a corner grocery store, and then a filling station that later branched out into hunting and fishing equipment. He was a hard worker, and he was fortunate enough to acquire the New England distributorship for Arkansas Traveler boats at about the time the aluminum-boat market was beginning to expand. By the early sixties, he was the proprietor of a thriving sporting-goods store called Hank's Sport Center. He sponsored a Golden Gloves team that included his own son, Terry, as one of its stars. He had an attractive wife and a teen-age daughter who seemed to be talented at anything she turned to. He often joined his customers on deer-hunting trips, and people who discussed his skill as a hunter sometimes said, "Where he goes, the deer follow." In the southern part of New Hampshire, public officials who were also outdoorsmen were likely to be friends of Hank Piasecny. He was an outgoing, rough-talking man—known to have a temper that could transform rough talk suddenly into violence. "He'd give you any damn thing he had," a close friend of Piasecny during that period has said. "But he didn't mind having a fight—I'll tell you."

One person Piasecny didn't mind fighting with was his wife, Doris. Apparently, the Piasecny marriage was violent from the beginning. Doris Piasecny, who worked as a secretary in downtown Manchester, had grown up in a miserable river-bottom neighborhood known as Skeag Village. She had a longing for material objects that strained Piasecny's income and his temper. At one time, the family owned three Cadillacs. Hank Piasecny was ferociously jealous. He drank a lot. His wife took a lot of pills. Terry Piasecny remembers from childhood that when his father's spirits were high—particularly in a hunting camp in the St. John River valley, in Maine—"you could really be on the top of the world with him." More often, his spirits were low. Arguments between him and Doris would build up to the point at which their daughter, Susan, suddenly burst out of the house to call for help. The Manchester police came out regularly to calm Piasecny down. At least once, he was convicted of assaulting his wife. "I used to hope that one of them would die," Susan Piasecny said later. "So it would all end."

In 1963, after some separations and some false starts toward divorce and some contempt citations against Piasecny for violating a court order barring him from the house, Doris Piasecny was finally granted a divorce. She got the house and most of the possessions. He set up housekeeping in the back of Hank's Sport Center. Terry, who had married young, had been away from home for some time. Susan was in her second year at Colby College. Although Hank Piasecny had seemed unwilling to accept the divorce, he and his wife seemed to get along better divorced than married. She even went out with him occasionally. She also went out with other people. One night, around Christmas of 1963, she invited some people who had been drinking at a bar called the Venice Room back to the house for a nightcap. Among them was a bachelor named John Betley—a prominent Manchester architect who, after leaving his house late that evening to garage his car, had decided to drop in to the Venice Room for a drink. Eventually, the gathering at Doris Piasecny's house began to break up. John Betley and Doris Piasecny were left alone in the house. Not long after that, Hank Piasecny emerged from his hiding place, a kitchen knife in his hand. He killed them both. He stabbed John Betley thirteen



"You see, it's not enough just to be eager to please, Swanson. One must please."

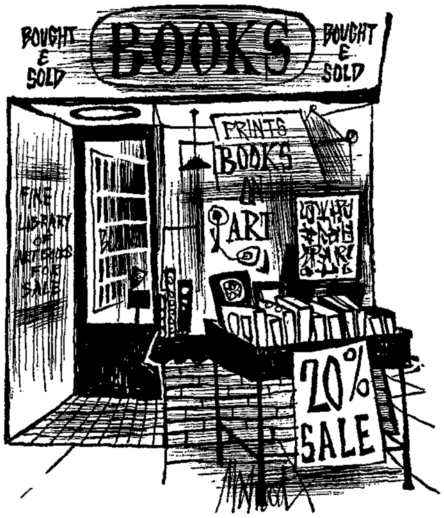
times. He stabbed Doris Piasecny eleven times.

IN New Hampshire the legal definition of insanity is rather broad. To accept a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity, a judge or jury need not be persuaded that the defendant was unable to distinguish between right and wrong but merely that his crime was the product of mental illness. A couple of hours after the murders, Hank Piasecny was found in the back of Hank's Sport Center, having smashed his truck into a turnpike guardrail nearby. He was drunk and raving and holding a deer rifle that he managed to fire once before passing out. He was later examined by a prominent Boston psychiatrist hired by the defense. He was examined by psychiatrists acting for the state. It was agreed that Hank Piasecny was legally insane—a paranoid schizophrenic. "Mr. Piasecny has always been a rather seriously disturbed person with masochistic, passive, dependent, narcissistic trends," one of the state's psychiatrists said. "Often he has very effectively repressed realities which were incompatible with his deep need to be recognized as a real man by his wife and a substantial person by the community."

The state accepted Hank Piasecny's plea, and he was committed to the New Hampshire Hospital at Concord—"for life until or unless earlier discharged, released or transferred by due course of law." The state attorney general's office, which handles all murder prosecutions in New Hampshire, could argue that, the state's own psychiatrists having found Piasecny insane, bringing him to trial instead of accepting the plea would have been fruitless. The suspicion lingered in Manchester, though, that Piasecny had escaped the penitentiary or the electric chair for reasons having nothing to do with psychiatry. Rumors had circulated about the murders from the beginning. Although John Betley and Doris Piasecny were found fully clothed, there were people in Manchester who insisted the bodies were nude and mutilated. It was said that the party at Doris Piasecny's that night had included an important judge, or perhaps more than one judge. It was said that Hank Piasecny's plea of insanity had been accepted because of a coverup, or because of influence exerted by some of his old hunting buddies. There were a lot of people in Manchester who thought that Hank Piasecny had managed to get away with murder.

After spending a year in a maximum-security section of the hospital, Piasecny settled into a relatively comfortable life in Concord. His brothers and sister, who were trying to maintain his shop for him, visited regularly. Terry brought the grandchildren. Piasecny's children had apparently chosen to believe that he had no idea what he was doing when he stabbed their mother and John Betley; some of his brothers had apparently chosen to believe that he may not have committed the crime at all. The hospital has a pitch-and-putt golf course, and Piasecny spent a lot of time on it. Except for some problems early in his stay with an inmate named John McGrath, who had been committed after killing several members of his own family, Piasecny seemed to have adjusted relatively well to institutional life. Two years after he was committed, his lawyer petitioned for his release, arguing that he was no longer a danger to himself or others.

One of the state-hospital psychiatrists had some reservations about approving the release. His report said, "I cannot in all good conscience in any way state that the patient represents no further risk to the community whatsoever." In general, though, the psychiatrists agreed that Hank Piasecny, surely insane at the time of the murders, had recovered to the point of being able to live in his own community with the aid of some regular psychiatric care. The state attorney general's office opposed even a gradual release. John Betley's sister wrote the judge in the case a bitter letter, hinting that Piasecny had been protected from the start and expressing outrage that the court could sanction the release of "such an evil person." When the release was indeed sanctioned, the attorney general appealed to the state supreme court—unsuccessfully. On August 6, 1966, just two and a half years after stabbing to death his wife and John Betley, Hank Piasecny returned to Manchester, a free man.



THE life Piasecny settled into seemed to be calmer than the one he had left. After a couple of years, an entrance for the interstate sliced through the property of Hank's Sport Center, and Piasecny did not attempt to find a new location. He went to work for the boat store run by Arthur Pellenz, a friendly competitor from earlier times. The three-Cadillac days were over for Piasecny, but he seemed to get by with a simpler life. When Terry moved his family to a small house on a river an hour north of Manchester, Hank Piasecny became a regular Sunday visitor—fly-fishing in the river, taking Terry's eldest son into the woods for his first buck in the same way he had taken Terry. Even without three Cadillacs, he was still a man who might show up at the wake of a prominent citizen, and at Pellenz's boat store he was still a man who spoke bluntly. But "peaceful" was a word sometimes used about the life Piasecny led in Manchester—except when it came to his relationship with his daughter.

It is often said in Manchester that Susan Piasecny was a talented and remarkably intelligent girl who simply never recovered from the shock of her mother's murder. In high school, she did seem to be the sort of daughter who would make any father proud—a fine-looking girl who seemed to have a natural gift for music and art and athletics and scholarship. She was an honor student. She was a good enough athlete to teach skiing and riding and golf. Even before that day in 1963 when the Colby dean met her after class to tell her there was trouble at home, though, there had been episodes that would have surprised anyone in Manchester who took Susan Piasecny to be a model of achievement. When she was fourteen, she arrived home hours late from a babysitting job and reported having been abducted—a story the police eventually decided she might have made up. When she was sixteen, she was taken to a hospital in Nashua, temporarily unable to speak. After her mother's death, she was a patient in a Massachusetts mental hospital for several weeks. She left Colby, and left another college after that. Still, she eventually finished college, got married, and, in the fall of 1967, entered the medical school of the University of Vermont.

After two starts, she withdrew from medical school for good. Her marriage was deteriorating. Depressions had forced her to seek help again at mental hospitals. Shortly after her marriage broke up, she was found unconscious in a small New Hampshire town, apparently having been beaten or tossed from a car. She implied that her husband had hired thugs to beat her up. The Manchester police were not convinced. The incident reminded them of the babysitting abduction. It also reminded them of the reports years before that a local golfer who had become involved with Susan when she was a teen-ager had been beaten up by friends of Hank Piasecny. In 1970, Susan Piasecny entered the New Hampshire Hospital at Concord, depressed and suicidal. She remained there for three years. Shortly after her release, she married a fellow-patient named Edward Hughes. Shortly after that, it was reported that Edward Hughes had walked into the bathroom of their apartment, slit his throat with a Gillette razor blade, and walked back into the living room to die in the presence of his wife.

After her second husband's death, Susan Hughes worked now and then at one nursing home or another, but her life seemed dominated by pills and bad checks and petty brushes with the law and fights with her father. They tried living together for a while—renting the small brick bungalow Terry had left when he moved away—but they finally had to split up. Living in the same house with his daughter, Hank Piasecny apparently started seeing in her the mannerisms that had angered him about his wife. In his anger, he may have sometimes called her Doris instead of Susan. After Susan moved out, there were periods when her father swore he wanted nothing more to do with her. She was regularly in trouble—forging prescriptions for pills or stealing from friends or bouncing checks. The girl who had once seemed capable of doing anything she chose to do was considered by her uncles and her aunts and even her own father a persistent disgrace to the Piasecny name. In June of 1977, Hank Piasecny and his daughter had a violent argument—he may have hit her or shoved her or shaken her—and he said he never wanted to see her or hear from her again.

On the Friday before last Labor Day weekend, Susan Hughes's name appeared in the court column of the Manchester *Union Leader*. The item said, "Sue E. Piasecny, 35, of 367 Hanover St., also known as Susan Hughes, entered no plea to two counts of

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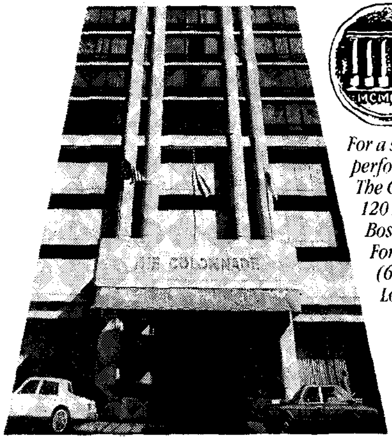

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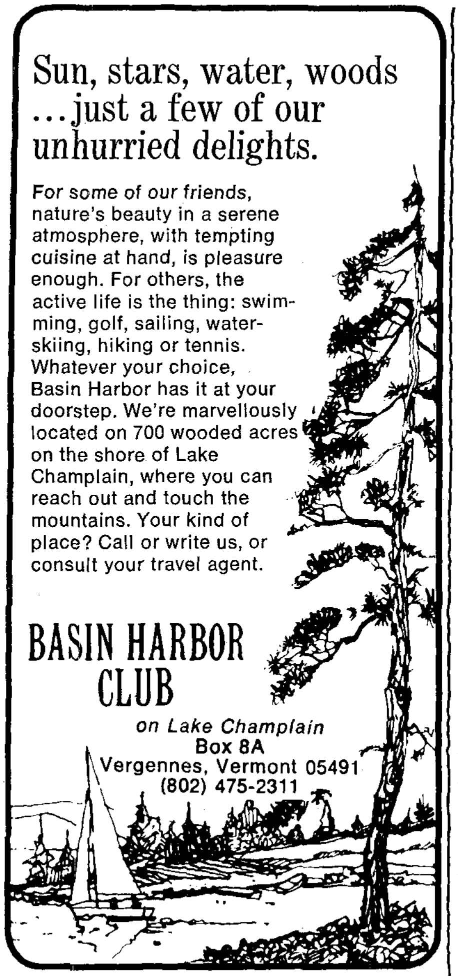
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forgery, both felony complaints." She telephoned the reporter responsible, demanding to know why he had included her maiden name—a mention, she said, that was likely to drive her father to distraction, or violence. That night, she told some friends visiting her apartment that she feared her father might kill her because of his belief that she had dragged the family name through the mud once again. She showed them a knife she intended to use to defend herself. She showed them newspaper clippings about her mother's murder.

Early the next morning—Saturday of Labor Day weekend—the police went to Hank Piasecny's house. Susan Hughes had phoned to say that her father was so distraught she was afraid he might harm himself. They found Piasecny lying face down in the hallway. Half of his head had been blown off. A shotgun was at his side. The headline in the next day's *Union Leader* said, "HENRY (HANK) PIASECNY SHOOTS HIMSELF DEAD." The lead-in headline said, "CHARGED IN '63 SLAYINGS." Most people in Manchester figured that the guilt had finally caught up with Hank Piasecny—that he hadn't got away with murder after all. One or two of his brothers were said to believe that Hank Piasecny's daughter had driven him to his death. Susan Hughes herself had another theory: she said her father had been murdered.

SHE did not stop at merely offering the theory. She called the county attorney. She hounded the police. She suggested some suspects—John McGrath, for instance, the murderer at the state hospital, who had escaped several years before. Once, she pounded on the door of the police chief's office, shouting that her father had been murdered but no one would do anything about it. The police were unimpressed. Susan Hughes, after all, had come in with some wild tales in the past. Finally, three and a half weeks after Hank Piasecny died, his daughter, claiming reasonable ground to suspect that he had met his death by unlawful means, petitioned the superior court for a warrant to have the body disinterred and an autopsy performed. The petition made a claim that Susan Hughes had often made to the police—that there was a second bullet hole in her father's body. "In the early morning of September 5, 1977," the petition said, "Susan E. Hughes went to the funeral home and examined the body of her father, observing a puncture wound in the left chest which she was able to probe to a depth of 2½ to 3 inches." The petition was granted. The autopsy was performed. A hole was found on the left side of Hank Piasecny's chest. A .22 slug was found in his body.

WHEN photographs taken at the death scene were reëxamined, it turned out that the second bullet hole was not the only suspicious detail that had been overlooked. Although Piasecny's head wound would have killed him instantly, the body was at least ten feet away from the pool of blood. The gun was in an awkward position across the back of his right arm; the wound in his head was on the left instead of the right. It may be that the police quickly assumed that what they found was a suicide because that is what they were prepared to find. People in Manchester had been half expecting Hank Piasecny to commit suicide for years, after all, and those expectations had been brought to the surface by the phone call from Piasecny's daughter. The possibility of reëxamining the scene itself no longer existed by the time of the autopsy. The house had been cleaned. The police picked up one lead, though, during conversations at the autopsy: Susan Hughes, it turned out, had told the county attorney and a few other people about the second wound the day after the murder, before her trip to the funeral home. It was true that she had been at the death scene shortly after Piasecny's body was discovered, but the police who were there agreed on one detail: the body was covered, and Susan Hughes had no opportunity to examine it.

A month passed before Susan Hughes admitted having shot her father—shot him first in the chest with a .22 she had stolen from her cousin, and then in the head with his own shotgun. A lot of theories were offered in Manchester as to why, having got away with it, she instigated an investigation that would lead to her arrest. There was a theory that she could collect Hank Piasecny's insurance only if he died by means other than suicide. In fact, Piasecny had very little life insurance, and its beneficiary was Terry. A lot of people thought, of course, that Susan Hughes simply wanted to be punished and had found herself frustrated by the police department's acceptance of a patently sloppy attempt to give the shooting the appearance of a suicide. Some people believed that her real interest was in showing up the police of Manchester—her adversaries for years—or in defiantly dragging the Piasecny name through the mud for the benefit of her uncles and aunts. There were those who thought Susan Hughes might have just wanted attention.

She was examined several times by psychiatrists. A psychiatrist for the state—the same psychiatrist who had been in charge of examining Piasecny for the state in 1964—said she was "suffering from a schizophrenic reaction of the chronic undifferentiated type." It was the same diagnosis he had offered for her father; he testified, in fact, that the trouble might have been inherited. The assistant attorney general in the case, Peter Heed, is normally reluctant to accept pleas of not guilty by reason of insanity. Because of a recent New Hampshire Supreme Court decision, the state can be required to prove beyond a reasonable doubt every two years that an inmate of the state hospital would be a danger to himself or others if released. That burden of proof being almost impossible to meet in the case of anyone who has behaved reasonably well at the hospital, a defendant who is committed for life is more likely to remain committed for two years. Heed did, though, decide to accept a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity from Susan Hughes. It was not the psychiatric reports that persuaded him. In a recent murder case that Heed tried, all four psychiatrists who took the stand had testified that the defendant was insane, and the jury had found him sane—and guilty. Heed says he accepted Susan Hughes's plea because he believes her to be insane, and believes that any juror would find her insane no matter what psychiatrists testified. "She had committed the perfect crime," he said recently. "Her very own action led to her arrest. Susan Hughes was the first person I've dealt with who really comes under what the insanity defense was meant to encompass." Susan Hughes was sent to the New Hampshire Hospital—"for life until or unless earlier discharged, released or transferred by due process of law."

The verdict did not cause the grumbling that had taken place when Hank Piasecny was sent to the state hospital, but there are, of course, people in Manchester who do not believe Susan Hughes is insane. Some of her uncles apparently believe her to be simply evil. Some members of Edward Hughes's family are now wondering out loud whether Hughes committed suicide after all. A former member of the attorney general's office who did not believe Hank Piasecny's plea should have been accepted seems to feel the same way about Susan Hughes's plea. "Of course she wanted to get caught," he said recently. "But that's not insanity—that's a sense of guilt. A lot of murders get solved that way."

IN the two months between her father's death and her confession, Susan Hughes had seemed more and more insane to the people observing her—distraught, obsessive, sometimes hysterical. Once, she went to the police station to show detectives some graffiti she said someone had printed on her car in lipstick—a warning that she would be the next victim. For a while, most of her energies seemed to be taken up with an attempt to persuade an acquaintance to confess the murder. Now she seems rational and intelligent, sitting in a dayroom at the New Hampshire Hospital—a large room with green linoleum floors and color pictures cut from magazines on the wall and the sounds of afternoon television and desultory Ping-Pong broken now and then by some patient's sudden outburst. Discussing the death of her father with a visitor not long ago, she said she had shot him in self-defense, then shot him again with his own shotgun for seemingly contradictory reasons that didn't seem contradictory in the shock of it all—to put him out of pain if he was still alive, perhaps, or to make certain he wouldn't recover and kill her. "If I had really wanted to make it look like a suicide," she said, "I would have rolled him over and shot him in the chest to obliterate the hole." She said she had insisted on the murder investigation because she believed the family—Terry's family—would prefer to think that Hank Piasecny died a murder victim rather than a suicide. She said she had not believed that the investigation would lead to her arrest. She talked about growing up as the daughter of Hank and Doris Piasecny—about being boarded out during the week as a child while both parents were working, about hearing the arguments start to build and knowing she would have to run for help, about discussions during the last year of Doris Piasecny's life as to whether or not her husband would kill her. "I've talked about all the bad things," she said at the door, as the visitor waited for the attendant to bring the key. "But there was love, too."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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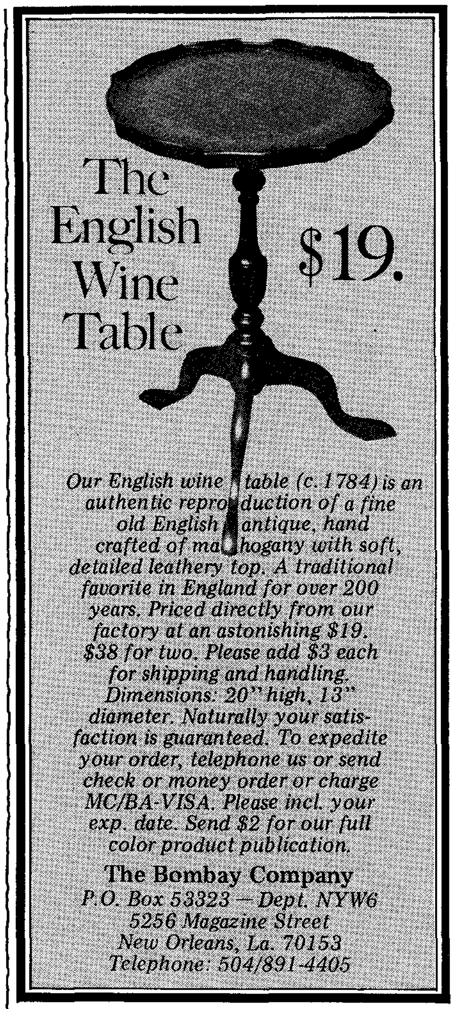

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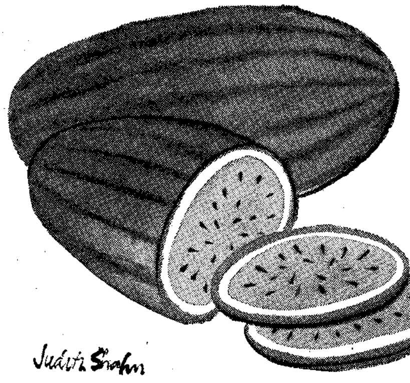
JULY 16

LAST month, when President Carter's assertions about the Cubans' responsibility for the May invasion of Shaba Province, in Zaire, were being met with considerable skepticism, Henry Kissinger came to the President's defense. "All the evidence," he said, "is on [Carter's] side, yet here we are engaged in a public argument questioning the honor of the President of the United States." And that, he observed, "tells us something about the level of our public discourse." This was itself a curious contribution to the public discourse. For one thing, nothing had been said about Carter's integrity; it was not his rectitude but his information that some found questionable. For another, Kissinger, whose own veracity has recently been challenged in the Senate, spent six years in the service of a President of the United States whose honor often had to be questioned. And how could the former Secretary of State be so confident that "all the evidence"—or even a preponderance of it—supported Carter's claims? Even now, we have only the President's word for it. In a speech last month to the National Military Intelligence Association, Admiral Daniel Murphy, an intelligence officer at the Pentagon, said that the White House lacked "what the press could term hard, conclusive . . . evidence or proof of Cuban involvement." Some members of Congress have been summoned to the President's office and, on leaving it, have said that they were persuaded of the validity of the charges, but no one has explained what persuaded them. So much uncertainty surrounds recent events in Zaire and Angola that the Senate Intelligence Committee, which has completed a study of what happened there in 1975 and 1976, has considered holding another investigation of the whole murky affair.

What the committee might look into is not only the way the White House handled the matter but the kind of information on which it based its judgments. Where did it come from? How and by whom was it appraised? It is suspected that some of it dates back three years or so, when Cubans were training Zairian exiles—mostly from Shaba, which was Katanga when Zaire was the Congo—along with Angolans for the conflicts that followed the withdrawal of the Portuguese. That there were Cuban training missions in Angola is beyond dispute, and it follows that some of the trainees were among those who moved into Zaire two months ago. But the same Cuban-trained forces crossed the same border in 1977, and if there was Cuban participation this year there must have been Cuban participation last year. We condemned the 1977 invasion but never once raised the issue of Cuban responsibility. As for 1978, the only Americans known to have been near the scene were the crews that airlifted Moroccan reinforcements and supplies for the French and Belgian troops in the combat zone, and none of those Americans left the secured areas in which the planes landed. There must have been some Central Intelligence Agency people around—they, like the Cubans, had given military training to Angolans—but, according to John Stockwell, who was one of their number until 1976, and whose "In Search of Enemies" has just been published, many of them were agents of misinformation, sometimes of mischief, and the reports they sent home were often "patently false." It is unlikely that by early this year they were being taken seriously, even at C.I.A. headquarters. If any of our reconnaissance satellites were focussed on the area, they apparently got nothing to strengthen the Administration's case. As a rule, the justification for withholding intelligence from the public is that revealing it would jeopardize those who provided it. But this does not apply to machinery in space, and in the present case it seems unlikely to apply to information gained in other ways. The likeliest sources would be the Zairian government in Kinshasa; our own and other diplomats in that city, some eight hundred miles from Kolwezi, where most of the fighting took place; and the European and Moroccan troops and the prisoners they interrogated. Exposure could not harm such sources. At the same time, few of them could be regarded as disinterested. Most of them wanted American involvement in one form or another, and the best way to bring that about was to persuade Washington that the conflict (which in some respects appeared to be a civil war, a war of secession, or a revolution) was at least in part ideological—a Cold War battle in which Angolans and Cubans were being used to further Soviet ambitions. If it was nothing but an attempt by some unhappy exiles to seize control of their homeland, there would be no support here for intervention in any form.



MAKING such distinctions raises again some old questions about American national interest. If it were established beyond doubt that the Cubans were involved—heavily involved—in Zaire in May, would this fact in itself require us to support their adversaries? When we decided to pursue the war in Southeast Asia no further, in effect we put the region beyond the sphere of national interest—beyond what used to be called our "defense perimeter." There were never any Cuban or Soviet troops in Vietnam, or any large outside forces except our own, but that war was ideological in character, and the Russians were supplying the North Vietnamese. Are we now being asked to redefine the national interest in such a way as to include Zaire and Angola while still excluding Southeast Asia? And if a few battalions of Cuban soldiers showed up in Vietnam to help in the border skirmishes with Cambodia, would that bring the region once more within our area of vital concern? Would we then have to consider helping the Cambodians? Do a few clear photographs of uniformed Cubans on a battlefield give us a stake in the outcome of any conflict? Given the realities of power in this century, it is plain that our foreign policy must in large part be determined by what the Soviets do. But must we be hostages to *Cuban* policy? These are questions that might and probably should be raised in the Senate, but they probably won't be.

It may turn out that the facts do support Carter and that there was indeed a substantial Cuban presence in Shaba. And it may be that other facts support Castro's disclaimers. Castro does not deny the presence of Cuban troops in Angola, but he has said that he did not authorize Cuban involvement in Zaire and that, furthermore, he counselled the Angolans against the invasion a month before it took place. If he did oppose it and if Cubans were nevertheless involved, it would not be the first time that a commander-in-chief did not know what his overseas expeditionary forces were up to. Simi-

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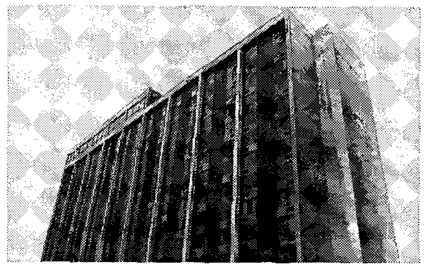

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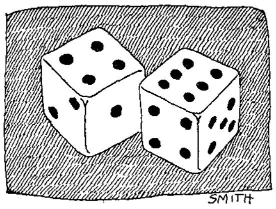
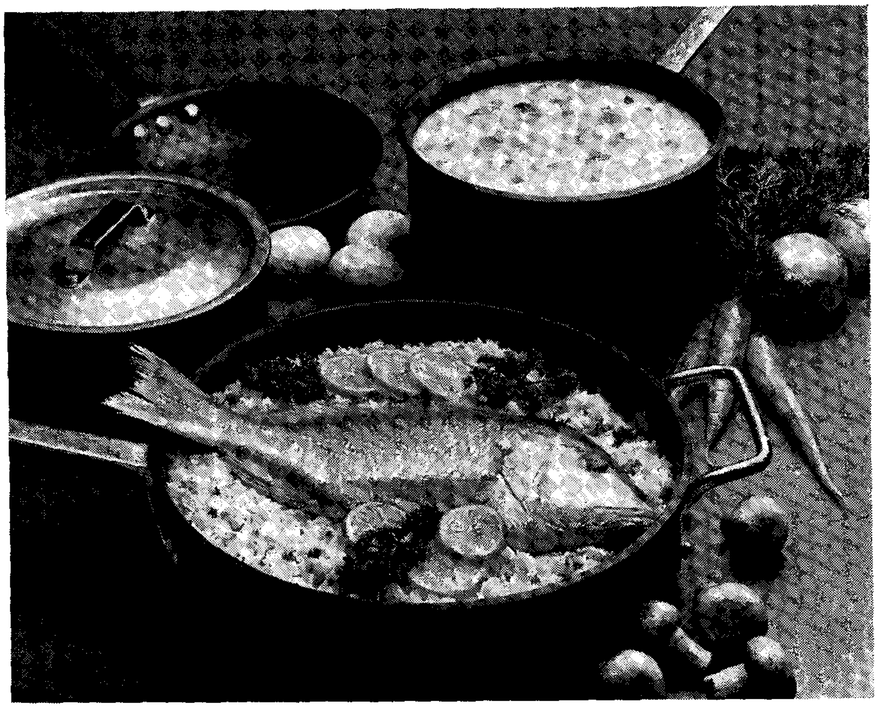
lar problems can arise even at home. On one recent occasion, Carter was unaware of what his immediate subordinates in Washington were doing—and doing in support of a policy he says he opposes. Early in April, it appears, a number of his advisers—among them the Secretary of Defense, the director of Central Intelligence, and Zbigniew Brzezinski, of the National Security Council—met to discuss Angola, and Stansfield Turner, the C.I.A. chief, was instructed to approach Senator Dick Clark, of Iowa, to find out how he would react to a proposal to supply weapons through a third country, presumably Zaire, to the anti-Marxist factions in Angola. The scheme—to launder American ordnance, as American money was being laundered a few years ago in Mexico—had rather a footless sound. Predictably, Clark, the author of an amendment to a 1976 foreign-aid bill specifically barring arms shipments to Angola, did not care for the idea. When the President was asked about this at a June press conference, he said, "I didn't have any idea that the C.I.A. director had even talked to Senator Clark about it." And he added that he never "intended to send weapons to Angola, directly or indirectly." Replying to another question, he said that up to that moment he had "not heard" of a proposal, which the questioner explained was being widely discussed among his advisers, to put pressure on the Soviets to restrain their agents in Africa and to stop persecuting dissidents by refusing, or threatening to refuse, export permits for some products of high technology that the Russians badly want. He went on, "We've never held out the prospect of increased or decreased trade if they did or did not do a certain thing that we thought was best."



INFORMATION gaps, or memory gaps, of this sort are disturbing—in fact, shocking—but they can be closed by fairly simple administrative means or by education. Someone must have told the President, or reminded him, that trade, though not the most effective instrument of policy, is a perfectly legitimate one—more so than missiles—for at least one of the proposals Carter had not heard of last month is now, with the President's approval, under consideration in the White House and in Congress. Whether this sort of thing will bring results is, of course, another matter. It is generally assumed that the Kremlin wants nothing so much as a treaty on strategic arms which would lessen the threat of nuclear war and in time allow the production of more consumer goods. Moscow has been repeatedly advised, by our representatives there and probably by its people here, that staging the trials of Anatoly Shcharansky and Aleksandr Ginzburg on the eve of what could have been important arms-control talks in Geneva might put an end to all hopes for Senate ratification of any treaty submitted this year or, probably, next. Either Brezhnev and the Politburo did not believe this, which seems unlikely, or they felt that internal dissent was more threatening than an escalated arms race. Certainly they were unmoved by the campaign of protest spearheaded by the White House. No credit was given to Carter's assurances that Shcharansky did not and never had provided information to the C.I.A. Unfortunately, they were entitled to discount those assurances. No doubt what Carter said was true—but not just because he said it. Shcharansky was far too public in his activities; if he had had a cover, it was one he blew every few days. The prosecution based its case on the charge that he had been in frequent touch with an American correspondent who was an agent—an allegation the state attorneys had no obligation to substantiate. In a decently run trial, Shcharansky would have had little trouble defending himself. But even in the most democratic of societies, in the fairest of jurisdictions, the most honorable of Presidents would not be a convincing witness for the defense. How would Carter know whether anyone in Moscow had or had not worked for or with the C.I.A.? His only source would be the agency, and he might be the last person to be informed. The C.I.A. would tell him the truth if the truth did it credit or did it no harm. But one of the functions of the C.I.A. has been to provide Presidents with "credible deniability," and today this is so much a part of everyone's knowledge that Presidential credibility is suspect whenever denials are made. Carter surely has more and probably has better knowledge about Shcharansky than he has about the Cubans in Angola, but nothing he says about either can be accepted as truth simply because he is the President and the man who said he would never lie. No one can say of his sources that they are disinterested and have a long record of being reliable. Quite the contrary.

Unlike most of our recent efforts in foreign policy, the Shcharansky affair was relatively simple and was not surrounded by ambiguities. For once, our aim was relatively simple. We wanted a proud and courageous man, a symbol of decency, to have his freedom—if not to do and say what he wished in the Soviet Union, then to be allowed to leave and to live elsewhere. The assumption was that if he were spared imprisonment and allowed to join his wife in Israel, life would become more tolerable for others, at least to the extent that an exit visa would be one of its possibilities. There are some students of Soviet life and politics (among them Shcharansky's friend Robert Toth, the former Moscow correspondent for the Los Angeles *Times*, named in the trial as the C.I.A. agent with whom the defendant had collaborated) who think that the American hand was overplayed—that in the face of such massive opposition the Russian leaders could not make what their people would see as a display of vulnerability, and that we may have damaged the prospects of those we sought to help. There is always a possibility of this. The Jackson-Vanik amendment, whose sponsors thought that by linking trade to liberalized Soviet emigration laws they would help Jews who wanted to leave, seems actually to have made things more difficult. Tyrannies seldom yield to that kind of pressure. Democracies are also prone to resent and resist it. The world's disapproval of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial and of the executions of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg was not helpful. In places like Cambodia and Uganda, protests from the outside, when they are heard at all, seem to lead only to more defiance and bloodletting. Yet those who have suffered most in the Soviet Union appear to welcome our championing of their rights. Shcharansky's mother has written the President a letter of gratitude for his efforts, and the prisoner's wife is in Washington not to ask any change of strategy but to appeal for a continued and more militant advocacy of the cause. None of the dissidents in exile has counselled anything but increased efforts to mobilize world opinion. In a way, this is almost a tribute to the regime they despise. In Stalin's day, there was never so much as a prayer that he might be swayed by what others thought; now there seems to be at least a hope that the present rulers will come to respect, or, in any case, fear, the judgment of the rest of humanity. Moreover, Carter has made



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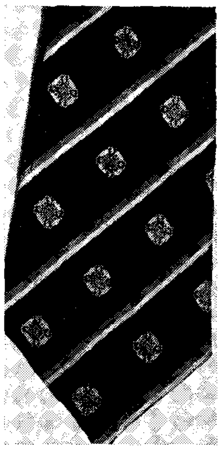

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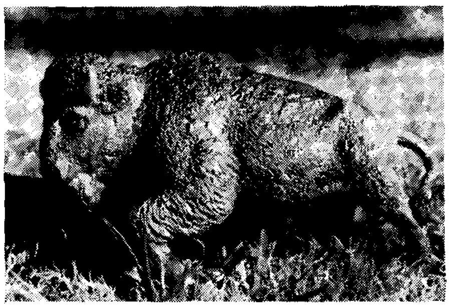

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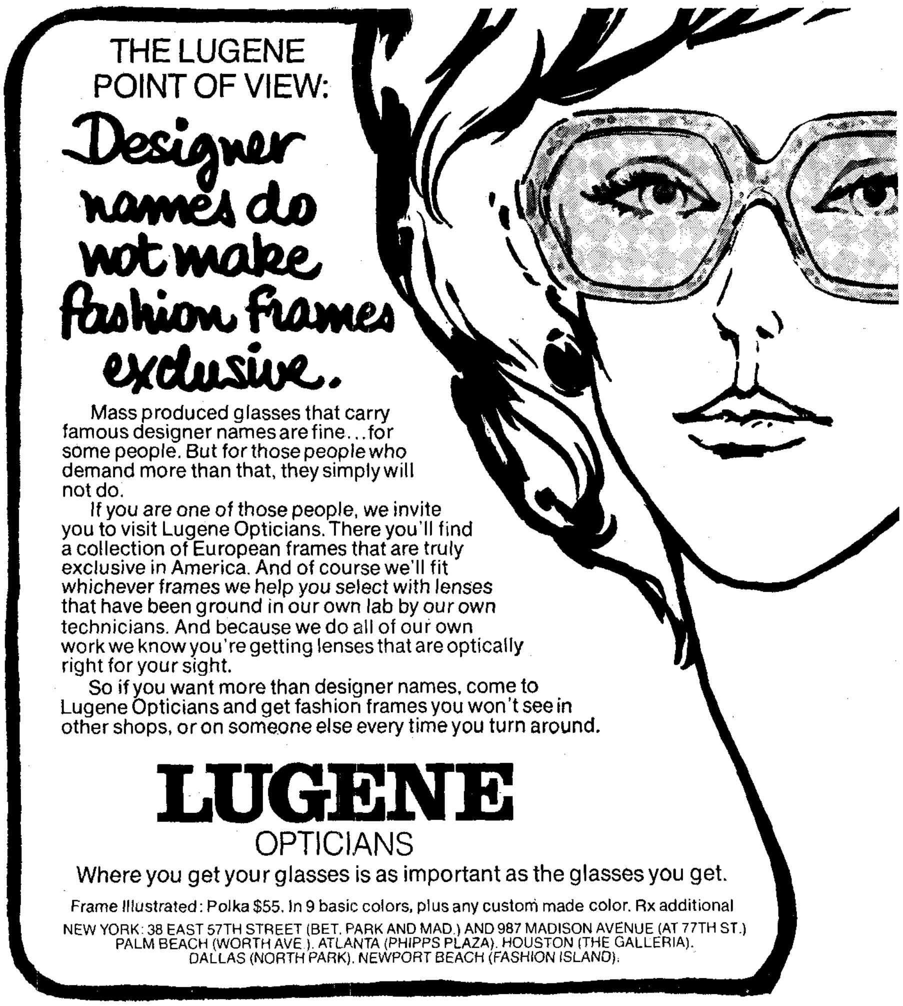

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allies worthier than many of those to whom we ship arms. And if his stand has had no effect on Leonid Brezhnev, it may have emboldened—or shamed—some of the Communists in Western Europe who have been protesting the trials and the sentences. In the long run, their opposition may be more effective than ours.

In the aftermath of the trials, though hardly as a consequence of them, American foreign policy is in something of a shambles. Carter is going to the economic summit meetings in Bonn to be told that his failure to get a tough energy program is the main cause of almost everyone else's troubles, and it will not do for him to explain that the source of his troubles is on Capitol Hill. He will come back to find a Congress increasingly impressed by the way he has slipped in the polls and far from eager to give him more support. The Geneva arms negotiations are stalled. Even if they were going swimmingly, the Senate, in its present mood, would vote down a treaty as a means of punishing Moscow and asserting its own independence. Andrew Young has gummed things up by comparing some Southern county lockups of two decades ago with the network of Soviet gulags, thereby handing Moscow a moral escape hatch it will use whenever there is talk of political prisoners. He still seems, on balance, an asset to Administration policy, but if his penchant for political malapropisms is not somehow curbed his usefulness may come to an early end.

It is almost axiomatic that a string of setbacks in foreign policy creates an appetite for cheap, easy victories. The pressure is mounting to discontinue arms-control talks altogether until the Russians begin minding their international manners. This isn't going to happen soon, but more weapons of overkill will be coming from their factories and ours every day. There is also pressure to cut back on trade, to get the American mission out of Havana and the Cuban mission out of Washington, to withdraw from the 1980 Olympics—to do almost anything that will be an affront to Moscow. Such "victories" are easy indeed, and probably so cheap as to be worthless. —RICHARD ROVERE

•

DEAR ANN:

I'm a 15-year-old girl who is worried about becoming un egomaniac.—*"Ann Landers" in the Vancouver Sun.*

Relax, dear. Your problem is genders.

BOOKS

Cross-Purposes

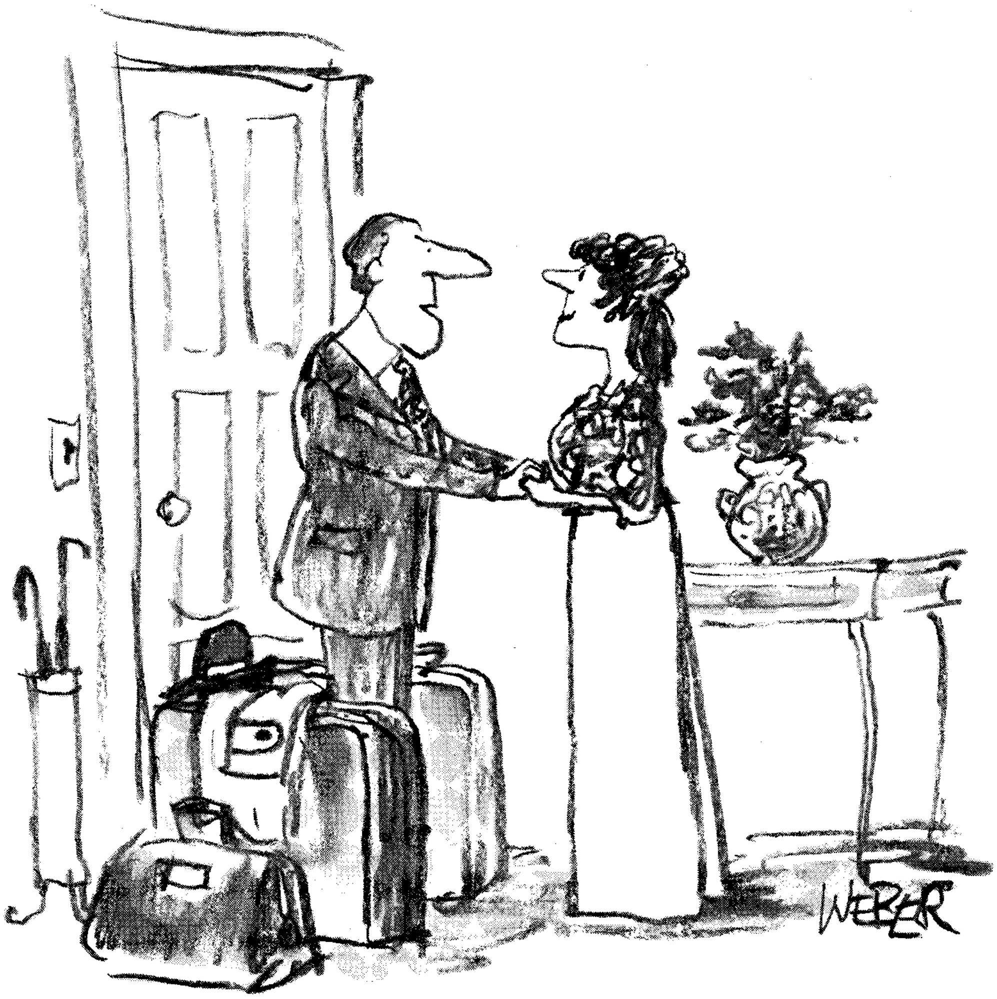
A CERTAIN school of wishful thinking would have it that the value of a piece of prose, like that of a Symphony No. 6 or an arrangement of cinder blocks under a spotlight, is bound to be self-evident, provided only that the existence of the work in question is called to the attention of an open-minded consumer. However, the case of a novel translated from Hebrew into English—which has come to the attention of a reviewer whose acquaintance with Hebrew consists mainly of sporadic assaults on the alphabet and a laborious translation of a couple of chapters in a handy Hebrew edition of "Don Quixote" (דון.קישוט)—leads me to doubt the sufficiency of self-evidence.

"Rockinghorse," by Yoram Kaniuk, translated by Richard Flantz (Harper & Row; $12.50), arrived on the doorstep accompanied not only by the usual note from the publisher—"We take pleasure in sending, etc."—but also by a letter from the senior vice-president of the company, conveying an amplified endorsement of the book. "I am particularly happy to be publishing 'ROCKINGHORSE,' " the vice-president wrote, and he reported that the novel, the author's "fourth and most ambitious," had been "a great literary success" in Israel. Winding up a forty-seven-word summary of the plot, he described the novel as "a quest for identity and reconciliation." Coincidentally, in a paragraph of "Praise for the Author" on the back of the dust jacket Francine du Plessix Gray is quoted as saying that the book "offers a radical alternative to the perennial problem of our quest for identity and reconciliation." It seemed to me unlikely, after I got started on "Rockinghorse," that the publisher's particular happiness could have been rooted in the hope of financial reward. But I find that I can't quarrel with the succinct phrase that he adopts to identify the novel's timeless theme, and I can only admire Mr. Kaniuk's ambition—which I took to be the desire to interpret the complicated past and present of Israel in the light of the private troubles of one of its citizens.

My doubts about "Rockinghorse" have to do with the success, and even the chances for success, of a translation of a novel that is so dependent on verbal allusions and effects, and with the breadth, as opposed to the height, of the author's ambition. Although the general idea of the book is not hard to pin down, Kaniuk writes with conspicuous indifference to the demands of shape and clarity. It is often difficult to see the point of his record of more than four hundred pages of the sprawling mind of the narrator and protagonist, Aminadav Sussetz. And somewhere in the bilingual haze I sensed an overconfidence in the charm of this egocentric crusader.

The title "Rockinghorse," according to a reader's aid at the front of the book, is the English equivalent of the surname Sussetz. The given name Aminadav combines the Hebrew words meaning "my people" and "gave generously." Endowed by his creator with a significant name, an artistic vocation, and a flair for introspection, Sussetz is launched, in Chapter 1, toward his home town of Tel Aviv, amid questions of purpose and references to Thomas Mann, Goethe, Socrates, Kant, and Father. He is thirty-seven, and is leaving behind him in New York City an American wife and daughter, and a disappointing career as a painter. "I didn't know if I was fleeing to," he declares. "Or from. Why was I going. I wanted to lay myself down on an operating table, on my back, neon light glaring above me. The surgeon is me. With a knife in his hand. He who is I sees my insides which are mine."

These lines are representative of the tone and syntax of the rest of the book, and the list of names above (not counting Father) suggests the extent to which Kaniuk uses proper nouns to establish and reinforce his meaning. It seemed to me a sign of extravagant faith in the intellect of his readers, in or out of Hebrew, that Kaniuk counts on at least a slight knowledge of the exploits of such figures as Dante, Al Jolson, Hans Hofmann, El Greco, Alec Irving, Oh. Henry (*sic*), Zsa Zsa Gabor, O'Neill, Kafka, Belisarius, Ovid, General Allenby, Smolenskin, Brenner, Alan Ladd, Ben Yehuda, Trumpeldor,



"Goodbye, Lois. It's only a trial separation, but I know we've got what it takes to make it work."

Shin Shalom, Meir Dizengoff, Broides, Malcolm Lowry, Schumann, Schütz, and Pergolesi. The name most often mentioned, except for Goethe's (and I found my own unfamiliarity with Goethe a considerable drawback), is that of Chaim Nachman Bialik, "the knight of Hebrew poetry," whom Sussetz claims as his godfather and as the donor of his name. A memory of Bialik provokes in Sussetz a rhetorical flight that may give some idea of the possible force of Kaniuk's Hebrew style, and offers solid evidence of the novel's challenge to the translator:

> He died untimely, like everyone. And we, what are we, chaff blown in the wind.... In what language does the greatest knower of Hebrew of our times speak? Yiddish. And Father answers him in German.
>
> Bialik thinks to himself: Aminadav ought to be sung in anapestic pentameter that relates the whole poem (me!). But, says Bialik to himself, I've never written a poem that is anapestic pentameter from beginning to end! Where I do use the meter I generally follow a pentameter line with a bimeter, or perhaps a trimeter, and, he muses, leading me to the sacrifice, I tend to slow down the speed of this metric pattern by adding an extra syllable in the middle of the line, after the second anapest, thus diversifying the rhythmic complex... and so, here's Aminadav: *Yelad kat / Amina / dav.* (Little boy / Amina / dav.) And C.N. smiles to himself. Now the poem can be written. With a bimeter line. So fine. A tremor in the shackles. A substitute for Goethe's iambs. What am I, who am about to be born, like billions of others on this planet, but a fairly weak line of tension between Bialik's anapestic pattern and Goethe's iambic structure.

The questions that develop in a reader's mind in the course of a novel don't always coincide with the author's line of thought. And even the most hypnotic writer loses some control in translation, where distracting questions about his intentions are sure to arise. On page 1, for example, my attention wandered from Sussetz's question "For what?" to a sentence that said, "Arriving, a city bowed at me," and I brooded over whether the original relationship between the participle and the pronoun was being misrepresented by the translator, or whether the unconventional English reflected an abstruse Hebraic strategy. While Sussetz was posing questions like "[Who doesn't] want to be somewhere else and/or be somewhere else and here at one and the same time," and "Am I a poem by Bialik or an obituary in Yiddish," and "What am I looking for, for God sake," I was wondering about the word "torrentuous," which makes two appearances—once to describe love letters, and later in connection with rain. "'Torrentuous'?" I asked myself (twice). "What's wrong with 'torrential,' for God sake?"

The word "consciencist"—an admitted neologism, denoting something steadier than moral impulses—appears more than half a dozen times in twenty-five pages. In one case, a Sussetz question almost beat me to one of my own.

"You were supposed to be a consciencist," he is told. "What do you mean, you became a painter."

"Why had he expected me to be a consciencist," Sussetz wonders, "and what did consciencist mean."

The dialogue continues, "The teacher Nehama said you'd be a consciencist. She must have made up the word. I remember how it thrilled me to hear it. Consciencist. I was exalted, I felt as if I'd grown wings."

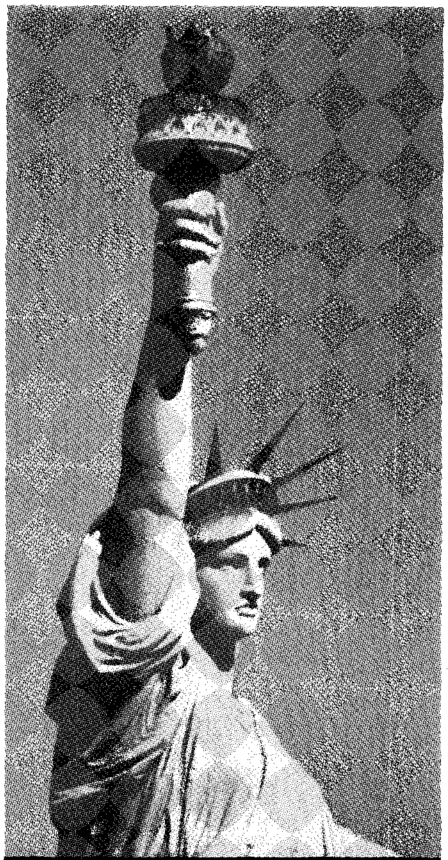
I found myself considering the chances that the original Hebrew word was more gainly than the English, and wondering whether there was such a word as "gainly."

Meanwhile, in the distance, Sussetz, having adopted the word himself, is asking another question entirely: "Why does a consciencist leave a wife and daughter and come to the cradle of his childhood."

"The question is," I said to myself, turning to a subject that had puzzled me all along, "why does a man in search of identity and reconciliation punctuate his questions with periods?"

As for "A Vein of Riches" (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $9.95), John Knowles' sixth novel, the punctuation is standard. Predictably situated among the periods, commas, question marks, and so on lies a historical tale of the West Virginia coal mines: the innocent greed of the mine owners; the ominous rising expectations of the miners; the innocent frivolity of the owners' wives; the patience and fidelity of the owners' former slaves; the merrily dancing eyes of the itinerant black evangelist; the gaping mouth of the mine at the head of the hollow; the oak wainscoting versus the pallets on the floor; the deepening in the hills of the hot summer of 1921; the imminent head-on meeting of the viscerally aroused irresistible force and the equally determined immovable object. Best of all, the coming of age of the troubled son of one of the innocently greedy owners:

> Lyle's tendency was ever to shape truth into acceptable logical, congruent patterns, and if in the process truth was modulated into a different key, into something else, well at least everybody's mind was easy.
>
> What was the truth, anyway? For in-



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> stance, in this war, what was the truth, which side was right? What was Right? Did it exist? Or were bits and pieces of it scattered all over West Virginia, from the Cliftons' mansion to Bennettown's shacks? . . .
>
> Life certainly was a lot more complicated than he had realized.

Little did the youth realize, to boot, how his words here echo a previous insight of his mother's:

> Then as she looked at this rather tall, lean, somewhat bent gray-haired woman in her one Sunday hat and her plain gray dress, whom she had known and taken for granted for so long, she saw that Tot had far more to her, was much more complicated, than ever she had dreamed. She was a *woman*, thought Minnie, an older woman toward the end of a full and difficult and in some ways rich life. My Lord, she reflected, I sure have been living in a little cocoon of my own.

It was at this moment, after a wary trek through the early pages, that I figured I could get through the book in an hour flat. —SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE OTHER HALF, by Kenneth Clark (Harper & Row; $12.95). This second and final volume of Kenneth Clark's autobiography is a smoothly readable and entertaining memoir, but it isn't as intensely or as lovingly told—it isn't in the same class—as the first volume, "Another Part of the Wood." The author, who specializes in having no illusions about himself and can never describe a personal achievement without apologizing for it, tells us at the start that this memoir, which begins in 1939, when he is thirty-six, is "only the record of a varied life," and not a "work of art." He is right. What we're given is an informal, bemused record of his career as a public servant (director of the National Gallery, chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain and of the Independent Television Authority), author ("The Nude," "Landscape Into Art"), art-history professor (Oxford), traveller (India, Japan, Australia), television performer (the BBC's "Civilisation"), homeowner (Saltwood Castle), and friend (Bernard Berenson, Vivien Leigh, Edith Sitwell, Gabriel Pascal, and many others). There is also, as an epilogue, a short description of the last trip he took with his wife, Jane Clark, and of her subsequent lingering illness and death. As in much that Clark writes, there is something too polished and emotionally removed about this account, yet it is serenely beautiful in its own way, and it brings "The Other Half" to a deeper and weightier close than the reader expects.

THE STARSHIP AND THE CANOE, by Kenneth Brower (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $8.95). Kenneth Brower, the son of the conservationist David Brower, has written an unusual and often moving double biography of Freeman Dyson, and his son, George. Freeman Dyson, a professor at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, is one of the most brilliant and original thinkers in theoretical physics and astrophysics. He spent more than a year designing a spaceship powered by successively exploding nuclear bombs which was to have been used for planetary exploration. The project gave much early promise but was shelved, presumably because of the test-ban treaty. George Dyson, now in his mid-twenties, has spent much of his adult life living by himself in a tree house in British Columbia and building boats, including a giant seagoing kayak—a sort of space-age descendant of the great canoes of the Aleuts. Father and son were estranged, and Brower was present at their reunion. He also made an incredible three-hundred-mile kayak voyage with George down the Alaskan coast. He has managed to capture the beauty of this trip and, to a degree, the character of father and son. In their individual ways, the Dysons embody the extremes of twentieth-century life—science and technology, and the revolt against them. The book could have become a sentimental disaster, but it is done with restraint and taste. There is a photograph of father and son but none, unfortunately, of the vehicles they were trying to build.

FINAL ENTRIES 1945: THE DIARIES OF JOSEPH GOEBBELS, edited by Hugh Trevor-Roper (Putnam; $14.95). These fragments represent the termination of Goebbels' famous diaries, some parts of which were published shortly after the end of the Second World War. Although the present entries cover and comment on events only from late February to early April, 1945, they run to more than three hundred and twenty-five book pages, and as they were written, of course, the curtain was coming down fast for the Nazis. But Goebbels is by no means convinced of that: he seesaws from despondency over the ever-worsening military situation to deliriums of opti-

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mism—over the effect of Roosevelt's death, for example. Mr. Trevor-Roper repeats the remark that Goebbels was "the only really interesting man in the Third Reich besides Hitler," and pays the usual grudging respects to his genius for propaganda, to his talents as an organizer, and to his "shameless brilliance" as a mob orator. But, reading these pages, one could get the idea that the man was a prize fool as well: it is plain that he believed a good deal of the nonsense he was manufacturing for the German people.

NOTE: "Wildness Is All Around Us," a collection of essays by Eugene Kinkead, has been published by Dutton ($9.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, in somewhat different form.

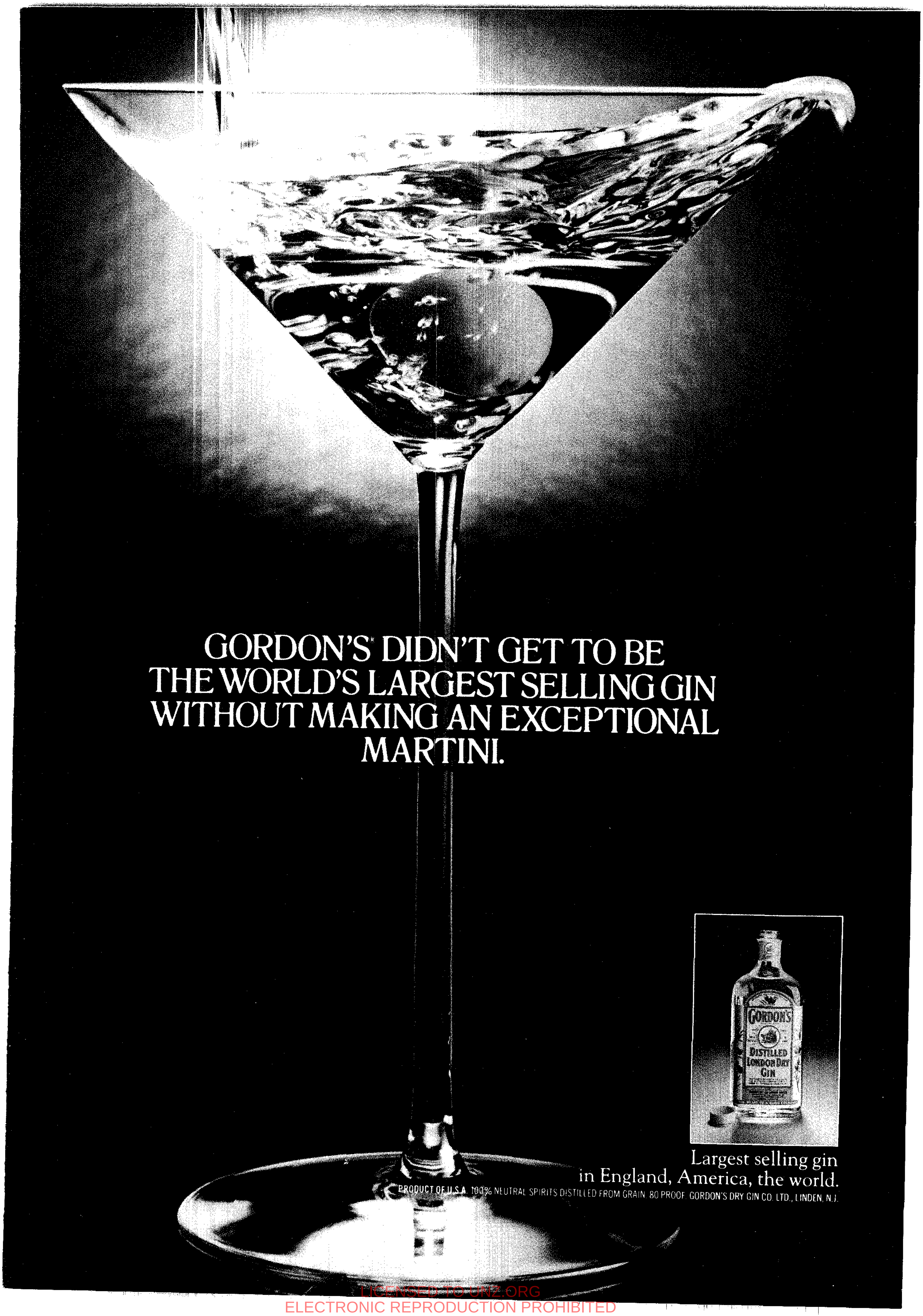
HAROLD ROSENBERG

LAST week, Harold Rosenberg, who had been *The New Yorker's* art critic for the last eleven years, died at the age of seventy-two. Through his university lectures and his contributions to the quarterlies, he was already eminent when he joined our staff, although he was not known to the general public; and it soon became clear to all of us here that he bore his eminence lightly. Rosenberg was nominally an art critic, but he was essentially a thinker, a philosopher. In the world of art, he was an explorer, a delver, an interpreter, a clarifier, a great explainer; implicit in everything he wrote about art was his awareness of the historical, social, cultural, political, psychological, and moral forces that, along with the pure aesthetics, went into its creation. He performed prodigies of understanding. He came closer than one could have imagined possible to understanding what the individual artist was doing when he made art. He was determined to convey these discoveries to others, and in his marvellously written essays he did. For him, there was no such thing as ineffability. When something could not be put into words, he put it into words. Much of what he said was, at first encounter, startling, but before long what had been startling seemed merely true.

Through the years, Rosenberg wrote essays on literature and politics as well as on art; whatever was human fell within his range, and all his work carries the mark of his own human warmth. He was steady in his friendships, and was a bracing companion. His devotion to his wife and daughter was profound. His speech was unusual: in him, speech somehow merged with laughter, so that his laughter could be mistaken for talk, and the other way around. In his writing, also, some odd, cryptic mirth bubbles miles below the surface—a mirth without frivolity but bound up with intelligence. His physical aspect was imposing: he was a giant of a man, with the noble, sculptured face of a prophet. As he walked through our corridors, leaning on a heavy cane, he was a figure out of Michelangelo.

After Harold Rosenberg died, Saul Steinberg, one of his close friends, a colleague at *The New Yorker*, and an artist about whom Rosenberg wrote with a particular splendor, said to us, "Besides a brilliant mind, he had the indispensable and rare qualities of a true intellectual: poetry and courage. Having survived serious illness in his youth, he lived a very intense and joyous life. He had the talent of involving one instantly in lively conversation. His presence gave even the most modest cocktail party the authority of a symposium. He saw immediately the important points of the most complicated problem, reducing them to the simple and evident equation. His writing was so concise that it had to be read carefully, which in itself hastened the process of evolution in the reader. And it gave one the illusion of participating in the author's work."

Rosenberg's essays on art had a way of not ending. They had a beautiful inconclusiveness. It was almost as if he were telling us that the subject was still open for discussion, for elaboration, for amendment. As one stopped reading, in fact, the discussion did continue in one's mind. His ideas will go on reverberating through time, and will even unfold and reveal further meaning. What he wrote about de Kooning, Gorky, Pollock, Hofmann, Rothko, Newman, Guston, and others will long be the classic text. Rosenberg once said, "I should like to point out that in dealing with *new* things there is a question that precedes that of good or bad. I refer to the question 'What is it?'—the question of identity." More than anyone else, Rosenberg, writing about the American abstract art of recent decades, identified it, told us what it was. Again and again, he opened our eyes.



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